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ORIGINAL AMERICAN EDITION

MOTHER PLAY AND NURSERY SONGS

WITH FINGER PLAYS

Edited by

ELIZABETH P. PEABODY

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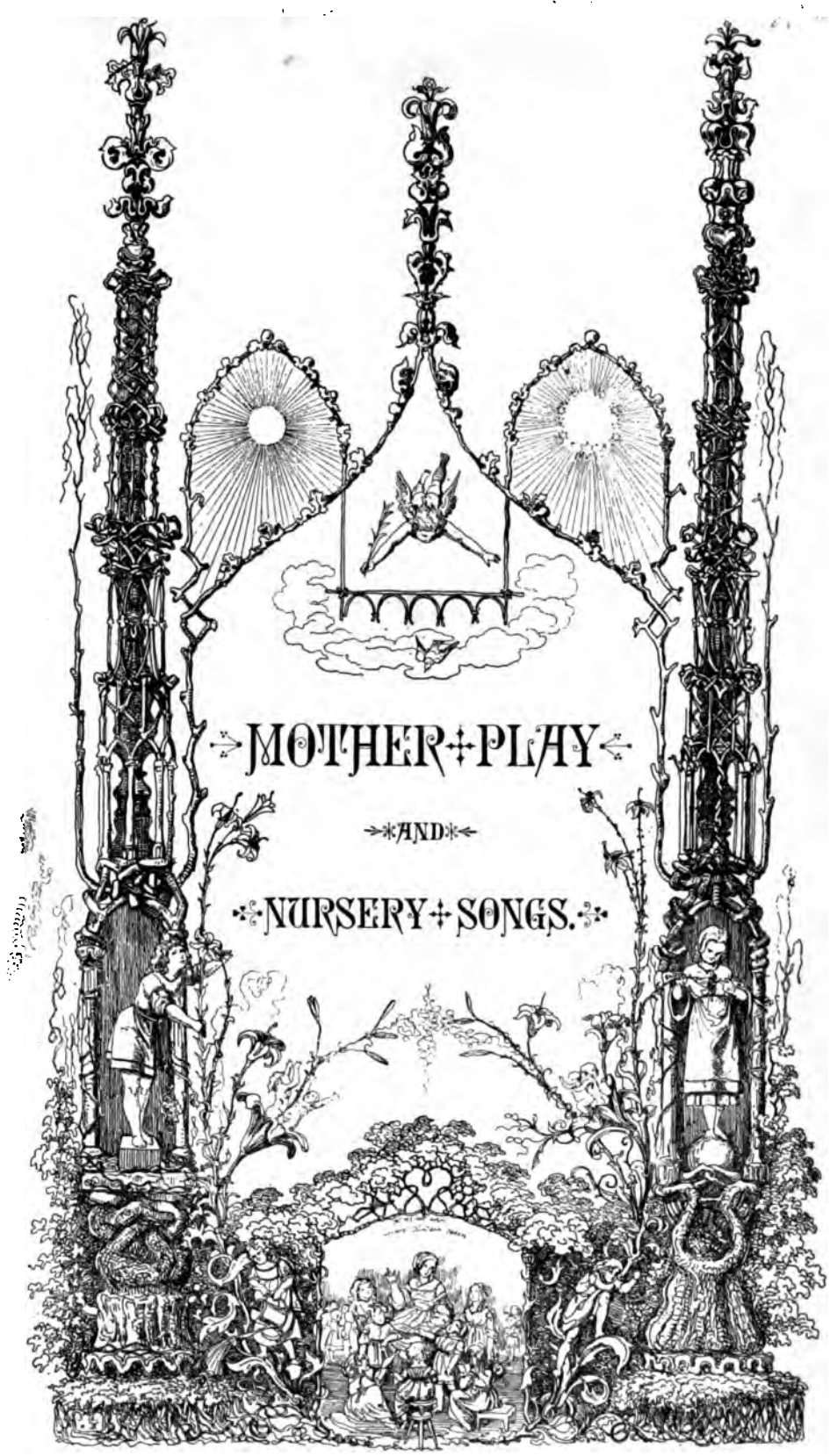
MOTHER PLAY
AND
NURSERY SONGS.

MOTHER-PLAY

AND NURSERY SONGS

Poetry, Music and Pictures

FOR THE

NOBLE CULTURE OF CHILD LIFE

WITH NOTES TO MOTHERS

BY

FRIEDRICH FROEBEL

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY FANNIE E. DWIGHT AND JOSEPHINE JARVIS

EDITED BY ELIZABETH P. PEABODY

CONTAINING ALL THE ORIGINAL MUSIC AND FINGER EXERCISES
WITH FAC-SIMILES OF OVER FIFTY ENGRAVINGS
FROM THE AUTHOR'S EDITION

BOSTON
LEE AND SHEPARD PUBLISHERS
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AMERICAN PREFACE.

BY ELIZABETH P. PEABODY.

THIS book, unique in the world's literature, is brought out in America in answer to a wide demand of American mothers. Froebel was born in Germany; but he was truly cosmopolitan in spirit, and recognized that in America, where the nations have come together at last to *understand* one another, instead of meeting, as hitherto, to *prey* upon each other, the self-activity of universal childhood can best be cultivated for self-direction and self-government; inasmuch as the first word of our nationality *was, is*, and *ever shall be*, "all men are *created* free and equal."

The only perfect guardian and cherisher of free self-activity is the mother's love, who respects it in her own child by an instinct deeper than all thought, restraining her own self-will, and calling out a voluntary obedience (the only obedience worthy of the name), because it proceeds from hearts that "the forms of young imagination have kept pure" (to quote the English poet, whose psychology of childhood is identical with Froebel's, (see Wordsworth's Ode on the Intimations of Immortality in Childhood).

In this study into the divine meaning of the instinctive, spontaneous plays of childhood, it was Froebel's purpose to elevate the mother's instinct into *insight*, and thereby purify it from idiosyncratic infirmities; so that she might see, in the unconscious play of the child, the same laws working that make the archangel in his heavenly sphere; even as the same laws that whirl the planets in their vast orbits guide the stone flung from a child's hand. Thus she would see, that, to make the child's play hearty and enjoyable, it must be kept so by her companionship and sympathy; and compass the childish aim successfully by her suggesting the laws of order which are not yet evolved in the child's own mind, but which orderly playing will develop, to guide the life forever after, into communion with the wisdom, love, and power of God. When this lesson is fully learned, and faithfully applied in education by mothers and their assistant kindergartners, who build the bridge between the mother's nursery and the schools of instruction, the demoralizing chaos, in which we seem to have been living for ages, will give way to a paradise more than regained, because glorified by that union of Love and Thought, as companions using the highway of human life, of which our own Emerson has sung,

> "Who know one only mortal grief,
> Past all balsam and relief,
> When, by false companions crossed,
> The travellers have each other lost."

Some persons have foolishly suggested that there must be a difference between an American and German kindergarten. But the kindergarten, true to the one nature of childhood, is irrespective of all local circumstances. Generosity, self-respect, courtesy and reverence, spontaneous geometry, rhythmical motion, music, and plastic art, are universal as humanity; and it is these which make the kindergarten one and the same in all countries. Besides, so far as this book is redolent of the subjectivity of German life, it is a salutary contrast to the extreme objectivity of the American life; and *the connection of opposites* is the law of the complete, well-balanced life, that we are in pursuit of for our children and ourselves.

We particularly call attention to Miss Fanny E. Dwight's rendering of the German songs into English, at once literal and graceful, and adapted to the cadences of the music. Miss Josephine Jarvis's faithful translation of the prose is also commended.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND GERMAN EDITION.

BY DR. WICHARD LANGE.

FROEBEL'S mother-songs are here offered to the public in their original form. It has been often remarked, that both the poetry and the illustrations might be improved; and we do not deny it. But who could alter them, without at the same time injuring the spirit which breathes through the whole? We have not to do here with disconnected stories and pictures. What we have before us is one whole, woven together with great ingenuity and skill: it is a leaf taken from German family life. In this book we have an example of that true spirit which regards earthly life as the foreshadowing of a much higher existence, the man as the highest development, and the child as a bud upon the tree of humanity containing within itself the germ of the whole. We see a rejoicing mother who deems herself supremely blest, because she recognizes that from her has sprung the Divine image in human form; and that she is admitted to take active part in the gradual development of the eternal in the mortal, of the unending in the transitory, in short, of the divine in the human. In faith she receives her first-born, as a gift direct from Heaven; embraces him fondly; tends him in hope; and, while happy in the contemplation of her darling, does not forget to thank Him who is the ultimate source of all life. Hence she strives to open her child's mind gradually to the world around him; she touches the tiny hands, the little legs and feet, and the soft head of her darling, giving names to each limb; she leads on the awakening mind to objects in nearest contact with his body, then to human life, then to nature, and finally to heavenly things. She brings before him pictures and representations exciting feelings, developing notions, and unfolding the spirit of her child in the likeness and image of God.

The care and gradual education of children naturally devolve upon woman, who is especially gifted, nay, inspired for this work, and whose love encompasses the child from the hour of its birth; who guides all his first steps, and is herself moulded and formed anew while moulding and forming him. She must devote her experience to the task, throwing herself heart and soul into her mission (education), and remaining faithful to it till death; shrinking from no privation, no sacrifice, and fearing neither opposition nor scorn from the ignorant outside world.

The book before us is not a complete mode of education, not a formal system of early *lessons* for children; but it is *a moral whole*, woven and held together by one prevailing fundamental IDEA, and impressing wonderfully all those who are open to its influence; a whole which arouses all dormant inclinations for good left by a healthy education; a whole which awakens those purposes, thoughts, and resolutions which lead to salvation of heart; a whole which points out the way the mother must follow, if she would solve her practical problems irrespective of the criticism of a noisy material world. With this spirit, and from this standpoint, the mother will make her influence sensibly felt. For love only is the motive power and effectual working-lever in education.

May every mother, therefore, avail herself of this book as a partner in her labors, and receive it joyfully as a treasure for her family!

Introductory Song.

THE MOTHER IN UNITY WITH HER CHILD.

OH child of my heart, so fair and so dear!
All softly the light of knowledge shines here.
What glows now so warm, thy infant form flushing,
And kindles my spirit, like spring's early blushing?
Pure FAITH it is, enthroned on thy brow,
That thou a mother's shelter shall know.
Pure LOVE it is, in thy laughing eyes,
That light to the mother's soul supplies:
Bright HOPE it is that throbs in thy breast,
And makes for the mother life's fountain blessed.
Oh, come then, my darling! each other viewing,
We'll live in springs of life renewing.
Whatever the heart of the child requireth,
The mother's heart alike desireth;
And surely thy faith, thy hope, thy love,
Shall cherishëd be by spirits above!
Through hoping, believing, and loving 'tis given
To feel the blessings and joys of heaven.

MOTHER'S SELF-COMMUNINGS.

FEELINGS OF A MOTHER ON BEHOLDING HER FIRST-BORN CHILD.

O GOD, my God! in making me a wife,
Thou'st crowned me with the noblest joy of life;
And now thy greatest gift thou sendest me:
An angel child have I received from thee.

O husband, father! thank our God above
For this fair token of our purest love:
All do we find in this our first-born son,
That in eternity shall make us one.

Though born in pain, take now thy peaceful rest,
My darling child, upon thy mother's breast:
Thee will we guard, 'mid earth's perpetual strife,
Thou crown and sweet renewal of our life.

O God, our Father! life's eternal source!
Grant thou that pure and straight may be his course.
We all thy children are: oh, let one love
Unite us all with thee in realms above!

THE MOTHER HAPPY IN THE CONTEMPLATION OF HER CHILD.

Who can the mother's bliss express
When playing with her infant boy?
Beameth with love each fond caress,
A bliss transcending earthly joy!
Then love most tender is, and all foreseeing,
Caring for nought but her dear child's well-being.

My baby, my baby, come whisper to me,
Why all is so dear and enchanting in thee.
Why is it, that, dancing and tossing my boy,
I discover each instant an ever new joy?
Thy fair head is like the fresh budding flower,
Crowned with the dews of the sweet morning hour.
As stainless and pure as the new-fallen snow,
Unspoiled and sinless shines forth thy young brow;
As the blossom sheds perfume around on the air,
So thou fillest my heart with a joy rich and rare.
Awakened by an infant's kiss,
Mother's joy is deepest bliss!
Thy cheeks, soft as velvet, so healthy and rosy,
Are tinged with the glow of a midsummer posy;
As shines the bright sun from the deep azure sky,
So thy sunshiny spirit beams forth from thy eye,
And the innocent smiles that are flashing on me
Rivet firmer the chain that has bound me to thee.
Yea, truly, my child, from the hour of thy birth,
Thou'st been less like a mortal than angel on earth.
Already I see a foundation of strength
That the trials of life will conquer at length;
E'en now I can trace in thy form frail and young,
Contained in the feeble, the germ of the strong.
Though sown now in weakness, self-conquest I see,
Which gladdens my heart erst so tender for thee!
On my life there arises a happier morn:
I am purer and better since my darling was born.
To tend thee, to cherish my baby, my boy,
'Tis bliss, 'tis delight, 'tis my heart of heart's joy.

THE MOTHER WHILE PLAYING WITH HER CHILD.

The mother draws from gazing on her boy
The truest, sweetest, deepest of all joy;
And, knowing well the fulness of that bliss,
Preserves for him life's greatest happiness.
O baby, sweet baby, my true love for thee
Is purer and brighter than pearls of the sea!
And shall I, my darling one, shall I now show thee
By what signs for my own dearest baby I know thee?
This is the little head: when it is weary,
Kind mother's hand will support it, my deary.
Here are the forehead, and eyes opened wide,
Filling mother's fond heart with pleasure and pride:
And here are the cheeks, like the white and red rose,
That gently against mother's shoulder repose;
Here is the tiny and delicate ear,
Soon baby will listen sweet music to hear.
This is the small nose; and here is the mouth
That must never speak any thing else but the truth;
Here are the lips, like the red coralline,
So often already pressed close against mine:
Here is the little round chin, rosy and small,
With the dimple that mother loves better than all;
And this is the little face, winning and fair,
Encircled with ringlets of bright golden hair;
Here is the tender neck, snowy and round:
Ah, where could ever such another be found?
The throat that keeps baby's head steady is this,
So fat and so tempting for mother to kiss:
And this is the back that gives promise of strength
When baby shall grow up to manhood at length.
These are the fingers and hands made for play:
My darling shall learn how to use them one day.
And these are — my sweet one — thy dear little arms;
Feel how mother's embrace her babe comforts and warms.

And this is the heaving and well-moulded chest,
(My little one ought to have health of the best);
How calmly the innocent heart lieth there:
May it never be burdened by sorrow or care!
May it ever be pure as the bright summer skies,
Or as the first glances of infantine eyes!
Soon, soon, will it feel hidden fountains of life:
May they never be troubled by anger and strife!
See, here is one leg, and again here is one:
How long will it be ere thou walk quite alone?
And these are the rosy and fat little feet:
To good, not to ill, may they carry my sweet!
These are the ankles, and these are the knees,
Which shall wade in the water as much as they please:
These balls on the feet, they are called baby's toes,
See, here they are, ten of them, placed in two rows.
And now all my darling's dear parts I have told.
He will spring from my lap when about a year old:
Soon after among other children he'll find
Some food to improve and to strengthen his mind;
Of which even now the beginnings I see,
And which shall be nurtured in silence by me.

THE MOTHER WATCHING THE DEVELOPMENT OF HER CHILD.

Watching the daily progress of her child,
The mother prays, "God keep him undefiled!
Guide him whene'er the tempest rages wild."
Yet she must do her best,
If hopeful she would rest
Upon the Father's breast.

Oh! come and see my little one,-
A flower first opening to the sun;
The curly pate so round and fair,
The forehead smooth, and free from care.
Bright are my baby's eyes; his ears, ere long,
Shall listen for the sound of mother's song;
His little nose shall smell the flowers bright;
His mouth drink milk each morning, noon, and night.
His cheeks are rosy with refreshing slumber,
Dinted by laughing dimples without number.
Oh! so fair and bright is he,
Should he not my treasure be?
His hands he learns to ope and clasp,
His fingers just begin to grasp.
With pleasure now he takes his ball,
Loves it, and will not let it fall.
So strong my baby's arms are grown,
That he can wave them up and down;
And even sometimes he is able
To bound his ball upon the table.
His legs begin to jump so high
As if he wished to reach the sky.
My child! 'tis life, the heavenly power,
That makes thee stronger every hour;
'Tis mine to guard and mine to guide
This life, my pleasure and my pride;
For in the joy of life at length
My child will learn to know his strength,—
Will learn that he must work and strive,
If he would well and nobly live.

THE MOTHER AND HER CHILD STANDING ON HER LAP OR RESTING IN HER ARMS.

Happy the mother striving day by day
To train her child by loving, healthful play!
How happy she who by her inward light
Expands and warms the human blossom bright!
For where the sun in greatest glory plays,
Thither the flower turns to catch his rays.

My baby! ope those eyes of azure deep;
For mother through them to thy heart would creep,
While thou with rosy lips upon me smilest,
With cherub laughter weary thoughts beguilest.
Give me thy little mouth, that by a kiss
Thou mayest gently seal thy mother's bliss;
Reach me thy hands so fair and soft and round,
Two chains by which fond mother may be bound;
Throw round my neck thy plump, caressing arm,
To keep me with its loving pressure warm;
Show me, too, thy ear so fair,
And little head with downy hair,—
That my child, in love's warm light,
May grow up as the lily white,
Free from spot and free from stain,
On life's cloud-traversed, verdant plain!
Plant firm thy feeble feet upon thy mother's lap:
What joy to feel her near thee always, whatsoe'er may hap!
She aye will strive to be for thee her joy and fond delight,
Like genial rays of sunshine that disperse the shades of night.
Repose, then, calmly on thy mother's loving breast,
So shall we both be happy, peaceful, blest!

THE CHILD AT THE MOTHER'S BREAST.

Oh, see with what content and zest
The infant clasps his mother's breast!
A native instinct now doth move
The child to trust his mother's love.
As he from her receives his food,
From her he seeks the highest good.
One day (with reverence returning
His mother's care and silent yearning),
His mind will grasp the clew of right,
From her example pure and bright.

Mother! not only food he takes from thee,
But, to a slumbering instinct true,
He seeks for love and kindness too,
From heart that's full of mother's sympathy.

INTRODUCTORY SONG.

THE MOTHER

IN UNITY WITH HER CHILD.

Lento. (M.M. ♩ = 80.)

Voice.

Oh! child of my heart, so fair and so

Piano.

un poco marcato il canto.

p *pp* *p*

dear! All soft - ly the light of knowl - edge shines here,

p *p* *sf ritardando.*

sf ri - tar - dan - do.

a tempo.

What glows now so warm, thy in - fant form flush - ing? And

a tempo.

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

kin - dles my spir - it like Spring's ear - ly blushing? That glows now so warm, thy

sem - - - -

in - fant form flush - ing, And kindles my spir - it like Spring's ear - ly blushing? Pure

- pre *cres cen* - *- do.* *dim.*

Ped.

dolce.

faith it is, en - throned on thy brow, That thou a moth - er's shel - ter shalt know; Pure

dolce.

Ped. *

sem - pre cres - cen - do.

Love it is in thy laugh - ing eyes, That light to the moth - er's soul sup - plies. Bright

sem - pre cres - cen - do.

ri - tar - dando. a tempo.

hope it is that now throbs in thy breast, And makes for the mother life's fountain blessed. Oh

a tempo.

ri - tar - dando.

come then, my darling, each oth - er view-ing, We'll live in springs of life re - new-ing; What-

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

sem - pre cres - cen - do. *dolce.*

-ev - er the heart of the child re-quir-eth, The moth-er's heart a - like de-sir-eth; And surely thy

sem - pre cres - cen - do. *dolce.*

cres - cen - do.

faith, thy hope, thy love Shall cherished be, by spirits a - bove, Thro' hoping, believing and loving 'Tis

cres - cen - do.

Ped. ✻

given To feel the blessings and joys.... of Heaven.

un poco ri - tar - dan - do.

p *pp*

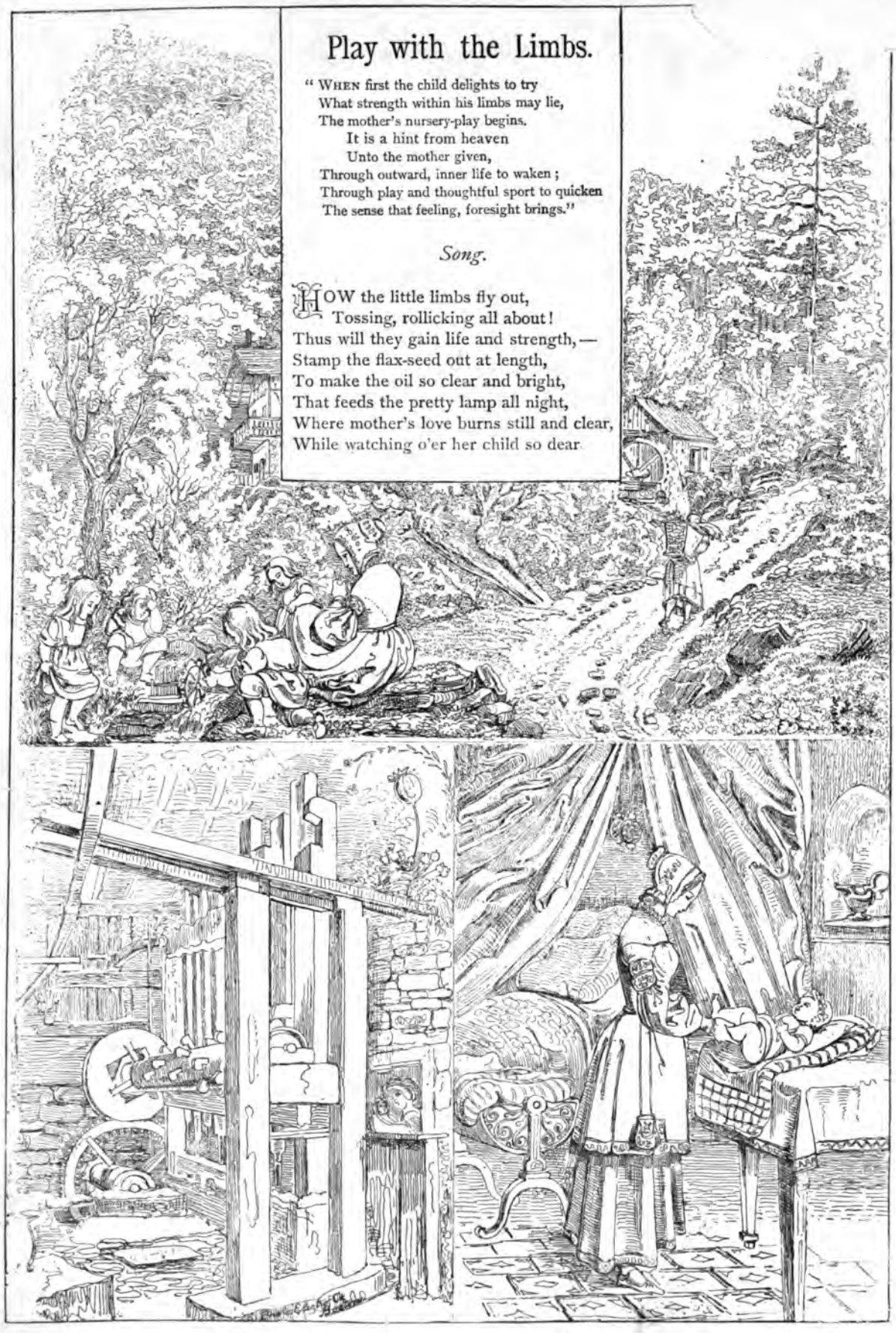
Ped. ✻ *Ped.* ✻

Play with the Limbs.

"When first the child delights to try
What strength within his limbs may lie,
The mother's nursery-play begins.
It is a hint from heaven
Unto the mother given,
Through outward, inner life to waken;
Through play and thoughtful sport to quicken
The sense that feeling, foresight brings."

Song.

HOW the little limbs fly out,
Tossing, rollicking all about!
Thus will they gain life and strength,—
Stamp the flax-seed out at length,
To make the oil so clear and bright,
That feeds the pretty lamp all night,
Where mother's love burns still and clear,
While watching o'er her child so dear.



Falling, Falling!

"A DEEPER feeling underlies
Each little play the mother tries.
Thus, in the 'Falling, falling!' game,
The mind conceives a higher aim;
Thy child shall gain the strength and skill
To conquer many a coming ill, —
Shall many a threat'ning fall avoid,
When tripping by his mother's side.

Song.

DOWN he goes now, falling, falling!
Up he springs at mother's calling!
Laughs he now in frolic glee, —
Laughs so safely there to be.
Sure he knows no harm befals him
While his loving mother calls him.
Down he goes now, falling, falling!
Up he springs at mother's calling!
Soul and body thus unfolding,
Mother's love is ever moulding.

No. 1. PLAY WITH THE LIMBS.

(M.M. ♩ = 120.)

How the lit - tle limbs fly out, Tos - sing, rol - lick - ing all a - bout!

Thus they gain their health and strength. Stamp the flax seed out at length, To

make the oil so clear and bright, That feeds the pret - ty lamp all night, Where

moth - er's love burns still and clear, While watch - ing o'er her child so dear.

No. 2. FALLING, FALLING!

(M. M. ♩ = 126.)

Down he goes, now fall - ing, fall - ing! Up he springs at moth - er's

call - ing, Laughs he now in frol - ic glee, Laughs so safe - ly there to

lie, Sure he knows no harm be - falls him, While his lov - ing moth - er

calls him, Down he goes, now fall - ing, fall - ing! Up he springs at mother's

call - ing, Soul and bod - y thus un - folding, Moth-er's love is ev - er moulding.

Falling, Falling!

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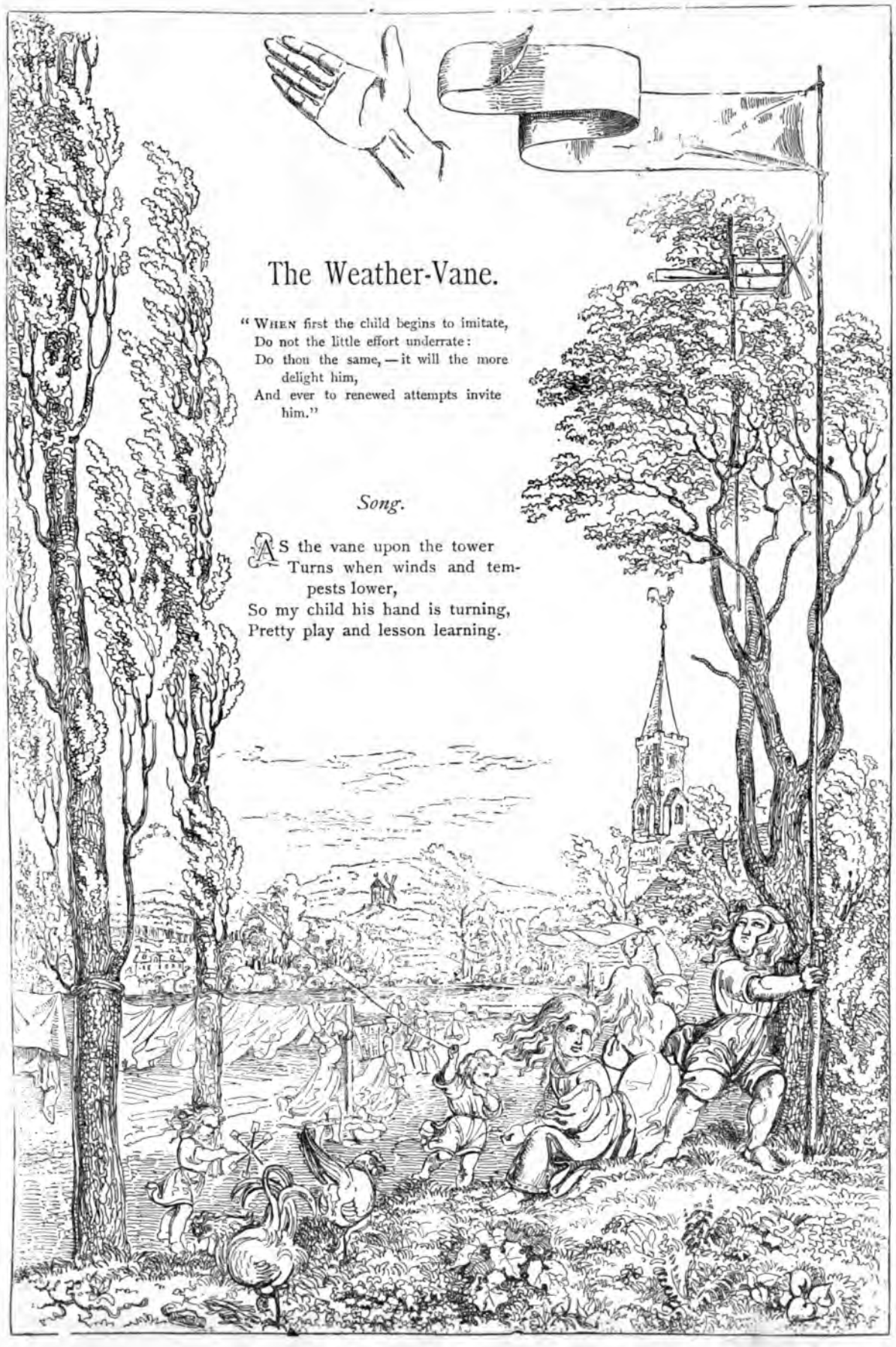


The Weather-Vane.

"When first the child begins to imitate,
Do not the little effort underrate:
Do thou the same, — it will the more delight him,
And ever to renewed attempts invite him."

Song.

As the vane upon the tower
Turns when winds and tempests lower,
So my child his hand is turning,
Pretty play and lesson learning.

All's Gone!

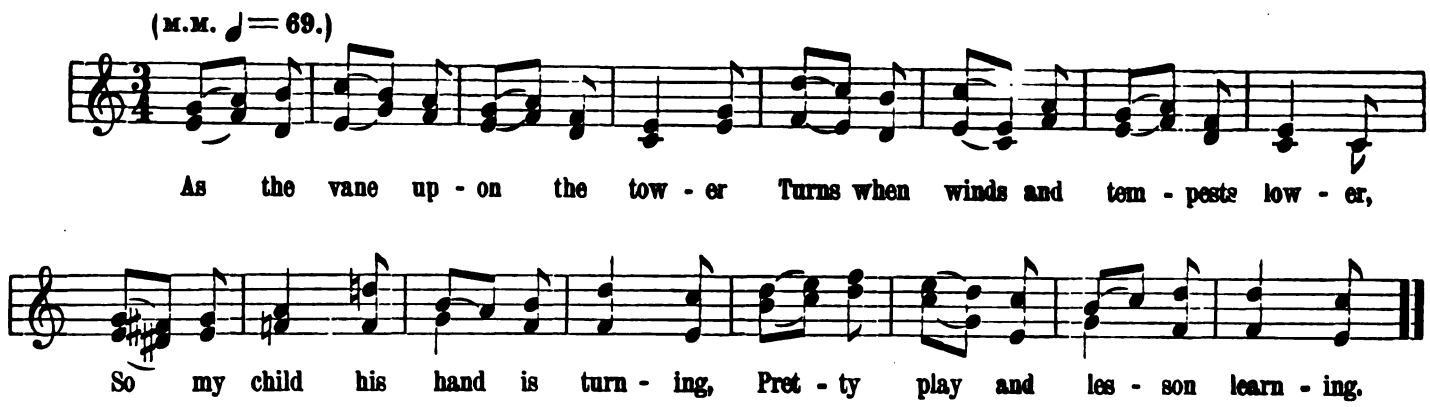
"THE child, disturbed, thinks all is gone
When the empty plate and cup he sees:
Thou canst a wiser thought make known,
And easily his fancy please,
Since what has vanished from us here
Exists yet in another sphere:
The bird has left the empty nest,
To seek the field he loves the best.
What from the outward sight is flown
Will in another form be known."

Song.

GONE, gone, my child, all gone!
The supper now is gone.
Baby is not now without it:
Little mouth knows all about it;
Little tongue hath in it dipped;
Down the little throat it slipped.
Now it makes my baby gay,
Full of frolic, full of play.
Now with health my child shall beam,
Red and white, like rose and cream.

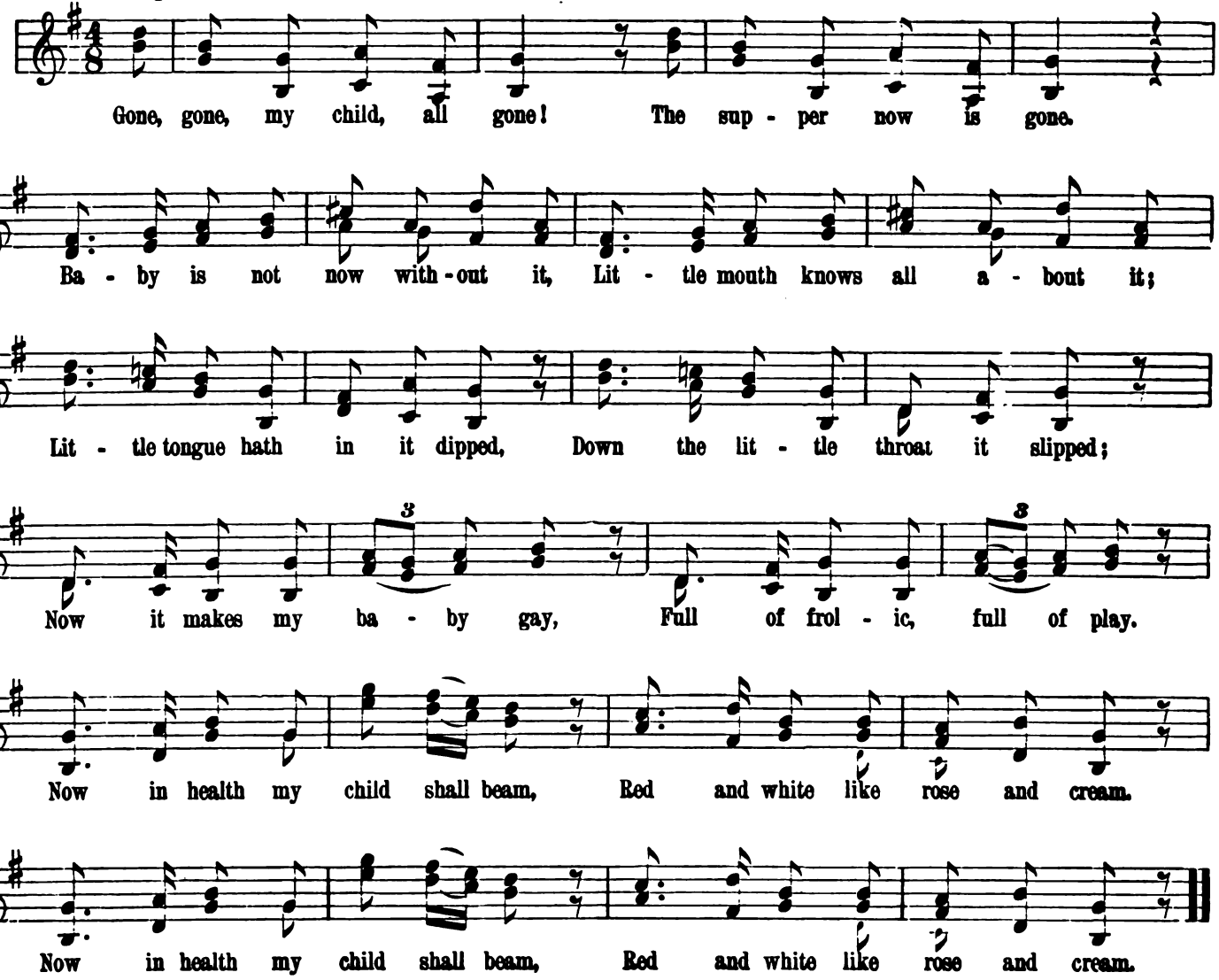
No. 3. THE WEATHERVANE.

(M.M. ♩ = 69.)



No. 4. ALL'S GONE!

(M.M. ♩ = 152.)



Song of Taste.

"Ever through the senses Nature woos the child:
Thou canst help him comprehend her lessons mild.
By the senses is the inner door unsealed,
Where the spirit glows in light revealed.
Through the senses the child's soul lies open:
Keep the impressions pure; whate'er may happen,
Many a care in life shall lighter seem,
And life more joyfully, serenely beam."

Song.

CHILD, now open thy mouth! I'll show
What is good for thee to know.
Bite this plum so full of juice,—
Make thy little tongue of use.
"Say, how tastes it?" "Ah, good, good!"
Yes, the tongue has found it good.

Now then, bite this apple sound;
Red the apple is, and round!
All thy rosy face is wrinkled,
As paper in the fire is crinkled.
Sour, very? sharp and sour?
Sweets the children love far more.

Now the bitter almond try,—
This he tastes more willingly:
Bitter things are wholesome too,
Draws the mouth a little, though.
Bitter in life we often meet:
Life will make the bitter sweet.

Unripe fruit avoid still more,—
It is harsh from rind to core;
Pain and grief 'twill bring thee ever,
Let it tempt my darling never.
Life and strength he must not waste:
What is unripe never taste.

Song of Smell.

"THE child full early may perceive,
In every thing that lives,
The inner presence of a power,
That for existence strives.
Be it in color or in form,
Or fragrance of the flower,
All are to existence called,
By one directing power."

Song.

NOW my little rogue may smell
These sweet flowers he loves so well, —
Ah, sweet! so sweet!
Ah! what is it? Canst thou tell,
So sweet, so sweet,
Where the hidden source may dwell?
Yes! an angel in the cell
All the cup with sweets doth fill;
Says, "Though from the child concealed,
Sweet perfumes I freely yield,
So sweet, so sweet!"
Let me too the angel greet;
Let me smell the perfume sweet, —
So sweet, so sweet, so sweet!

No. 5. SONG OF TASTE.

(M. M. ♩ = 72.)

1. Child, now open thy mouth! I'll show What is good for thee to know; Bite the plum so full of juice,

Make the lit - tle tongue of use. Say! how tastes it? good, good! Yes, the tongue hath found it good.

2. Now then bite this ap - ple sound, Red it is, and smooth and round. All thy ro - sy face is wrinkled,

Like pa - per in the fire crinkled, Sour, very sharp and sour? Sweets the children like far more.

3. Now the bit - ter al - mond try! This he tastes more will - ing - ly; Bit - ter things are wholesome too,

Draws the mouth a lit - tle, though, Bit - ter in life we often meet; Life will make the bit - ter sweet.

4. Un - ripe fruit avoid still more, It is harsh from rind to core, Pain and grief 'twill bring you ever,

Let it tempt my darling never, Life and strength we must not waste, What is un - ripe never taste.

Tick, Tack!

" Who would find the prosperous way,
The laws of order must obey.
Who would win a happy fate,
Must learn his time to regulate.
He whom this practice shall annoy
Will be bereft of many a joy.
Then teach the child to value order, time;
For these are priceless gifts in every clime."

Song.

To and fro! to and fro!
Goes the pendulum, sure and slow.
So will I my arm incline,
Just in time and just in line;
Beat by beat, with forward, back,
Ever tick and ever tack!
Tick, tack! tick, tack!
Little clock saves me all care,
Tells me when the right hours are, —
For eating, for sleeping, for play and all;
For rising and bathing it sounds the call;
Makes my heart beat pure and true;
Keeps me well and active too.
Beat by beat, with forward, back,
Ever tick and ever tack!
Tick, tack! tick, tack!

No. 6. TICK, TACK!

(M. M. ♩ = 92.)

To and fro, To and fro, Goes the pendulum, sure and slow,

So will I my arm in - cline, Just in time and just in line,

Beat by beat, with for - ward, back, Ev - er tick, and ev - er tack,

tick, tack! tick, tack! tick, tack! tick, tack! Lit - tle clock saves

me from care, Tells me when the right hours are, For eat - ing, for sleep - ing, for

play and all, For ris - ing and bathing it sounds the call, Makes my heart beat

pure and true, Keeps me well and ac - tive too, Beat by beat with

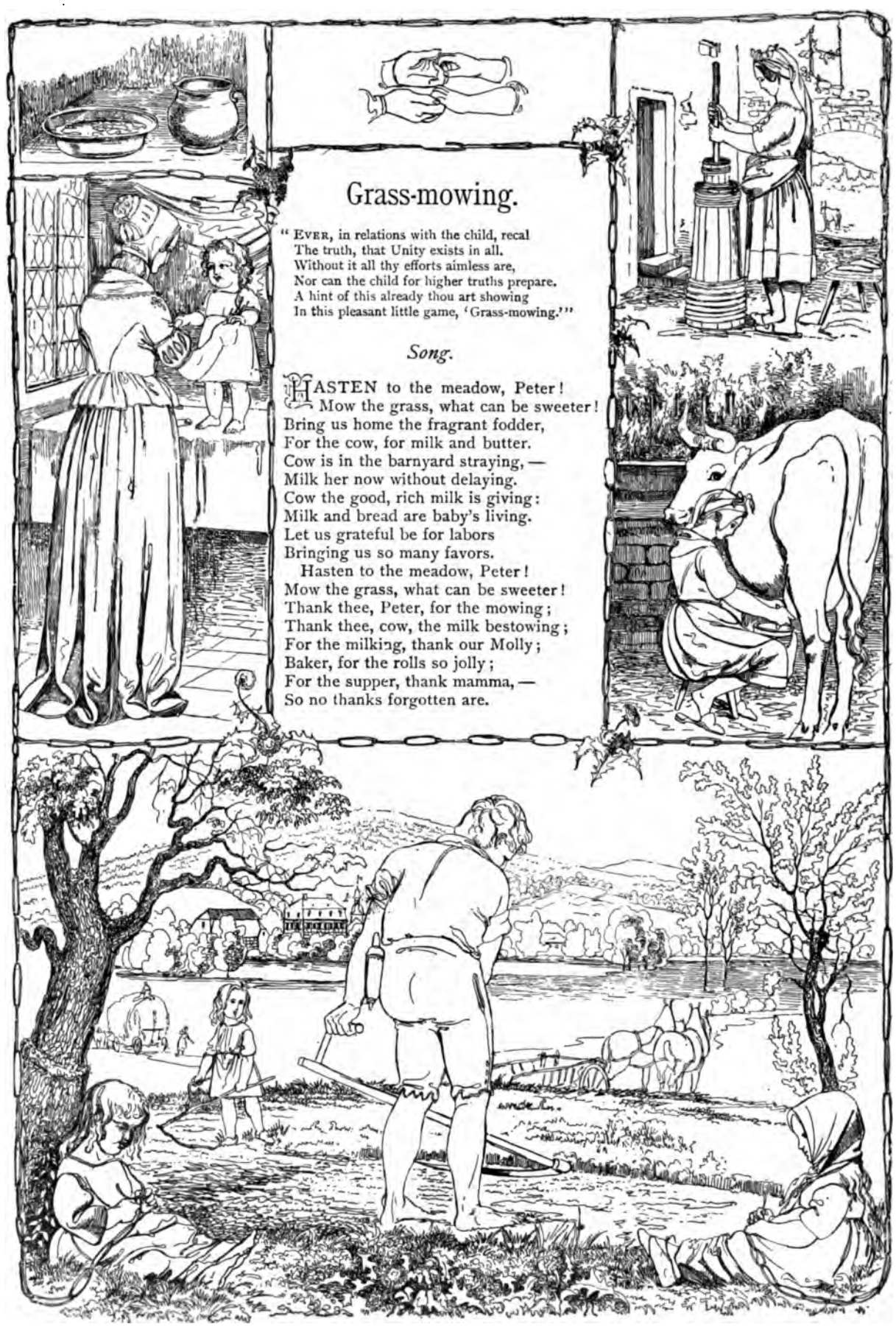
for - ward back, Ev - er tick and ev - er tack! Tick, tick, tack!

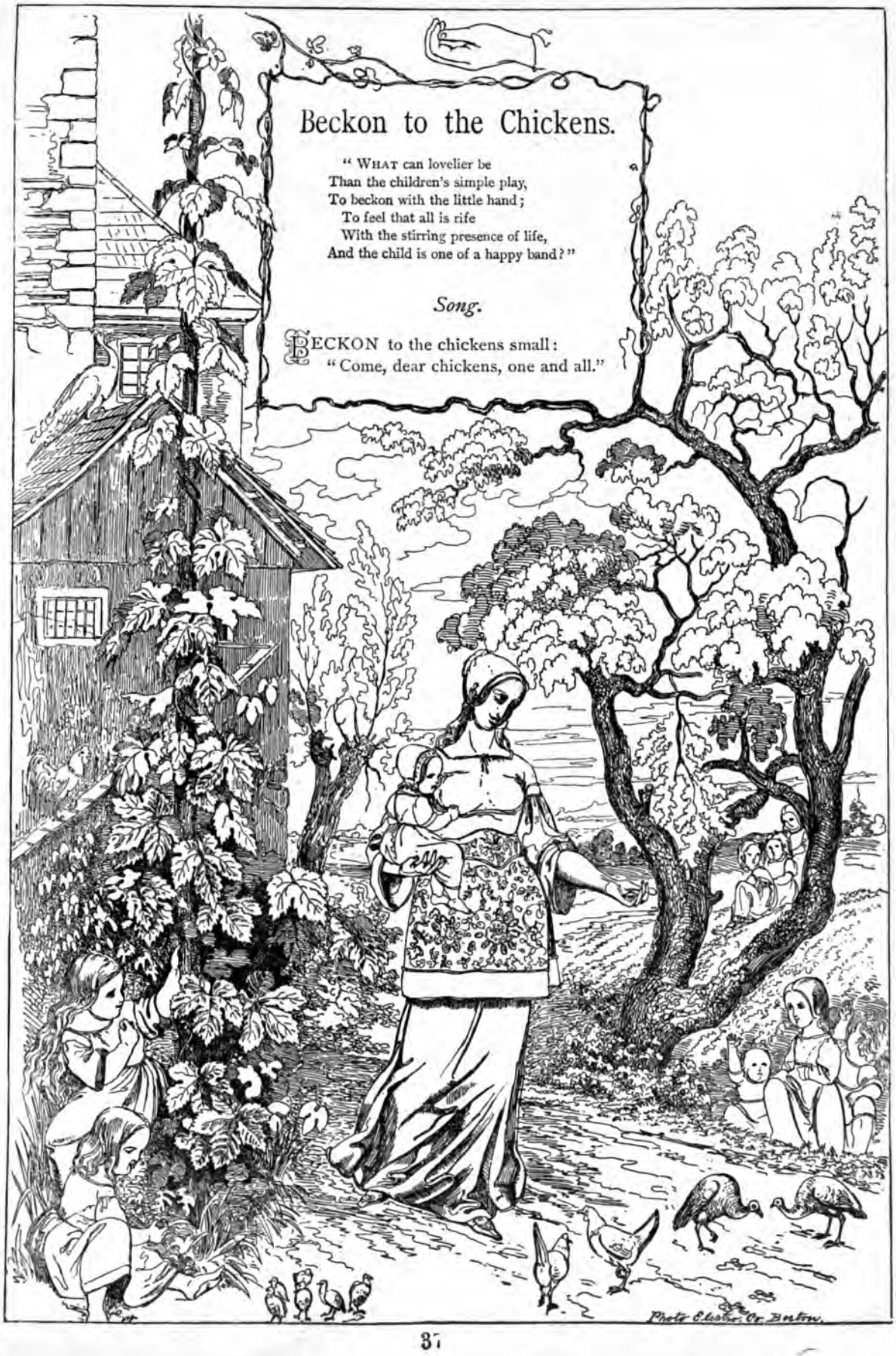
Grass-mowing.

"Ever, in relations with the child, recal
The truth, that Unity exists in all.
Without it all thy efforts aimless are,
Nor can the child for higher truths prepare.
A hint of this already thou art showing
In this pleasant little game, 'Grass-mowing.'"

Song.

Hasten to the meadow, Peter!
Mow the grass, what can be sweeter!
Bring us home the fragrant fodder,
For the cow, for milk and butter.
Cow is in the barnyard straying, —
Milk her now without delaying.
Cow the good, rich milk is giving:
Milk and bread are baby's living.
Let us grateful be for labors
Bringing us so many favors.
Hasten to the meadow, Peter!
Mow the grass, what can be sweeter!
Thank thee, Peter, for the mowing;
Thank thee, cow, the milk bestowing;
For the milking, thank our Molly;
Baker, for the rolls so jolly;
For the supper, thank mamma, —
So no thanks forgotten are.





Beckon to the Chickens.

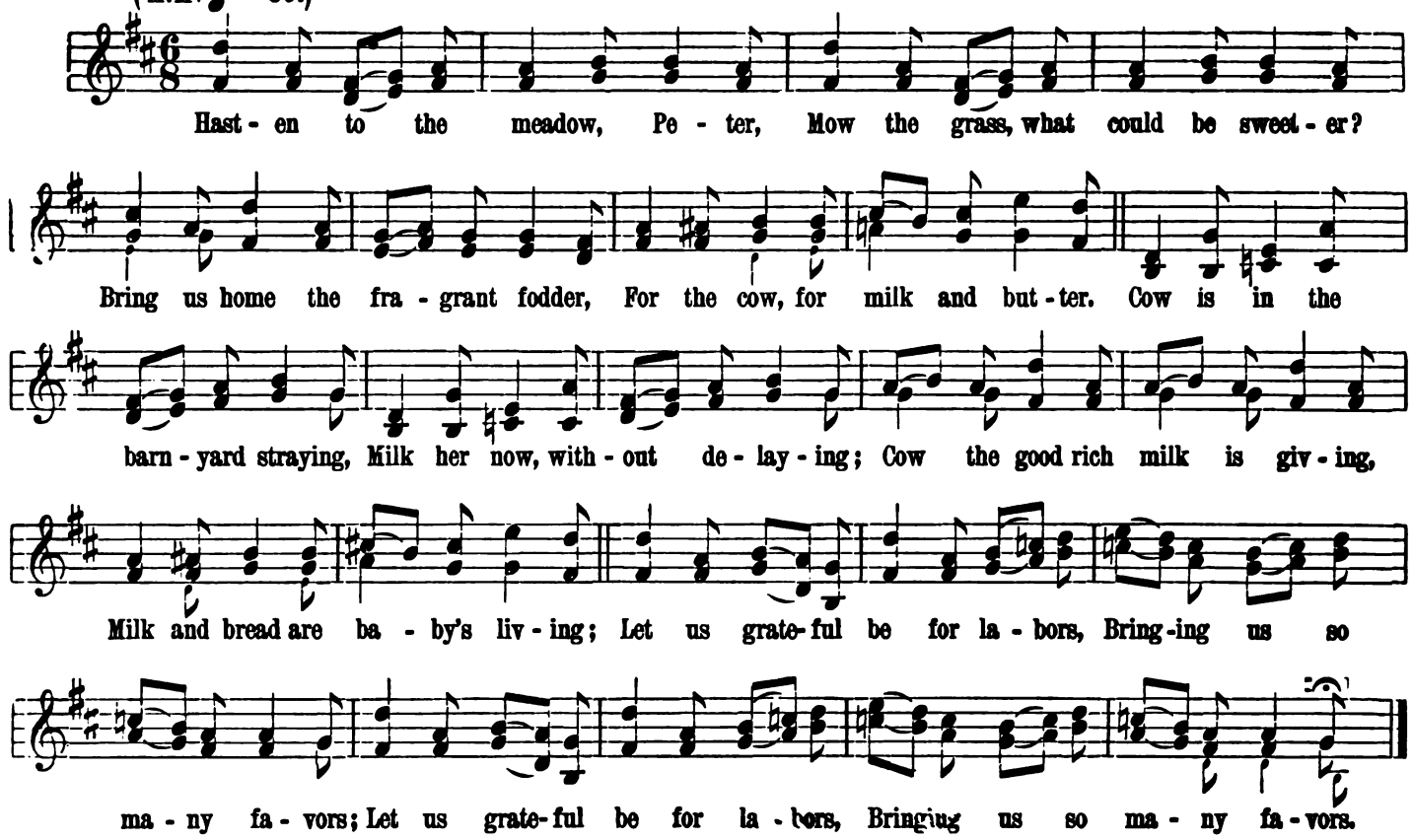
"WHAT can lovelier be
Than the children's simple play,
To beckon with the little hand;
To feel that all is rife
With the stirring presence of life,
And the child is one of a happy band?"

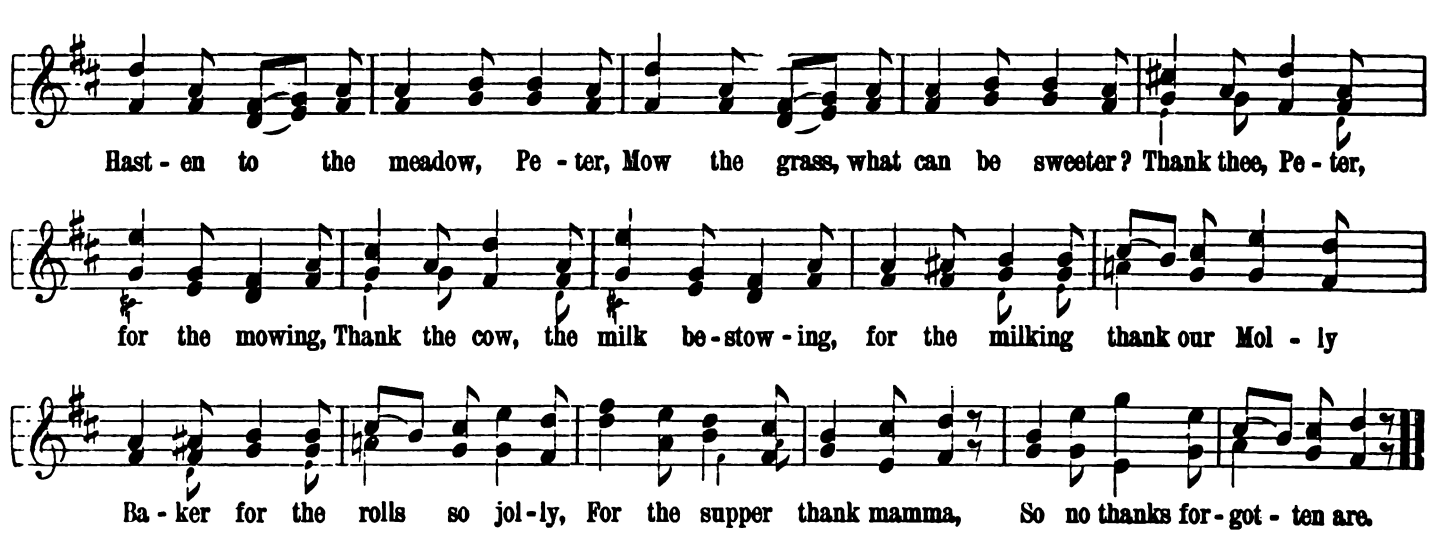
Song.

BECKON to the chickens small:
"Come, dear chickens, one and all."

No. 7. GRASS MOWING.

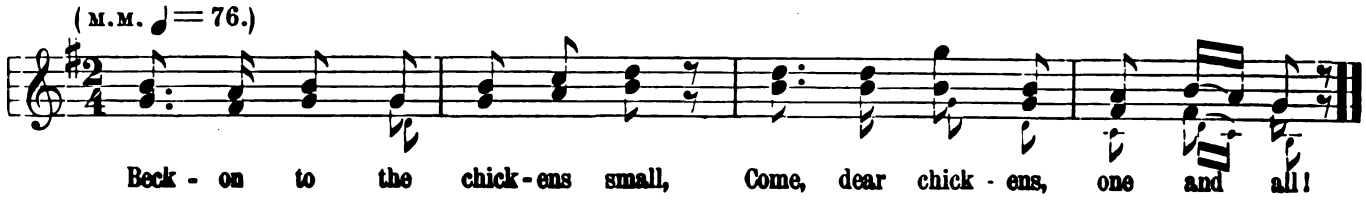
(M.M. ♩ = 80.)



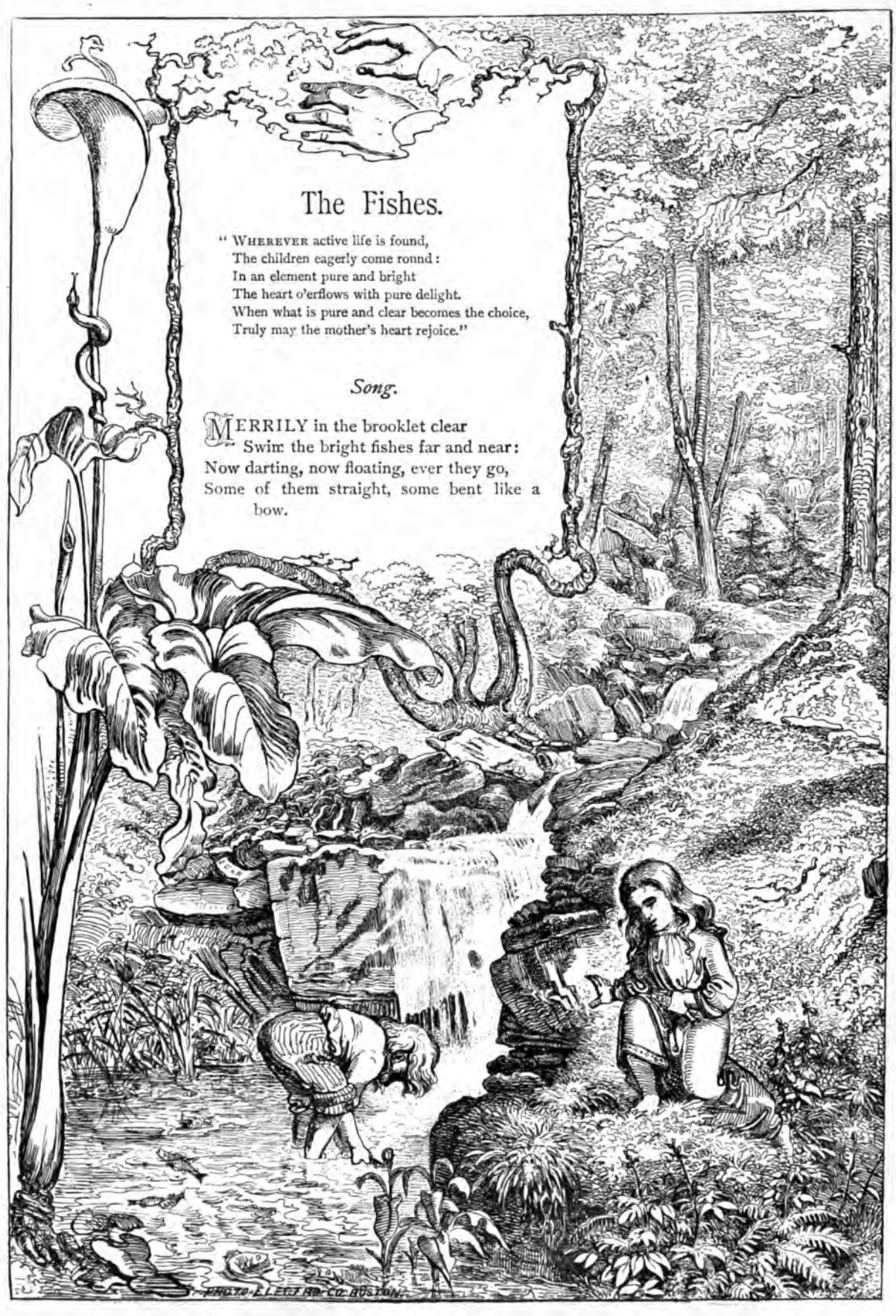


No. 8. BECKON TO THE CHICKENS!

(M.M. ♩ = 76.)



Beckon to the Pigeons.
" No fancy coy, no ray of joy
Escapes the mother's watchful eye;
Still quicker is she to discover
When a shadow passes over."
Song.
THE pigeons are coming, dear love, to meet you:
Beckon then; say, " Dear pigeons, I greet you."



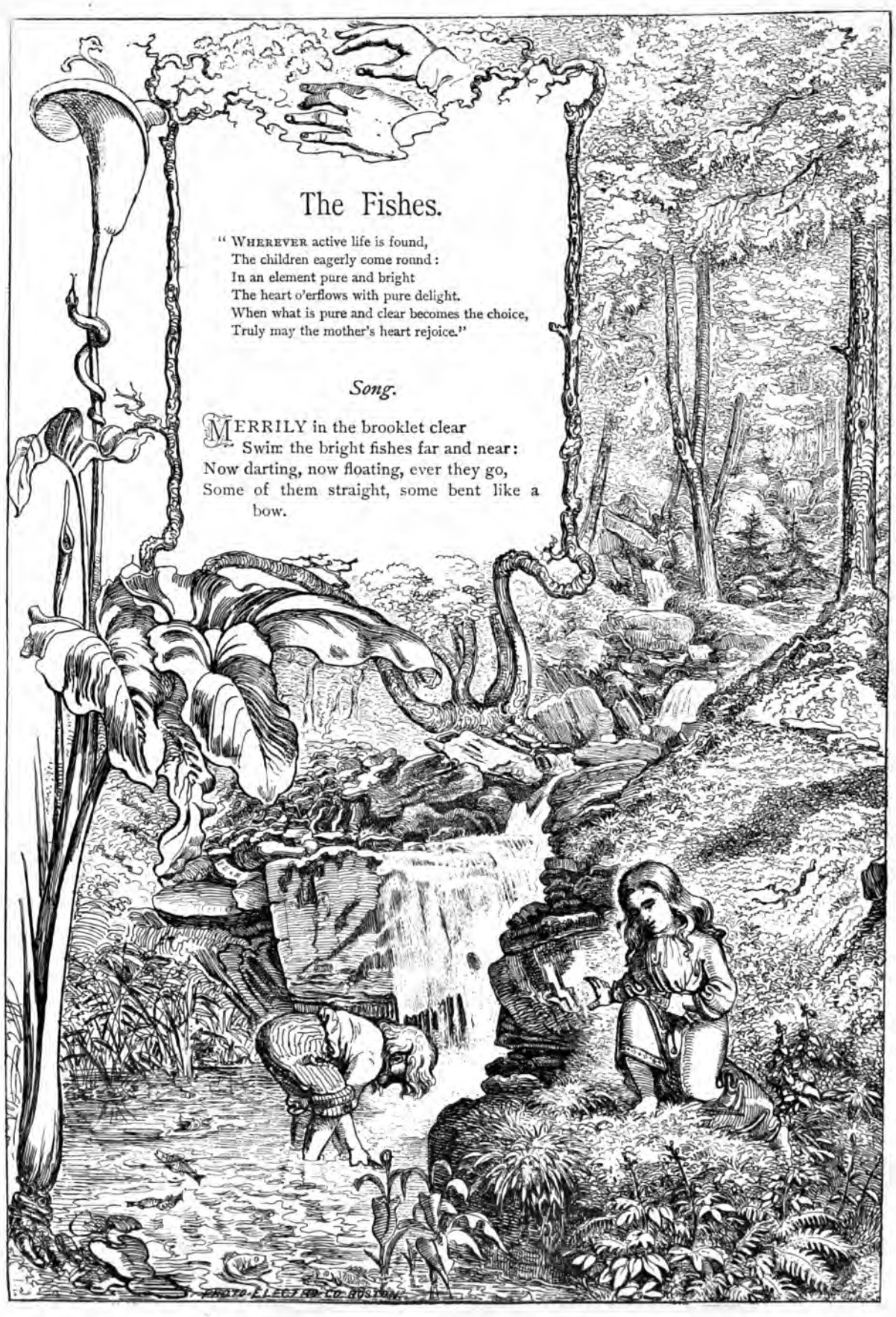
The Fishes.

"WHEREVER active life is found,
The children eagerly come round:
In an element pure and bright
The heart o'erflows with pure delight.
When what is pure and clear becomes the choice,
Truly may the mother's heart rejoice."

Song.

MERRILY in the brooklet clear
Swim the bright fishes far and near:
Now darting, now floating, ever they go,
Some of them straight, some bent like a bow.

Beckon to the Pigeons.
" No fancy coy, no ray of joy
Escapes the mother's watchful eye;
Still quicker is she to discover
When a shadow passes over."
Song.
THE pigeons are coming, dear love, to meet you:
Beckon then; say, " Dear pigeons, I greet you."



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The children eagerly come round:
In an element pure and bright
The heart o'erflows with pure delight.
When what is pure and clear becomes the choice,
Truly may the mother's heart rejoice."

Song.

MERRILY in the brooklet clear
Swim the bright fishes far and near:
Now darting, now floating, ever they go,
Some of them straight, some bent like a bow.

The Target; or, Lengthwise, Crosswise.

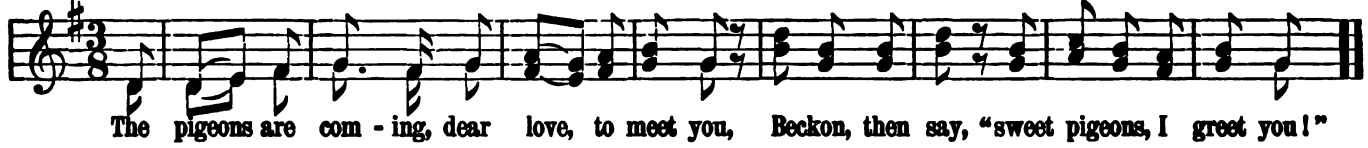
"THOUGH meaningless this play may seem,
There's more in it than one might dream,
To him who daily would behold
The child's young mind unfold.
Like the rough stone it is; like light,
Wherein the separate hues unite,
Like many things in one that meet,
To make the whole complete.
Where all the active work and skill
Moves not by arbitrary will;
Where exists proportion fair,
The child must feel a beauty there.
When all complete and polished lies,
He feels in his heart a glad surprise, –
He feels the charm that binds in one
The work in several parts begun.
Behold, then, in this little play,
A world-wide truth set free!
Easily may a symbol teach
What thy reason may not reach.
The object to the soul can speak,
Far stronger the impression make.
More living is a perfect whole, —
Deeper than words it moves the soul,
And, by its work complete and good,
Ensures a true and healthy mood."

Song.

THIS piece of wood I lengthwise lay;
This piece across the other way;
Through both I bore a good round hole;
A wooden nail drive through the whole.
This board will for the disc avail:
The target is ready now for sale.
"What costs it?"
"Three halfpennies."
"Why three halfpennies?
That's one too many."
"One halfpenny pays for the frame of wood;
One halfpenny pays for the little smooth board:
One halfpenny pays for the work about it:
Who cannot pay it may go without it."

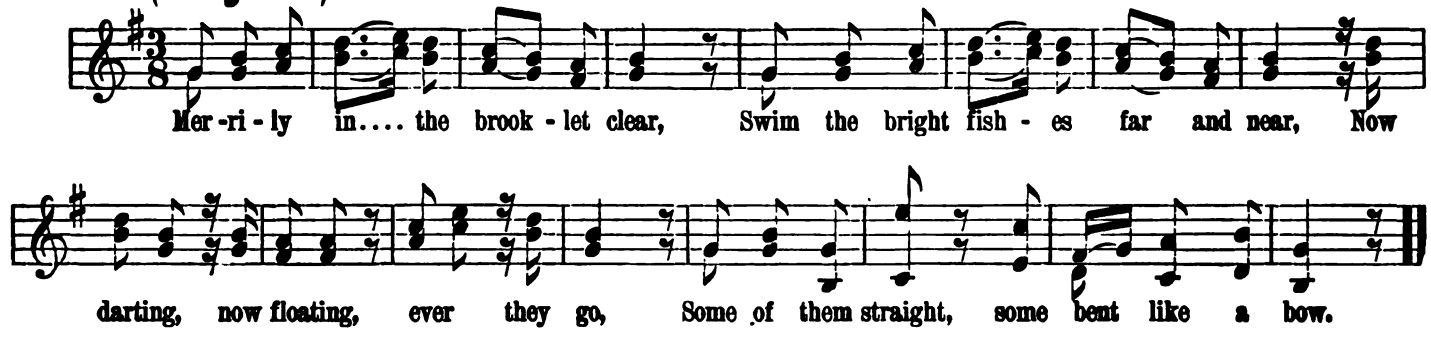
No. 9. BECKON TO THE PIGEONS.

(M.M. ♩ = 69.)



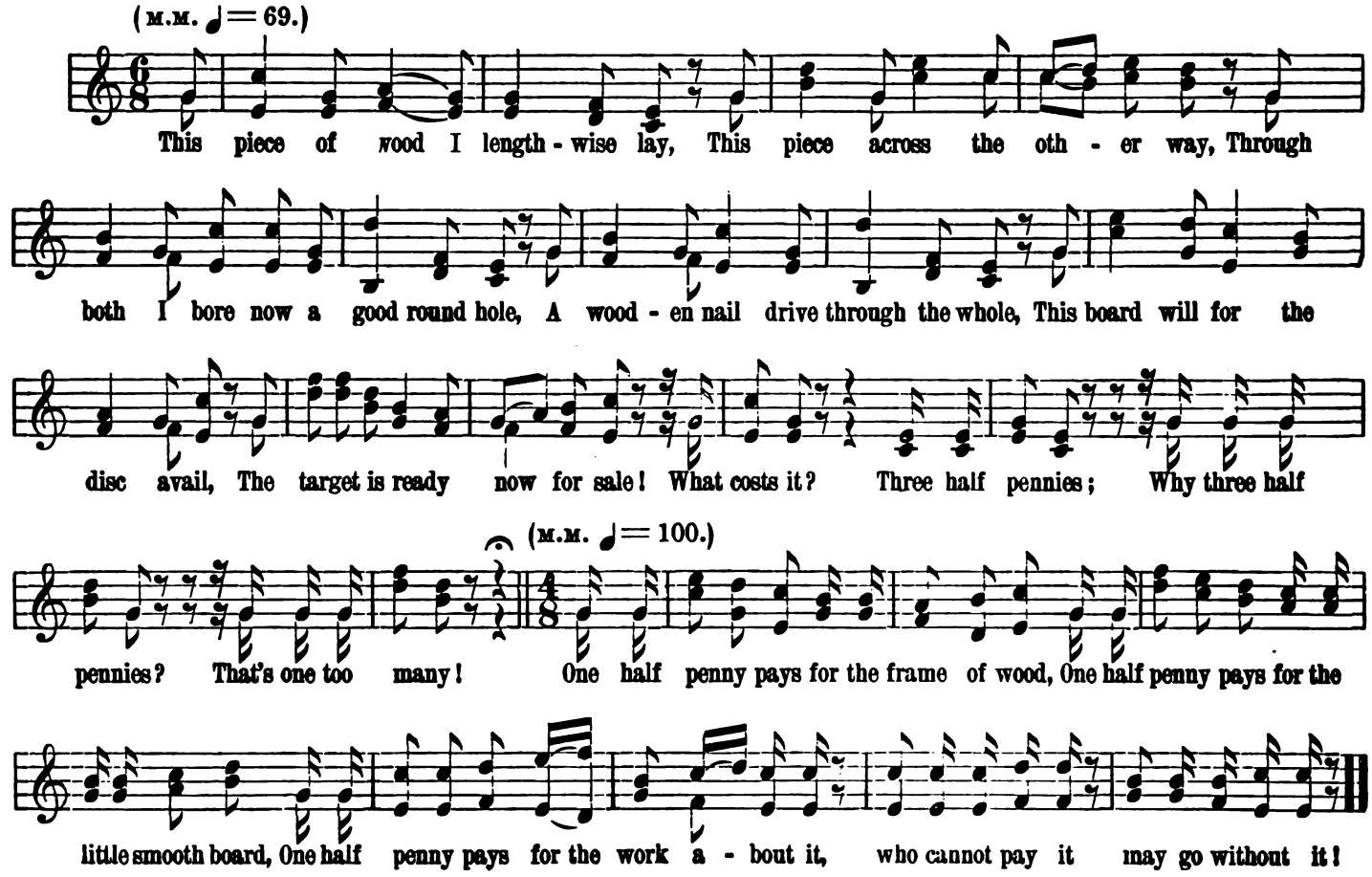
No. 10. FISHES IN THE BROOK.

(M.M. ♩ = 72.)



No. 11. LENGTHWISE, CROSSWISE. or the Target.

(M.M. ♩ = 69.)

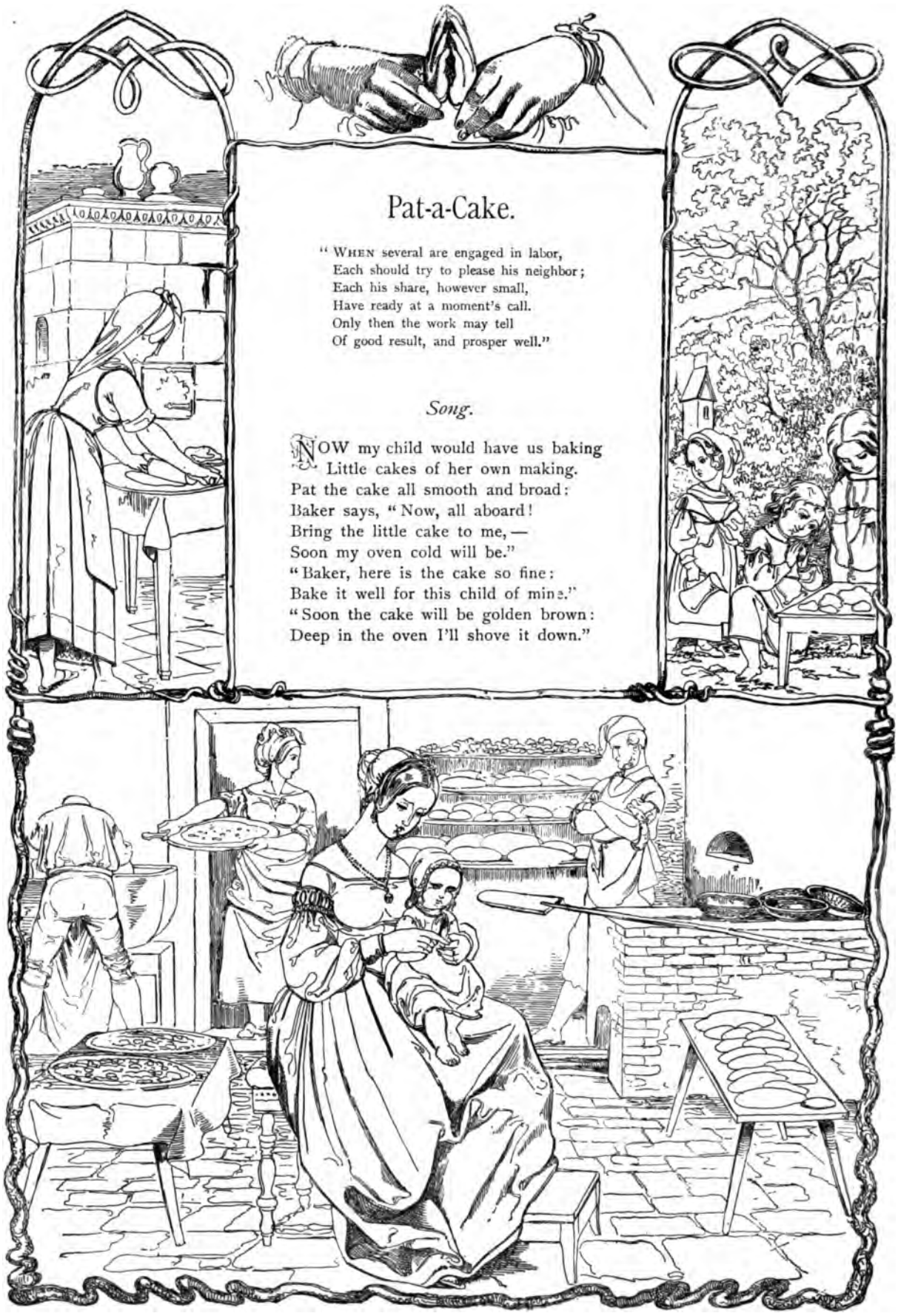


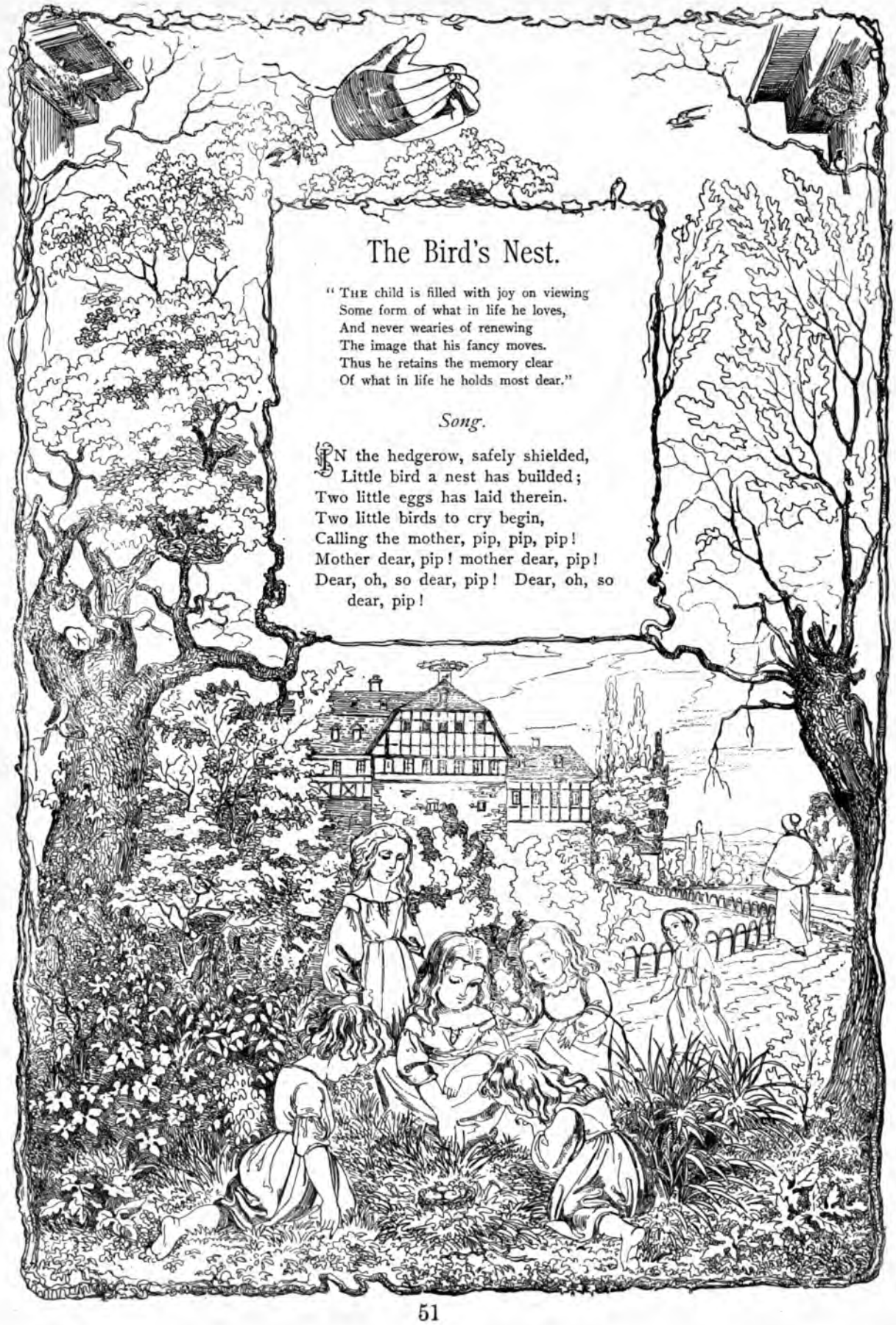
Pat-a-Cake.

"When several are engaged in labor,
Each should try to please his neighbor;
Each his share, however small,
Have ready at a moment's call.
Only then the work may tell
Of good result, and prosper well."

Song.

NOW my child would have us baking
Little cakes of her own making.
Pat the cake all smooth and broad:
Baker says, "Now, all aboard!
Bring the little cake to me,—
Soon my oven cold will be."
"Baker, here is the cake so fine:
Bake it well for this child of mine."
"Soon the cake will be golden brown:
Deep in the oven I'll shove it down."





The Bird's Nest.

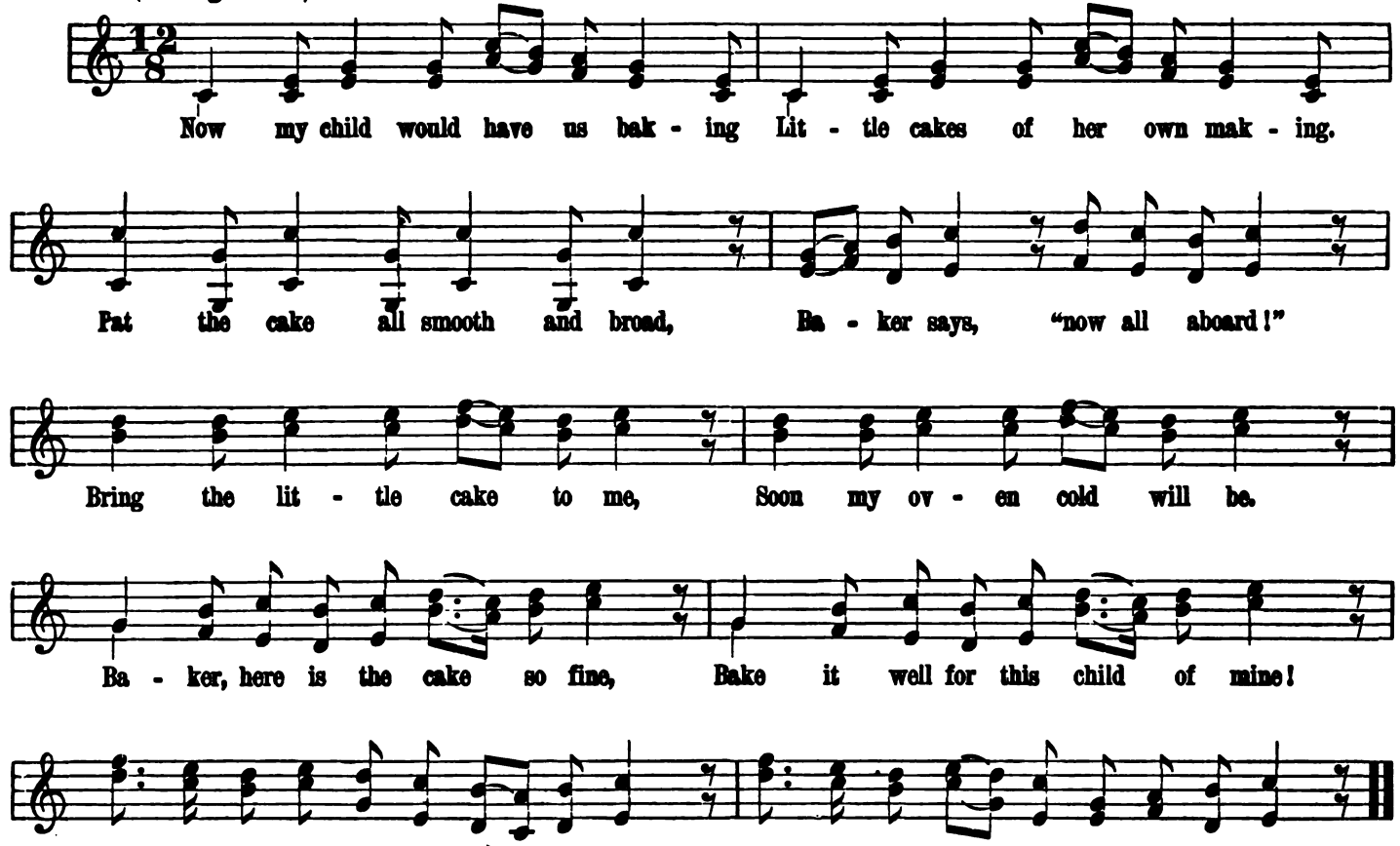
"THE child is filled with joy on viewing
Some form of what in life he loves,
And never wearies of renewing
The image that his fancy moves.
Thus he retains the memory clear
Of what in life he holds most dear."

Song.

IN the hedgerow, safely shielded,
Little bird a nest has builded;
Two little eggs has laid therein.
Two little birds to cry begin,
Calling the mother, pip, pip, pip!
Mother dear, pip! mother dear, pip!
Dear, oh, so dear, pip! Dear, oh, so
dear, pip!

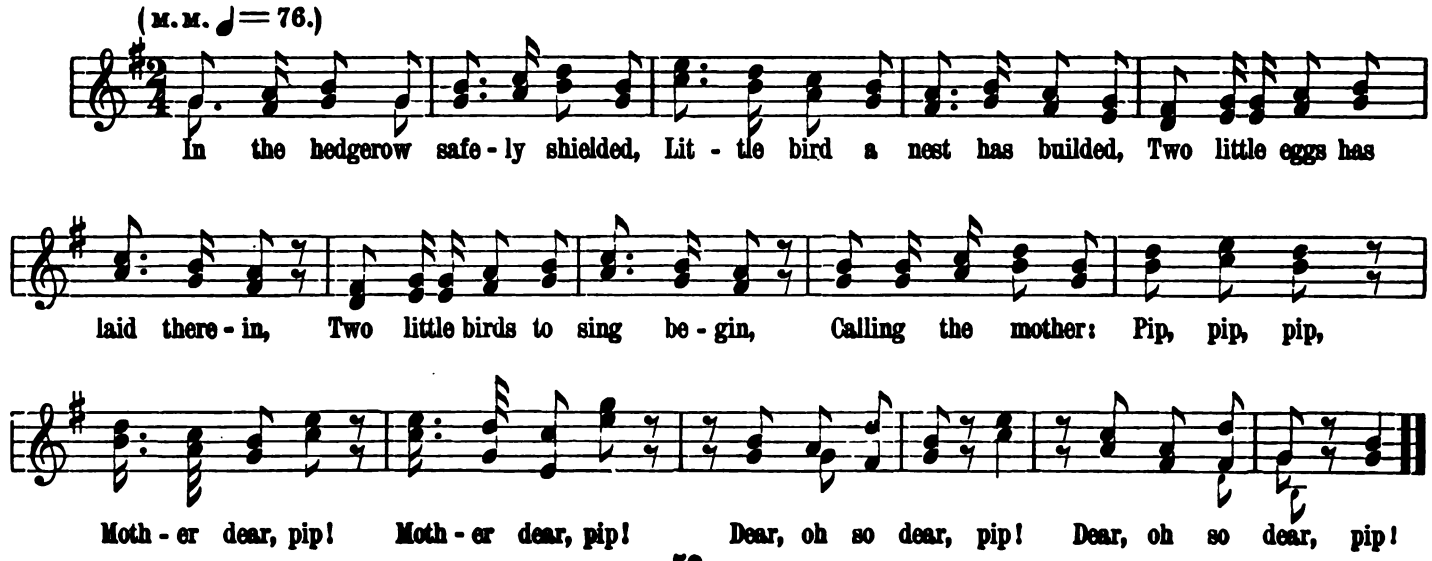
No. 12. PAT A CAKE!

(M.M. ♩ = 80.)



No. 13. THE LITTLE NEST.

(M.M. ♩ = 76.)

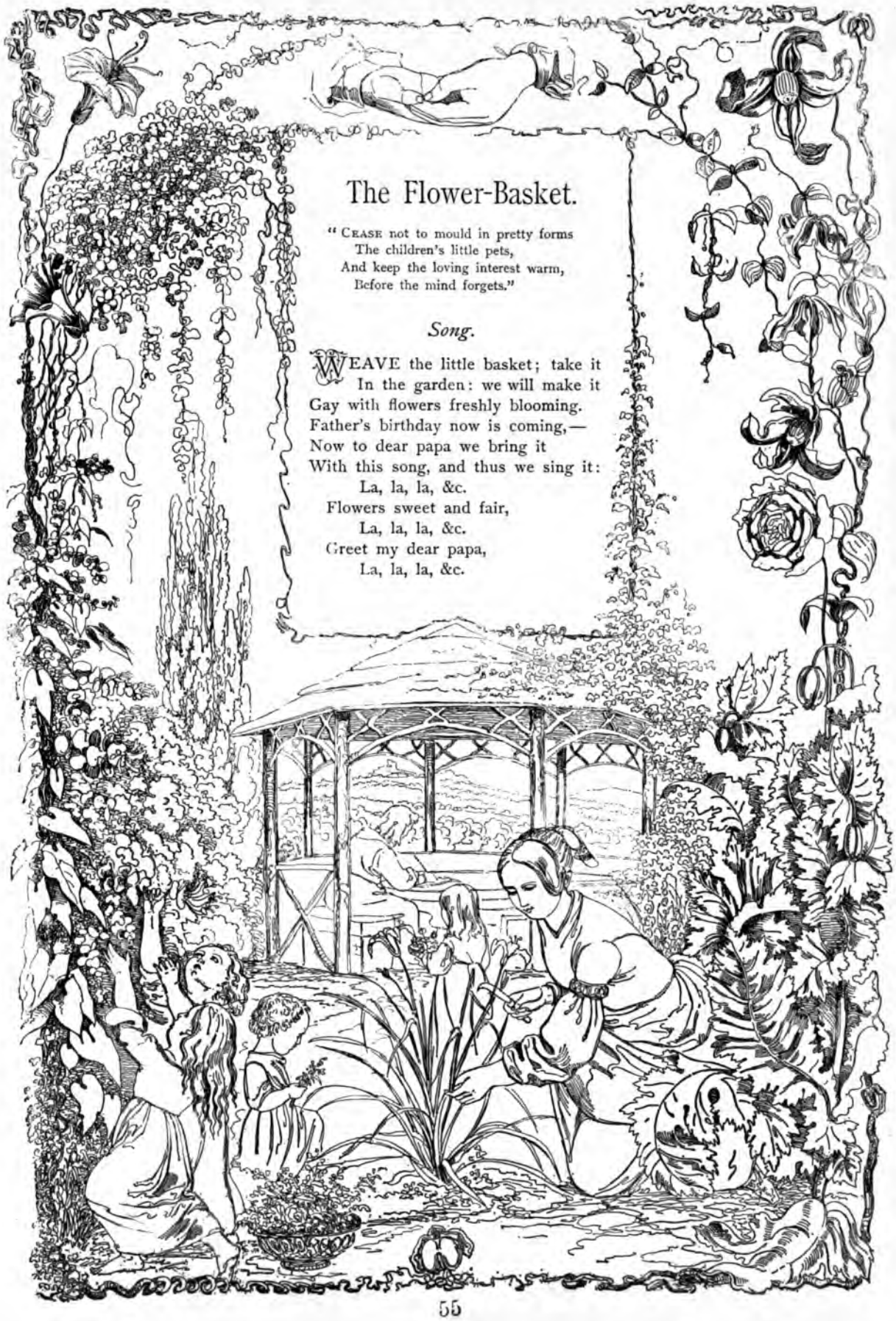


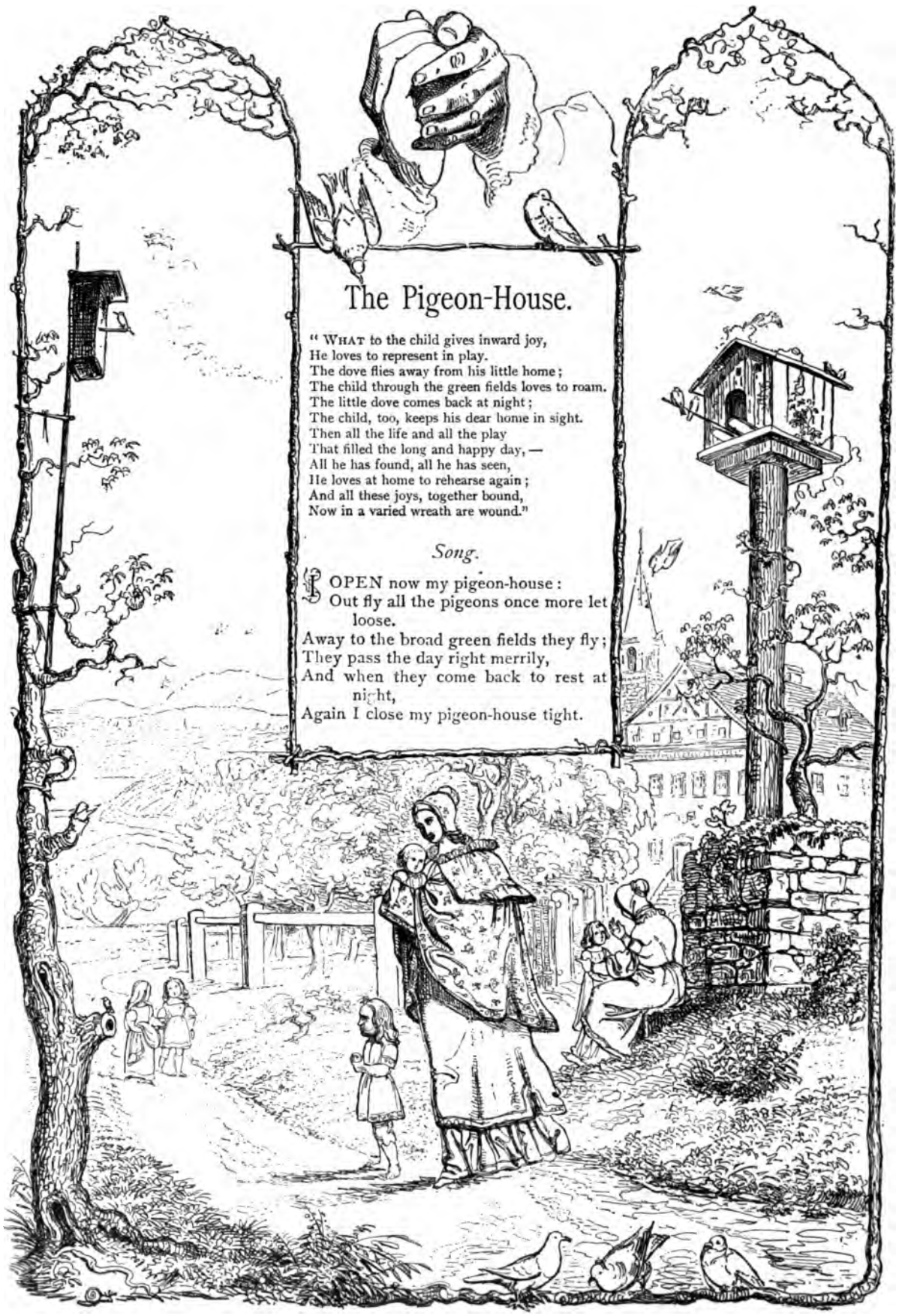
The Flower-Basket.

"CEASE not to mould in pretty forms
The children's little pets,
And keep the loving interest warm,
Before the mind forgets."

Song.

WEAVE the little basket; take it
In the garden: we will make it
Gay with flowers freshly blooming.
Father's birthday now is coming,—
Now to dear papa we bring it
With this song, and thus we sing it:
La, la, la, &c.
Flowers sweet and fair,
La, la, la, &c.
Greet my dear papa,
La, la, la, &c.





The Pigeon-House.

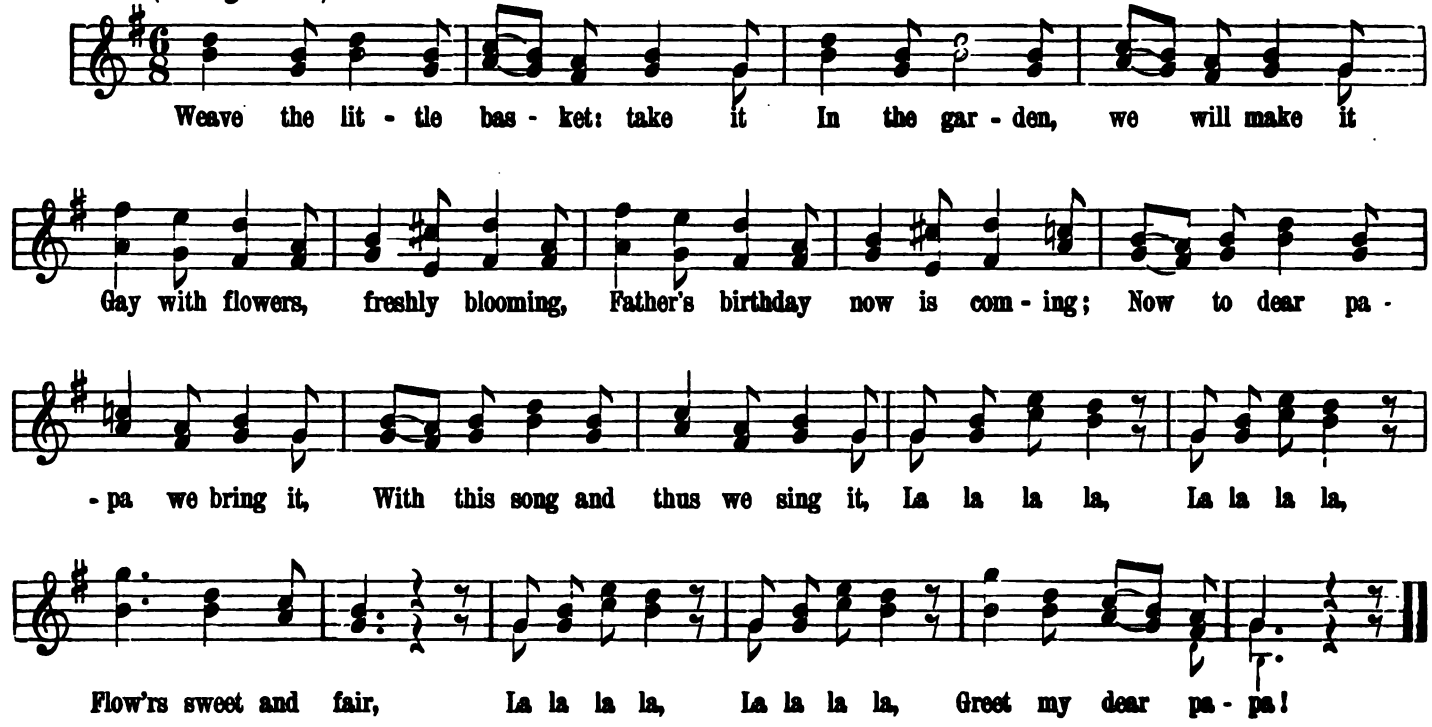
"WHAT to the child gives inward joy,
He loves to represent in play.
The dove flies away from his little home;
The child through the green fields loves to roam.
The little dove comes back at night;
The child, too, keeps his dear home in sight.
Then all the life and all the play
That filled the long and happy day,—
All he has found, all he has seen,
He loves at home to rehearse again;
And all these joys, together bound,
Now in a varied wreath are wound."

Song.

I OPEN now my pigeon-house:
Out fly all the pigeons once more let loose.
Away to the broad green fields they fly;
They pass the day right merrily,
And when they come back to rest at night,
Again I close my pigeon-house tight.

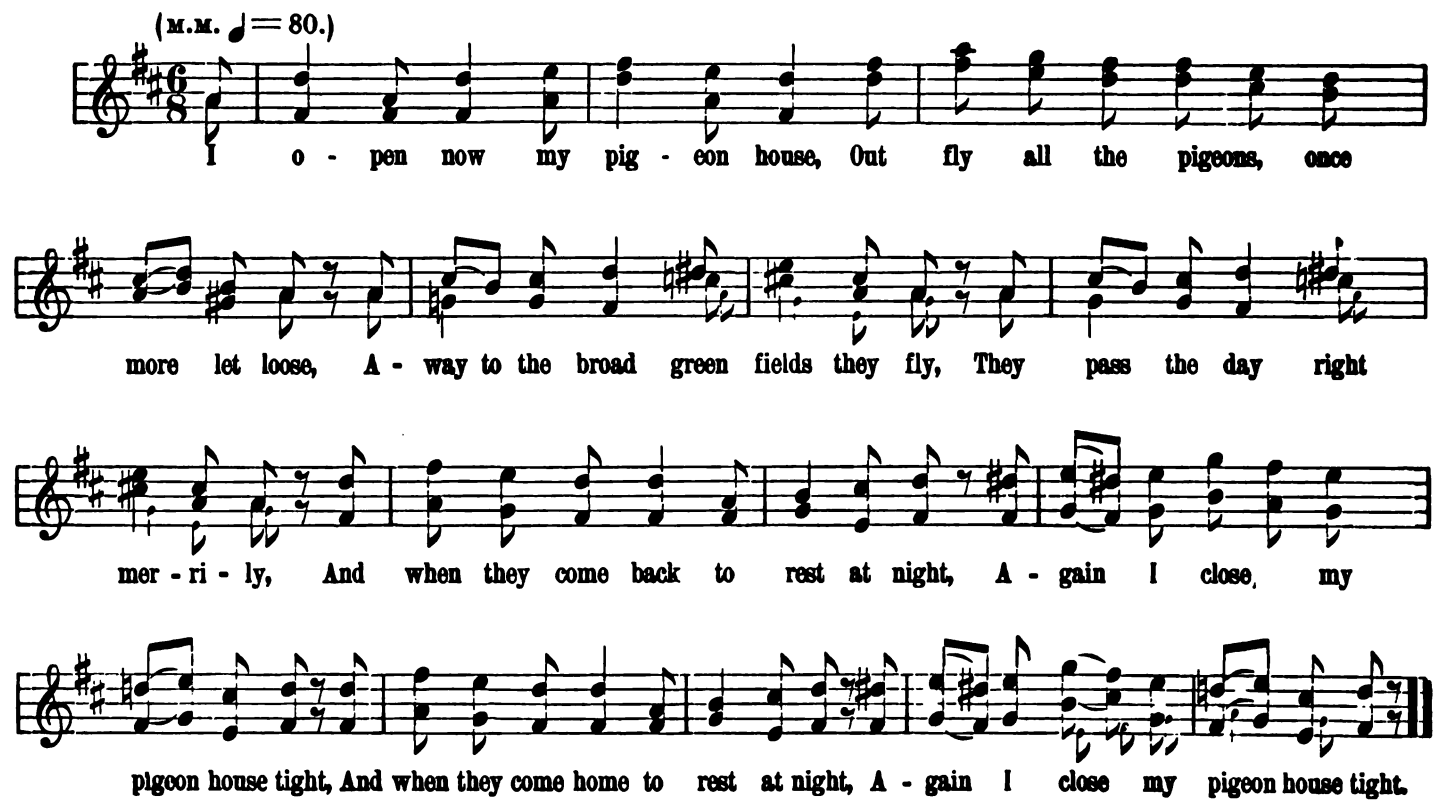
No. 14. THE BASKET.

(M.M. ♩ = 76.)



No. 15. THE PIGEON HOUSE.

(M.M. ♩ = 80.)

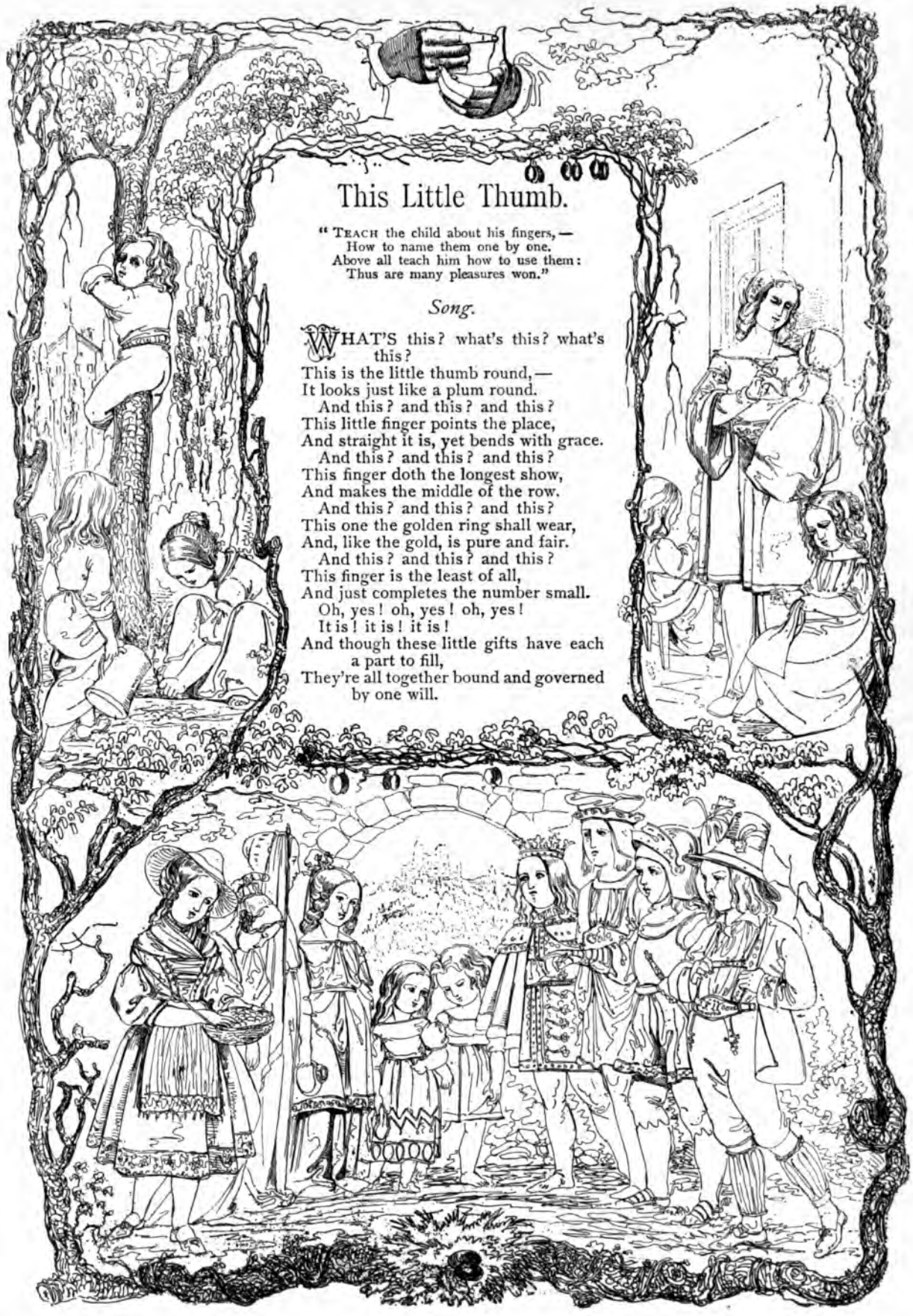


This Little Thumb.

"TEACH the child about his fingers,—
How to name them one by one.
Above all teach him how to use them:
Thus are many pleasures won."

Song.

WHAT'S this? what's this? what's this?
This is the little thumb round,—
It looks just like a plum round.
And this? and this? and this?
This little finger points the place,
And straight it is, yet bends with grace.
And this? and this? and this?
This finger doth the longest show,
And makes the middle of the row.
And this? and this? and this?
This one the golden ring shall wear,
And, like the gold, is pure and fair.
And this? and this? and this?
This finger is the least of all,
And just completes the number small.
Oh, yes! oh, yes! oh, yes!
It is! it is! it is!
And though these little gifts have each a part to fill,
They're all together bound and governed by one will.



No. 16. THIS LITTLE THUMB.

(M. M. ♩ = 72.)

What's this? what's this? what's this? This is a lit - tle thumb round, It

looks just like a plum round. And this? and this? and this? This lit - tle finger points the place, And

straight it is, yet bends with grace; And this? and this? and this? This finger doth the longest show, And

makes the mid - dle of the row, And this? and this? and this? This one the gold - en ring shall wear, And

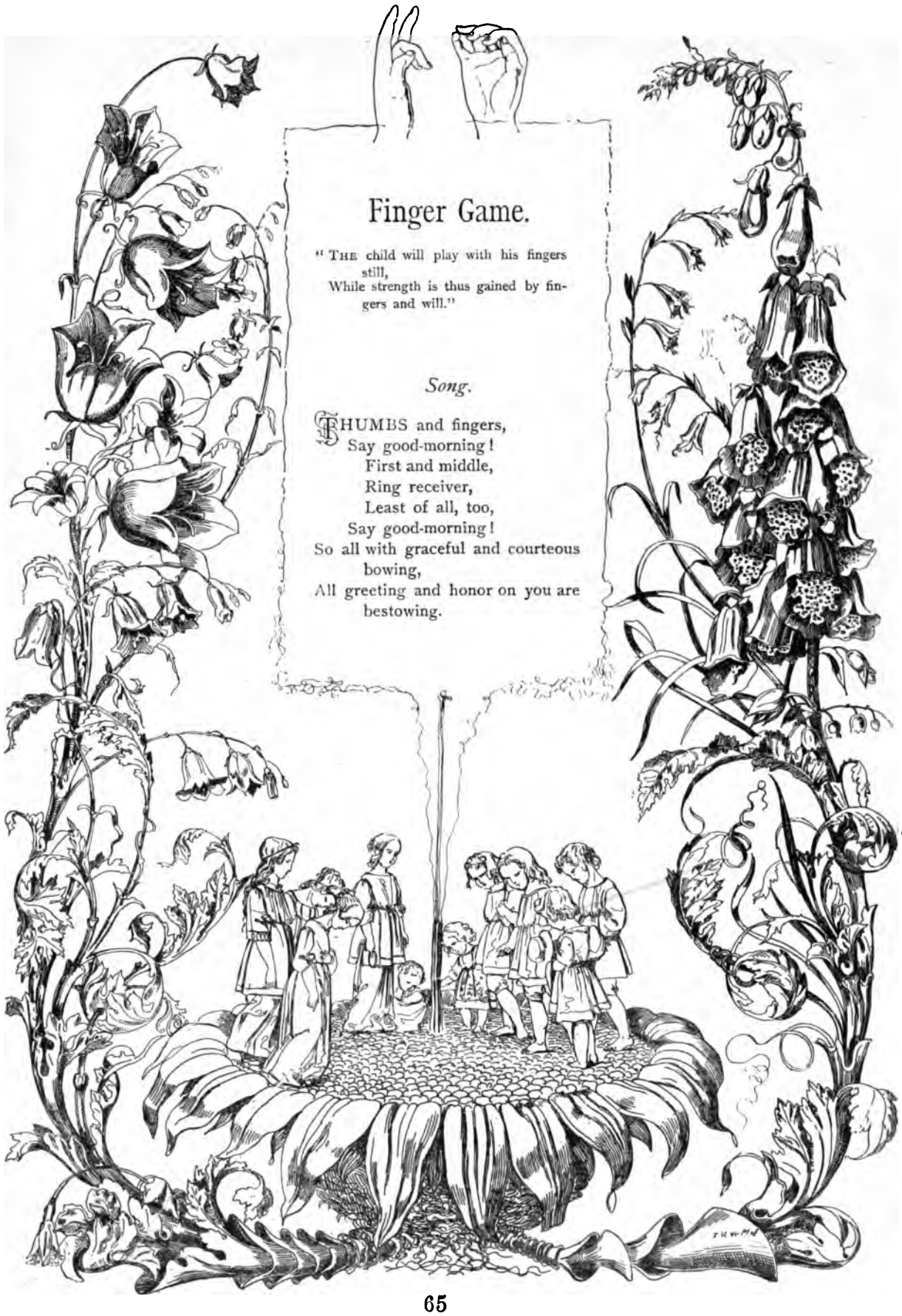
like the gold is pure and fair. And this? and this? and this? This fin - ger is the least of all, And

just completes the number small, Oh yes! oh yes! oh yes! Oh yes, it is, it is! And

though these lit - tle gifts Have each a part to fill, They're all to - geth - er bound, And

gov - erned by one will. And though these lit - tle gifts Have

each a part to fill, They're all to - geth - er bound, And gov - erned by one will.



Finger Game.

"The child will play with his fingers still,
While strength is thus gained by fingers and will."

Song.

THUMBS and fingers,
Say good-morning!
First and middle,
Ring receiver,
Least of all, too,
Say good-morning!
So all with graceful and courteous bowing,
All greeting and honor on you are bestowing.

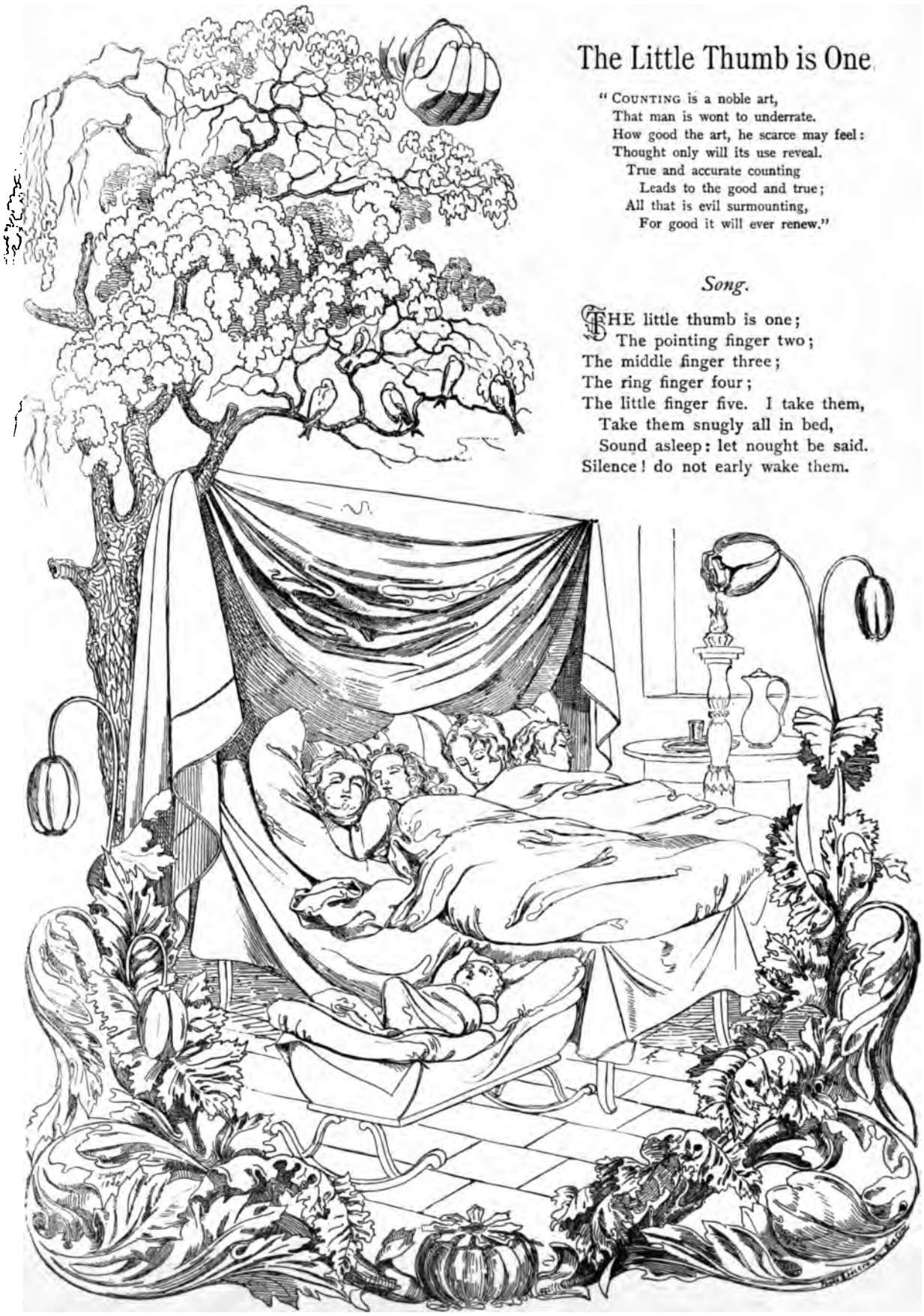
Grandmother and Mother.

"EARLY the child divines aright,
That several parts in one whole unite:
Then the family-circle show,—
Let him every member know."

Song.

THIS is the grandmamma;
This is the grandpapa;
This is the father;
This is the mother;
This is mother's child so dear:
Now we have all the family here.

This is the mother good and dear;
This is the father, with hearty cheer;
This is the brother, stout and tall;
This is the sister, that plays with her doll;
And this is the little one, pet of all.
Behold the good family, great and small,
Who with thoughtful care, and one in will,
Work well and true joy's cup to fill.



The Little Thumb is One

"Counting is a noble art,
That man is wont to underrate.
How good the art, he scarce may feel:
Thought only will its use reveal.
True and accurate counting
Leads to the good and true;
All that is evil surmounting,
For good it will ever renew."

Song.

THE little thumb is one;
The pointing finger two;
The middle finger three;
The ring finger four;
The little finger five. I take them,
Take them snugly all in bed,
Sound asleep: let nought be said.
Silence! do not early wake them.

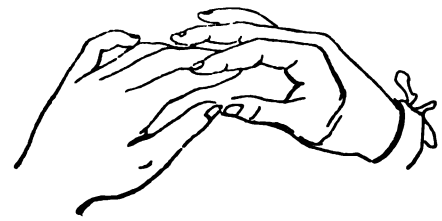
The Piano-Forte.

"WHAT pleasure when the child has found
What his eye enjoys gives out a sound!
Much is thus given to the outer ear,
That man all unheeding will not hear.
Then call the child's attention to it now,
And all his life in joyous stream shall flow."

Song.

TOUCH the clavier now!
Upon its ivory row,
Press, my child, a finger down,
Out there springs a lovely tone:

^{1}La, ^{2}la, ^{3}la, ^{4}la, ^{5}la; ^{5}La, ^{4}la, ^{3}la, ^{2}la, ^{1}la.
^{1}La, ^{2}la, ^{3}la, ^{4}la;
^{2}La, ^{3}la, ^{4}la, ^{5}la; ^{5}La, ^{4}la, ^{3}la, ^{2}la;
^{4}La, ^{3}la, ^{2}la, ^{1}la.
^{1}La, ^{2}la, ^{3}la;
^{2}La, ^{3}la, ^{4}la;
^{3}La, ^{4}la, ^{5}la; ^{5}La, ^{4}la, ^{3}la;
^{4}La, ^{3}la, ^{2}la;
^{3}La, ^{2}la, ^{1}la.
^{1}La, ^{2}la;
^{2}La, ^{3}la;
^{3}La, ^{4}la;
^{4}La, ^{5}la; ^{5}La, ^{4}la;
^{4}La, ^{3}la;
^{3}La, ^{2}la;
^{2}La, ^{1}la;
^{1}La, ^{3}la;
^{2}La, ^{4}la;
^{3}La, ^{5}la; ^{5}La, ^{3}la;
^{4}La, ^{2}la;
^{3}La, ^{1}la.



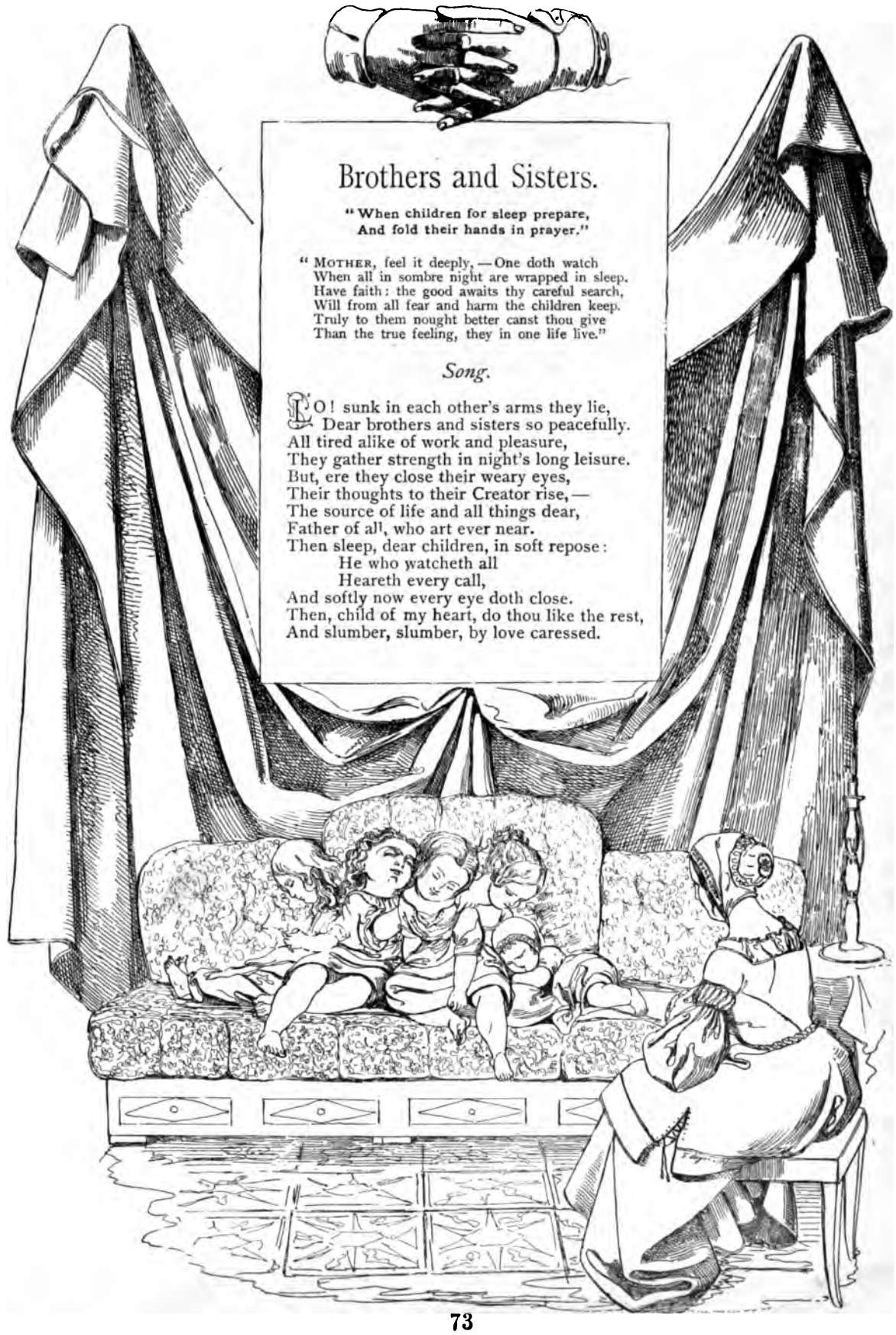
UP and down the fingers go,
Now with speed and now more slow,

Up and down the finger springs,
Still its song the clavier sings.

Though so few the notes we hear,
Sweet the cadence is and clear.

As the lark's song joyous rings,
When to heaven he spreads his wings,
Gladly we the clavier seek,
When our hearts in song would speak.

Now my child thy hand is small,
Fingers weak the tone to call,
Yet it gives a dear delight
When the notes with song unite.



Brothers and Sisters.

**"When children for sleep prepare,
And fold their hands in prayer."**

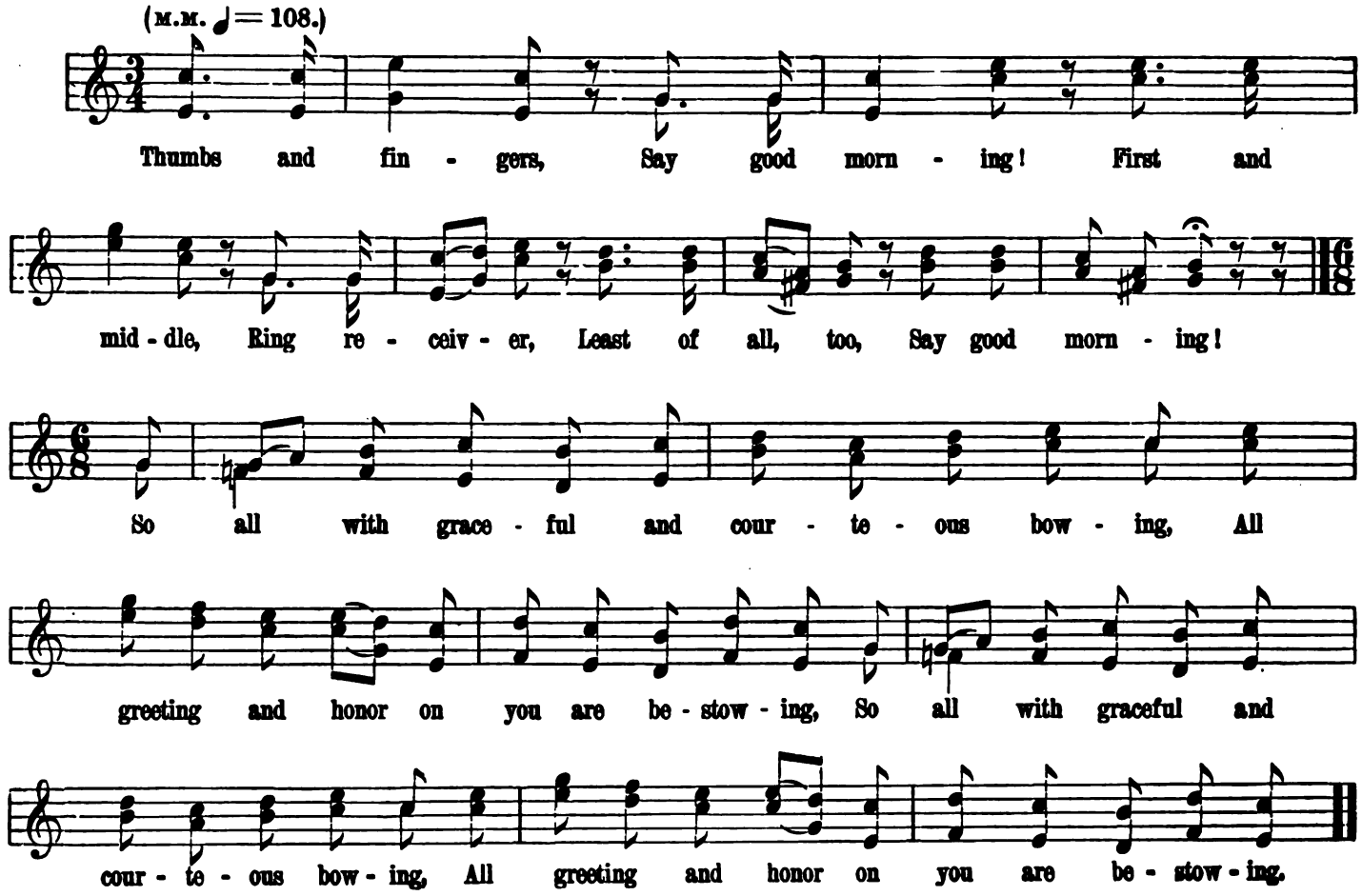
"MOTHER, feel it deeply, — One doth watch
When all in sombre night are wrapped in sleep.
Have faith: the good awaits thy careful search,
Will from all fear and harm the children keep.
Truly to them nought better canst thou give
Than the true feeling, they in one life live."

Song.

LO! sunk in each other's arms they lie,
Dear brothers and sisters so peacefully.
All tired alike of work and pleasure,
They gather strength in night's long leisure.
But, ere they close their weary eyes,
Their thoughts to their Creator rise, —
The source of life and all things dear,
Father of all, who art ever near.
Then sleep, dear children, in soft repose:
He who watcheth all
Heareth every call,
And softly now every eye doth close.
Then, child of my heart, do thou like the rest,
And slumber, slumber, by love caressed.

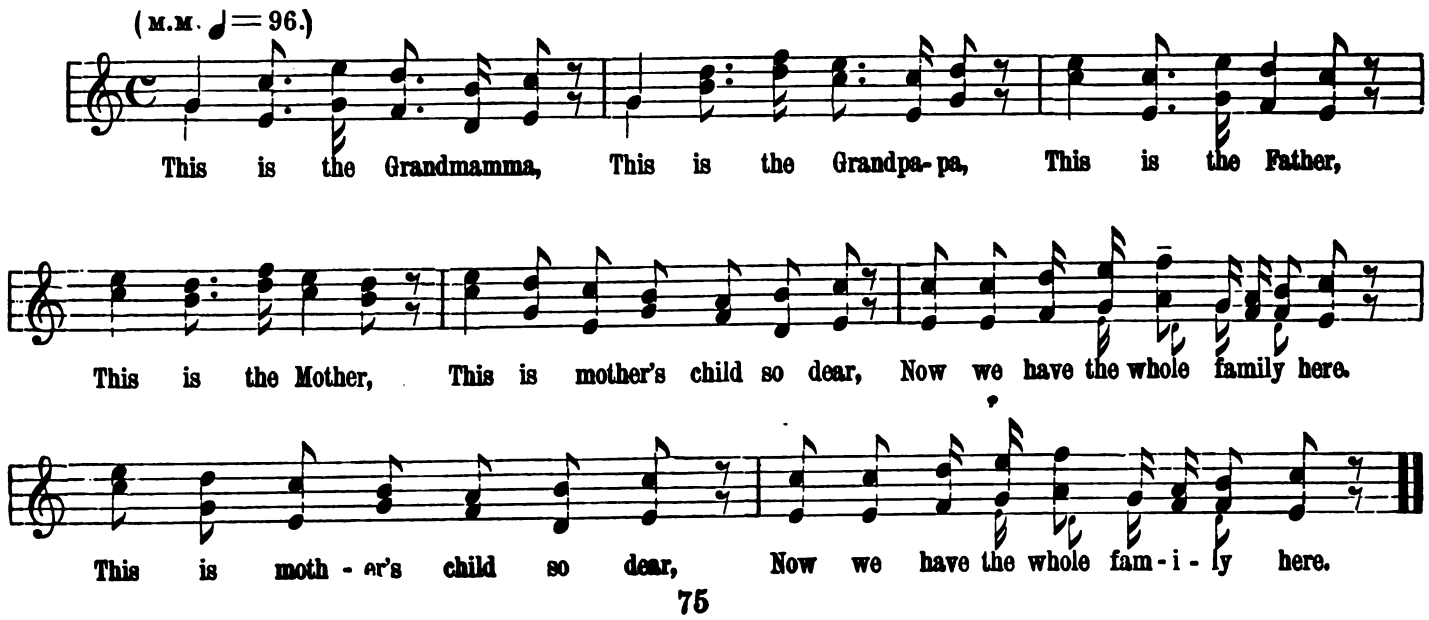
No. 17. FINGER SONG.

(M.M. ♩ = 108.)



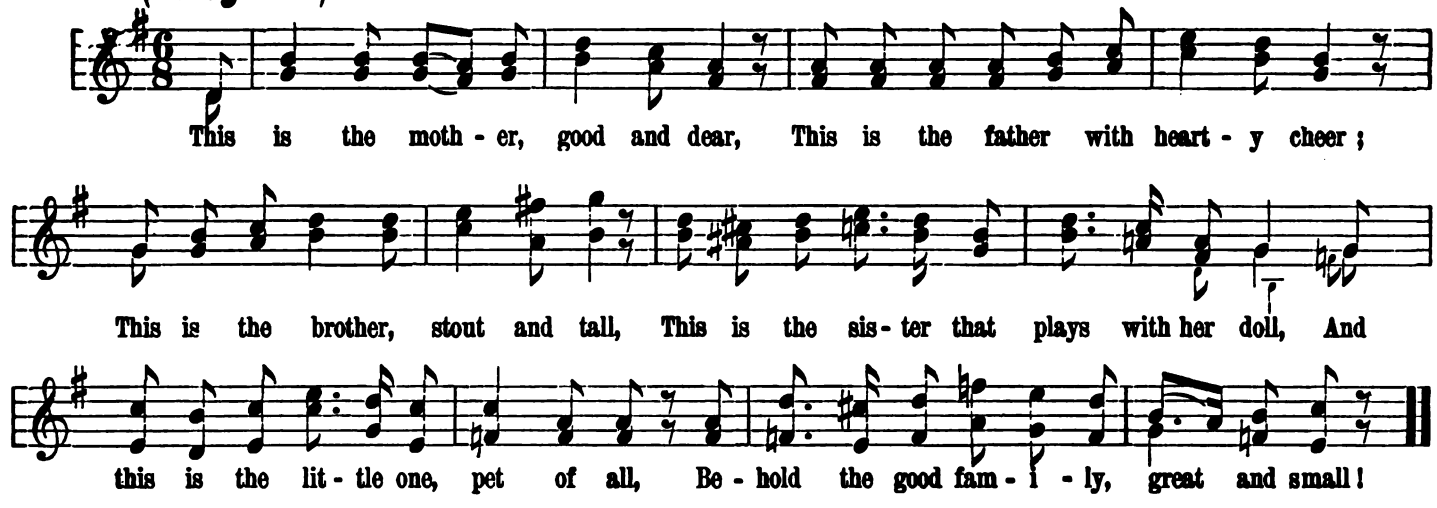
No. 18. GRANDMAMMA.

(M.M. ♩ = 96.)



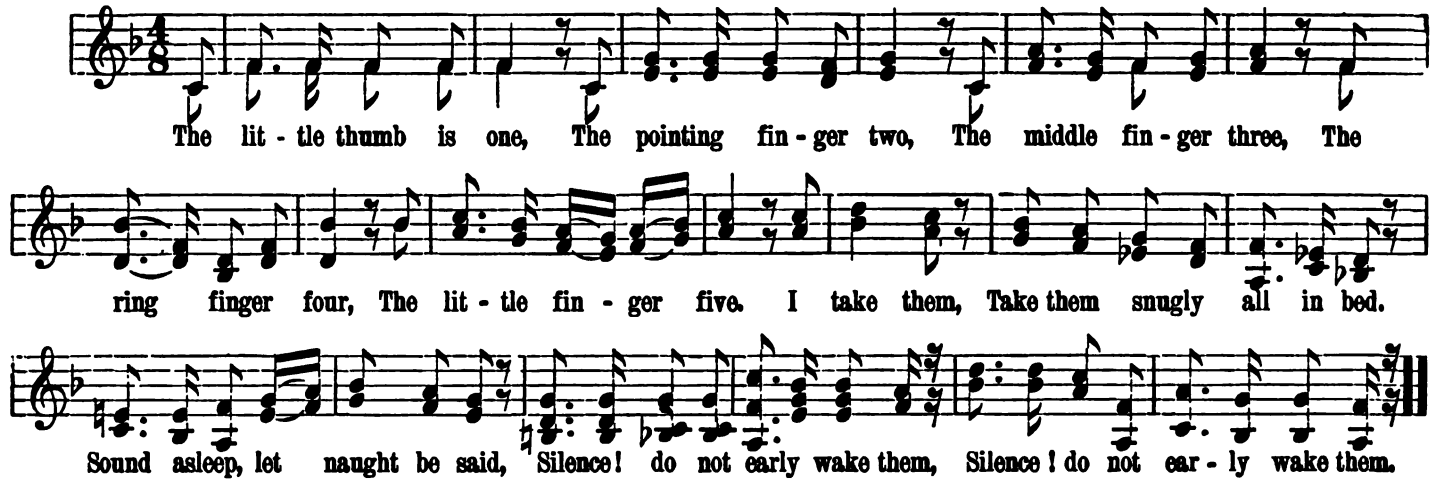
No. 19. MOTHER, GOOD AND DEAR.

(M.M. ♩ = 76.)



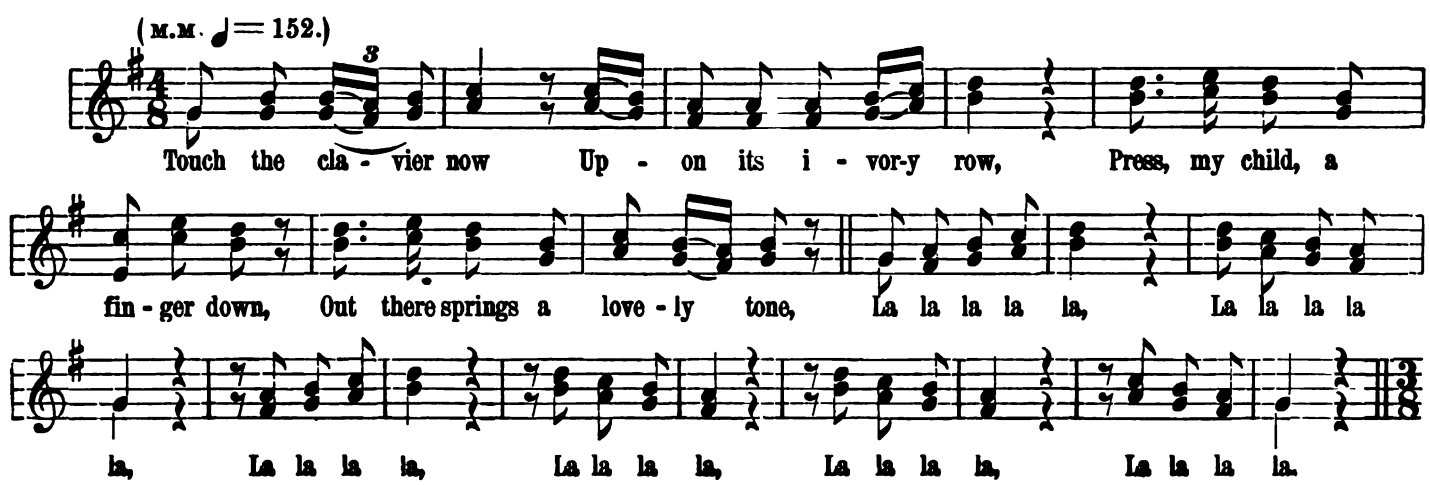
No. 20. THE LITTLE THUMB IS ONE.

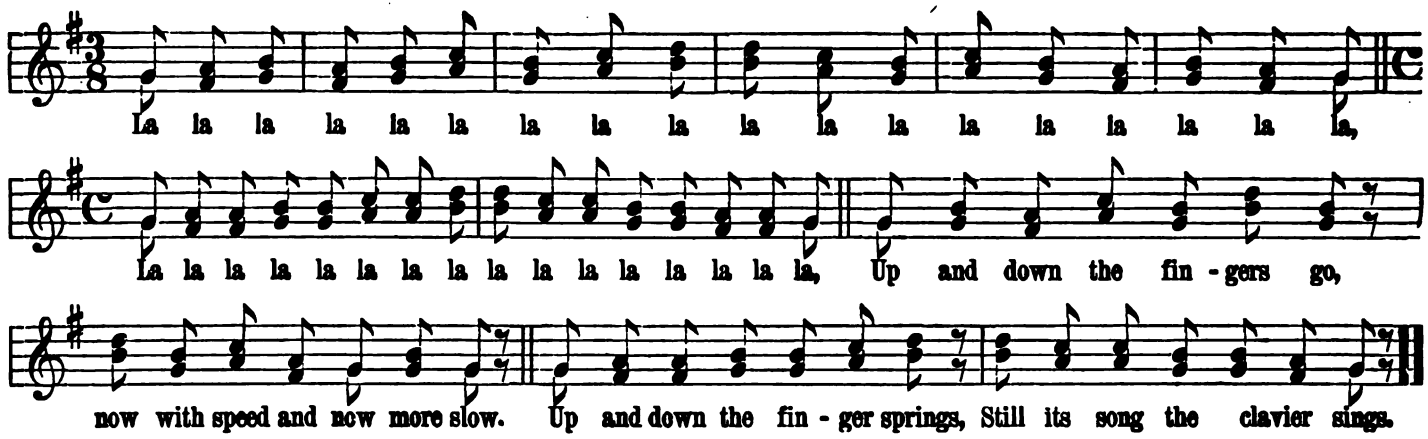
(M.M. ♩ = 152.)



No. 21. THE PIANOFORTE.

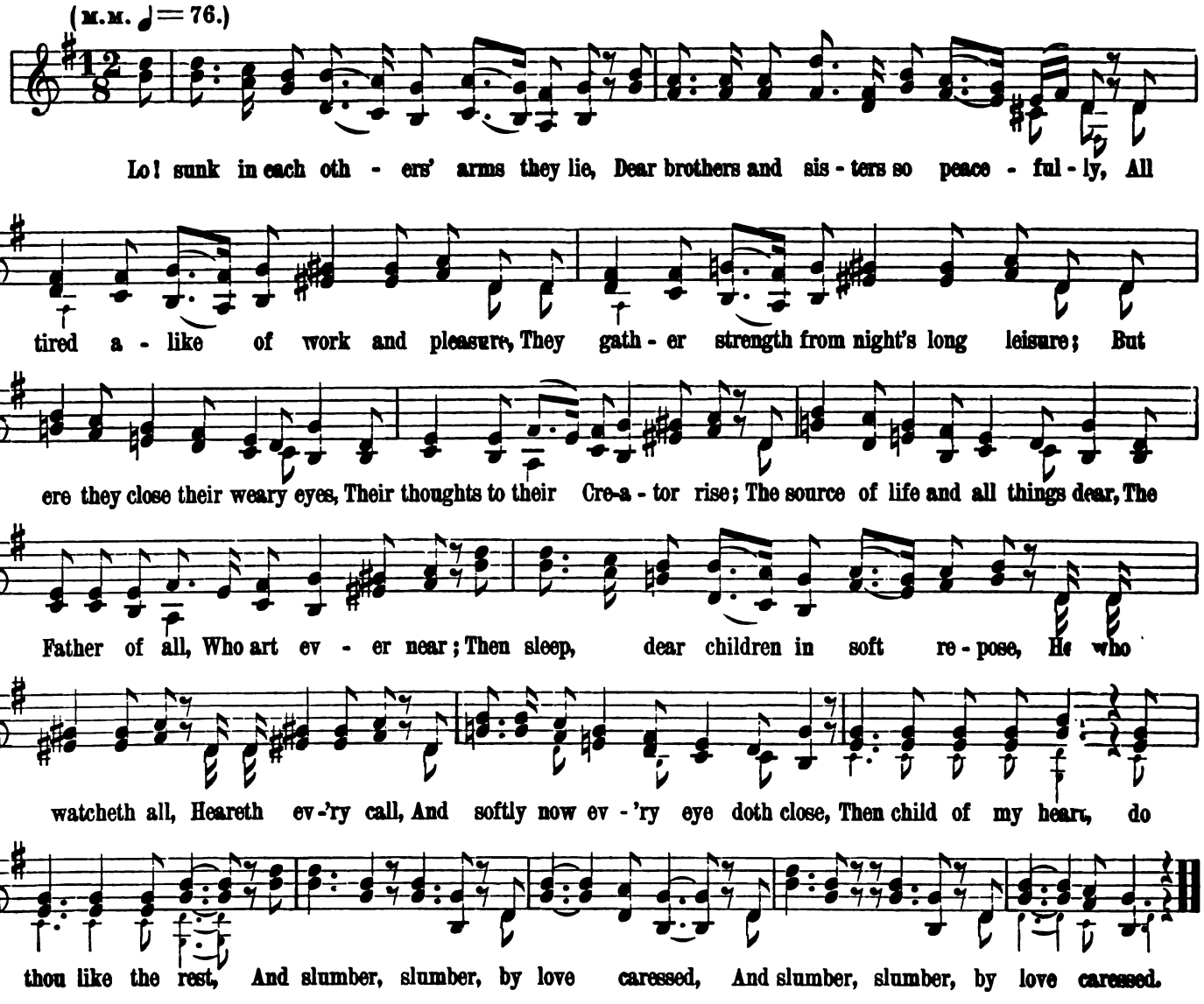
(M.M. ♩ = 152.)





No. 22. BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

(M.M. ♩ = 76.)



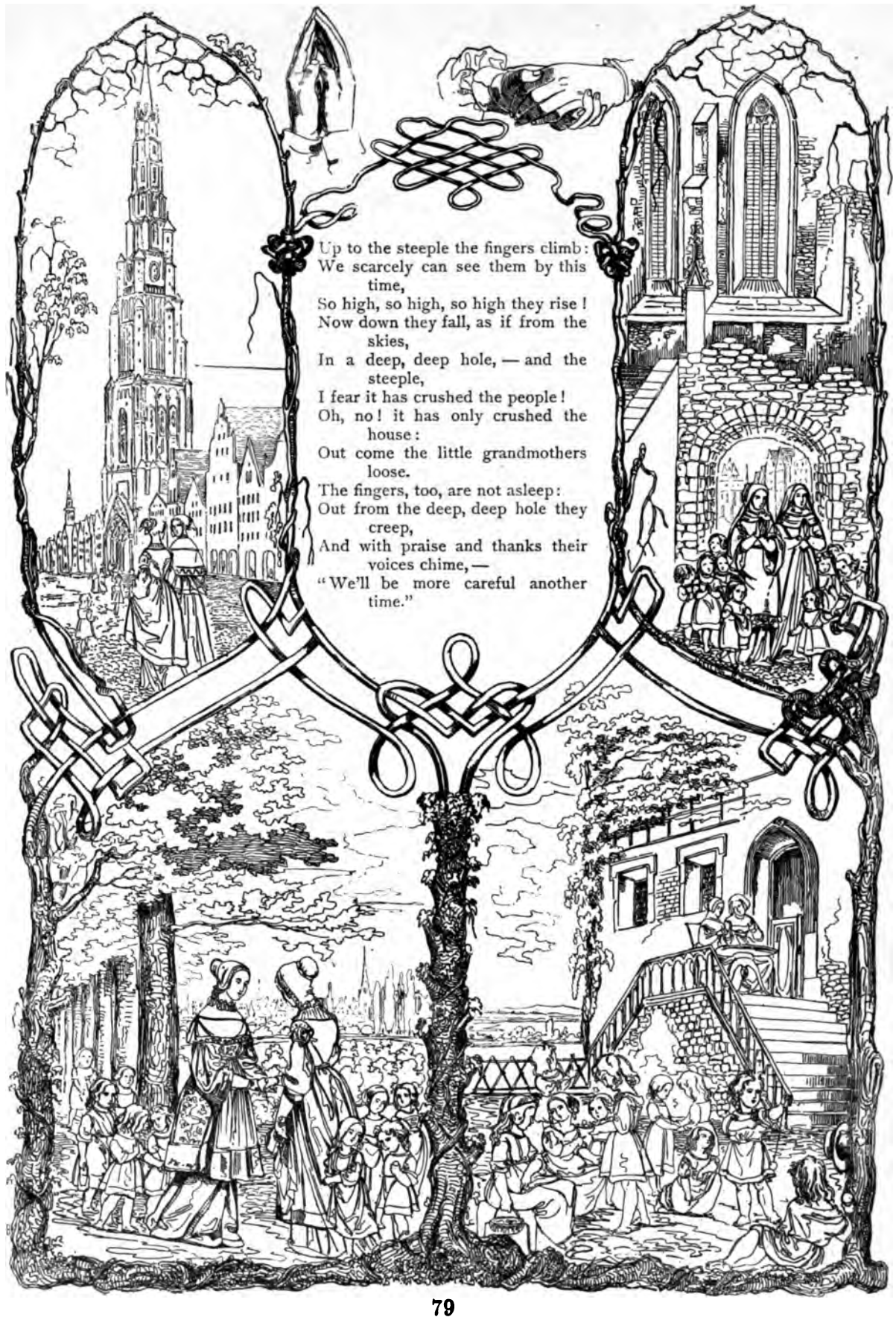
Nos. 23, 24, 25 & 26 Are spoken.

Children at the Tower.

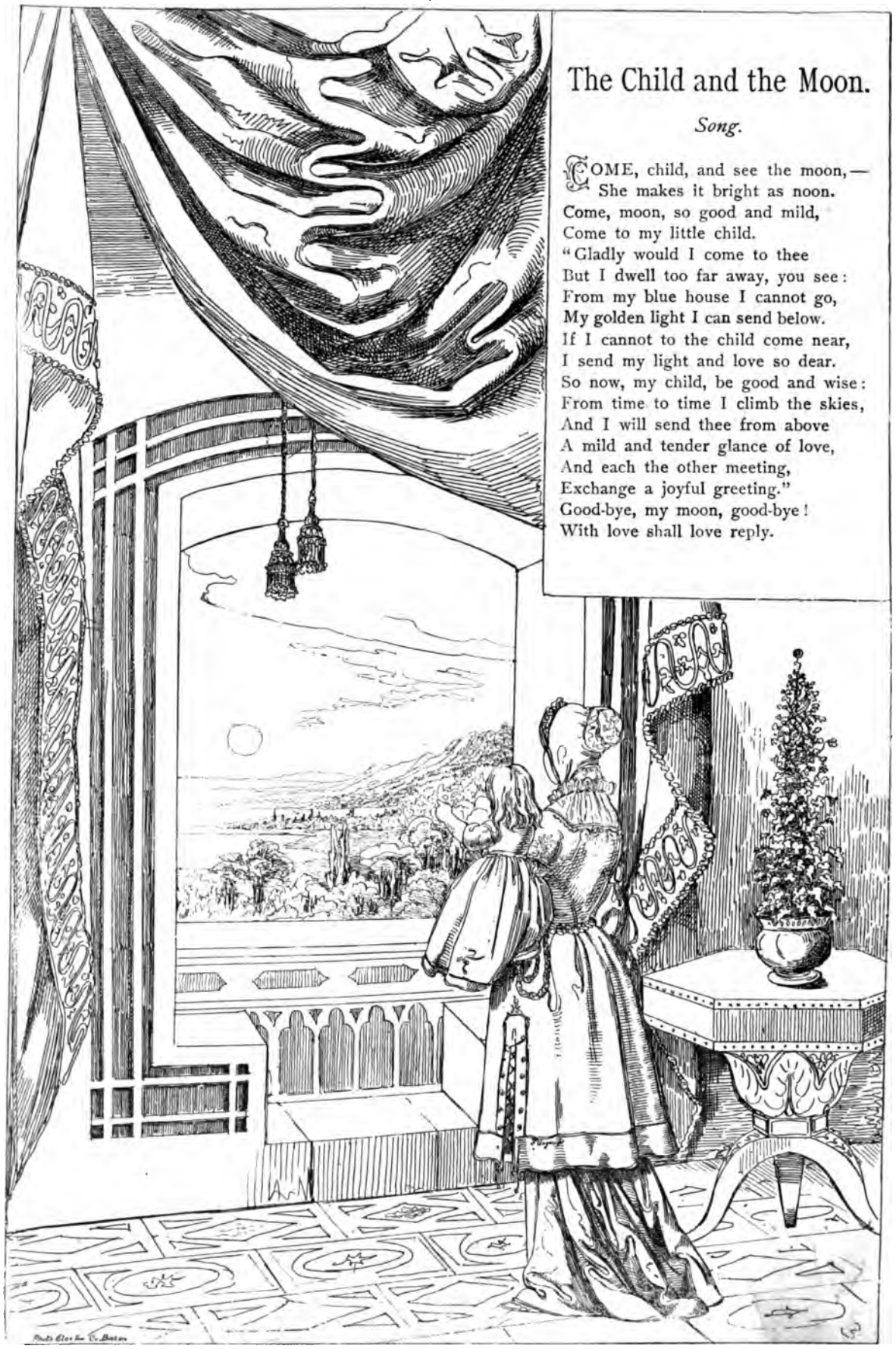
"WHATEVER singly thou hast played,
May in one charming whole be made.
The child alone delights to play,
But better still with comrades gay.
The single flower we love to view,
Still more the wreath of varied hue.
In this and all the child may find
The least within the whole combined."

Song.

TWO hands! thereon eight fingers are;
Two thumbs the two grandmothers are.
They've come to make each other a call:
'Tis long since they have met at all, —
They bid each other welcome.
Oh, welcome! Oh, welcome!
Such bowings and such greetings!
Such glad and tender meetings!
They talk as if they would never rest;
They tell of the basket, the eggs in the nest;
They tell of the doves and the pigeon-house, —
How they fly in and out in gay carouse.
They tell of the little fishes gay,
In the sparkling water floating away;
The baker and little patty-cakes;
The target the good brother makes.
Now, when they've reviewed their plays all through,
They ask each other what next they shall do.
The fingers say, "To the steeple we'll go!"
But the little grandmothers, they say, "No!"
In the church-door the grandmothers go.



Up to the steeple the fingers climb:
We scarcely can see them by this time,
So high, so high, so high they rise!
Now down they fall, as if from the skies,
In a deep, deep hole, — and the steeple,
I fear it has crushed the people!
Oh, no! it has only crushed the house:
Out come the little grandmothers loose.
The fingers, too, are not asleep:
Out from the deep, deep hole they creep,
And with praise and thanks their voices chime, —
"We'll be more careful another time."



The Child and the Moon.

Song.

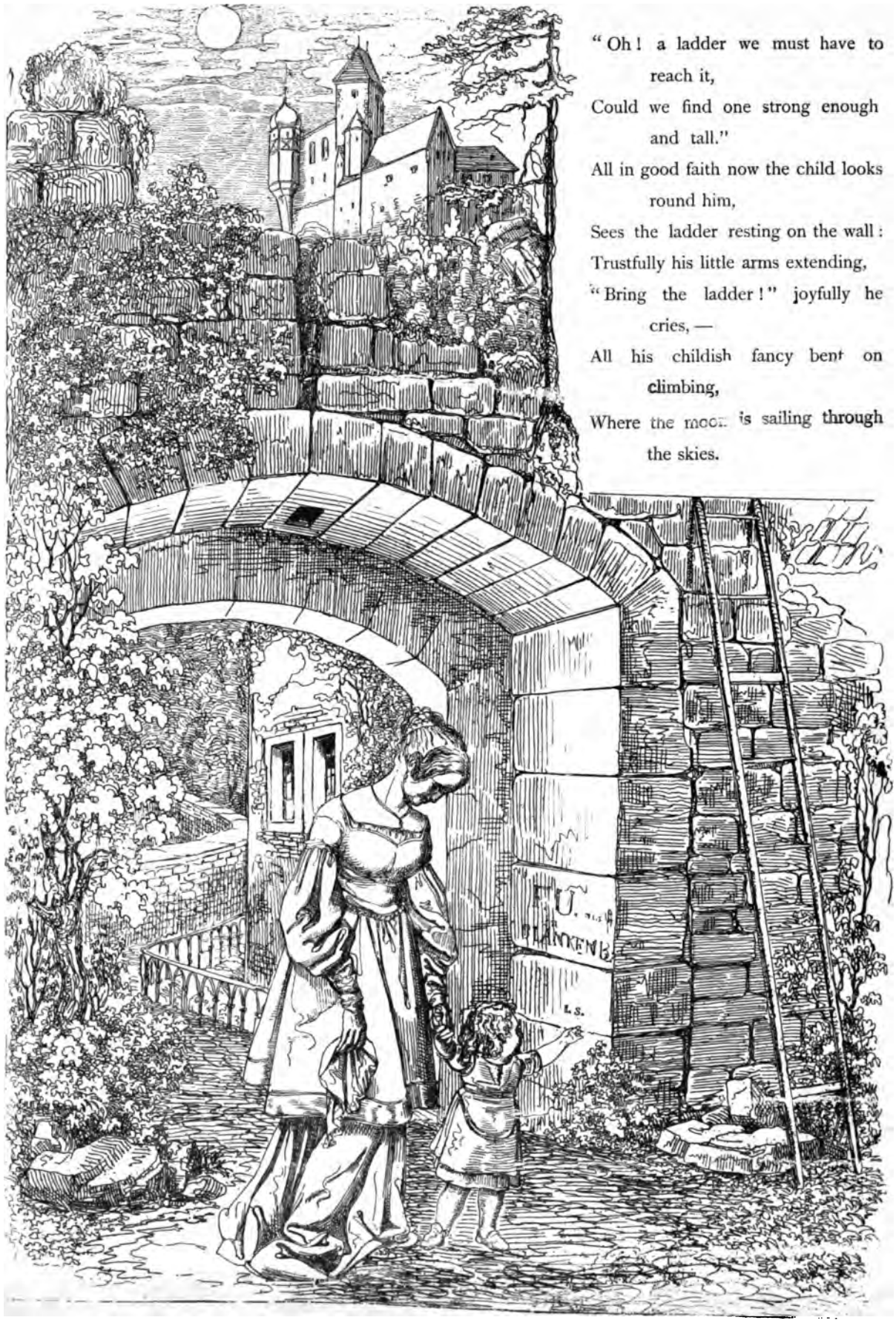
COME, child, and see the moon,—
She makes it bright as noon.
Come, moon, so good and mild,
Come to my little child.
"Gladly would I come to thee
But I dwell too far away, you see:
From my blue house I cannot go,
My golden light I can send below.
If I cannot to the child come near,
I send my light and love so dear.
So now, my child, be good and wise:
From time to time I climb the skies,
And I will send thee from above
A mild and tender glance of love,
And each the other meeting,
Exchange a joyful greeting."
Good-bye, my moon, good-bye!
With love shall love reply.

The Boy and the Moon.

Why seem objects in a far-off sphere
To the child's inner sense to shine so near?
Why longs he for them, wishing heartily
That he might now in close relation be?
A lesson 'tis, to help his mind unfold:
Do not disturb the little fancy bold;
Let not the fond illusion pass away
Until a true thought may its place supply,
Until the true relation thou canst show,
And through the outer he the inner tie may know.
Then trouble not the child in his sweet dream,
Nor dare to say, "things are not what they seem."
He feels the heavens are near,
Nor has a thought of fear—
Let him to heaven then still extend his arm,
And in the happy dream be kept from harm.

Song.

"MOTHER, see the moon!" the boy is calling,
Far outstretching longingly his hands;
While in heaven the bright full-moon is mounting,
Vainly would he reach it where he stands.
"Oh! a ladder we must have to reach it,
Could we find one strong enough and tall."
All in good faith now the child looks round him,
Sees the ladder resting on the wall:
Trustfully his little arms extending,
"Bring the ladder!" joyfully he cries,—
All his childish fancy bent on climbing
Where the moon is sailing through the skies.



"Oh! a ladder we must have to
reach it,
Could we find one strong enough
and tall."
All in good faith now the child looks
round him,
Sees the ladder resting on the wall:
Trustfully his little arms extending,
"Bring the ladder!" joyfully he
cries, —
All his childish fancy bent on
climbing,
Where the moon is sailing through
the skies.

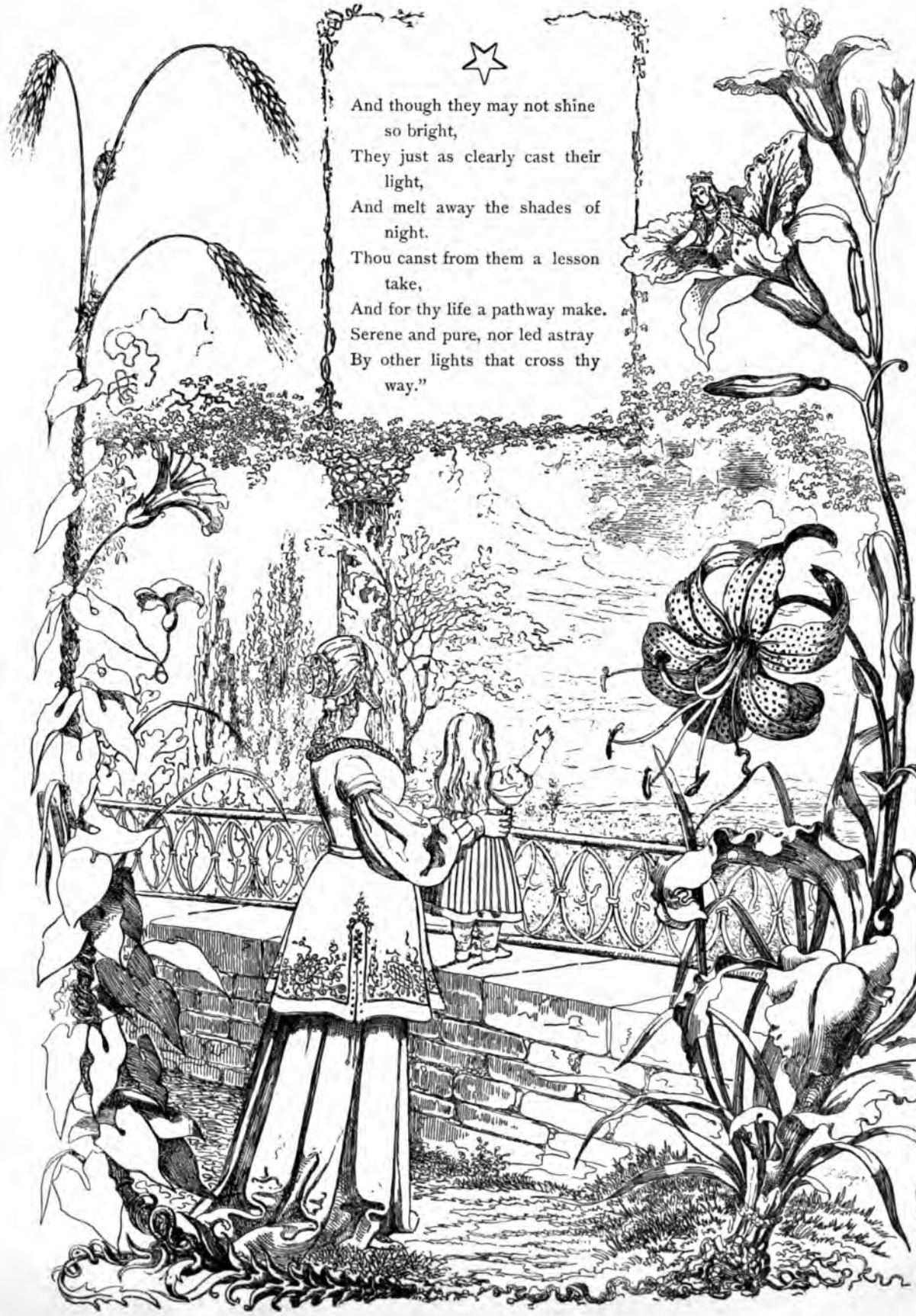
The Little Maiden and the Stars.

"THE child is happy to compare
Objects in life of beauty rare
With those whom it has held most dear,—
It brings a living picture near."

Song.

AT evening clear the maiden dear
Her gaze to heaven is turning;
She sees two large and brilliant stars,
That side by side are burning.
"Father and mother stars!" she gaily cries;
Speaks the mother then in accents wise:

"The double stars shine brightly,
And well may they delight thee.
Their glimmering and shining,
Through mazes bright entwining,
A sign may be
Of their love to thee,
Of peace and joy combining.
Yet are their pathways crossed
By the numberless starry host
Of lesser lights around;


And though they may not shine
so bright,
They just as clearly cast their
light,
And melt away the shades of
night.
Thou canst from them a lesson
take,
And for thy life a pathway make.
Serene and pure, nor led astray
By other lights that cross thy
way."

The Light-Bird on the Wall.

"EARLY this truth to thy child must be told:
All things that charm him his hands may not hold."

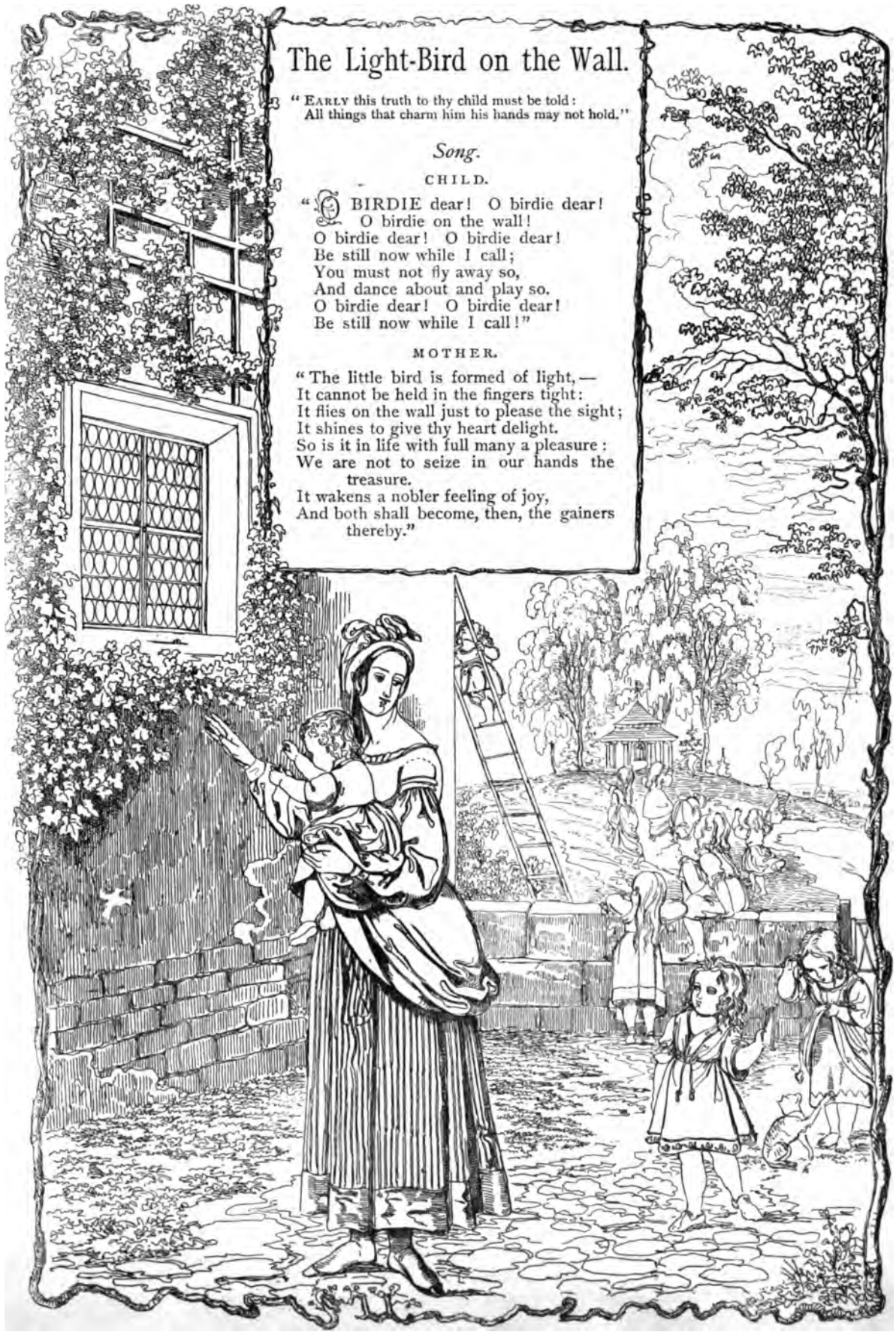
Song.

CHILD.

"O BIRDIE dear! O birdie dear!
O birdie on the wall!
O birdie dear! O birdie dear!
Be still now while I call;
You must not fly away so,
And dance about and play so.
O birdie dear! O birdie dear!
Be still now while I call!"

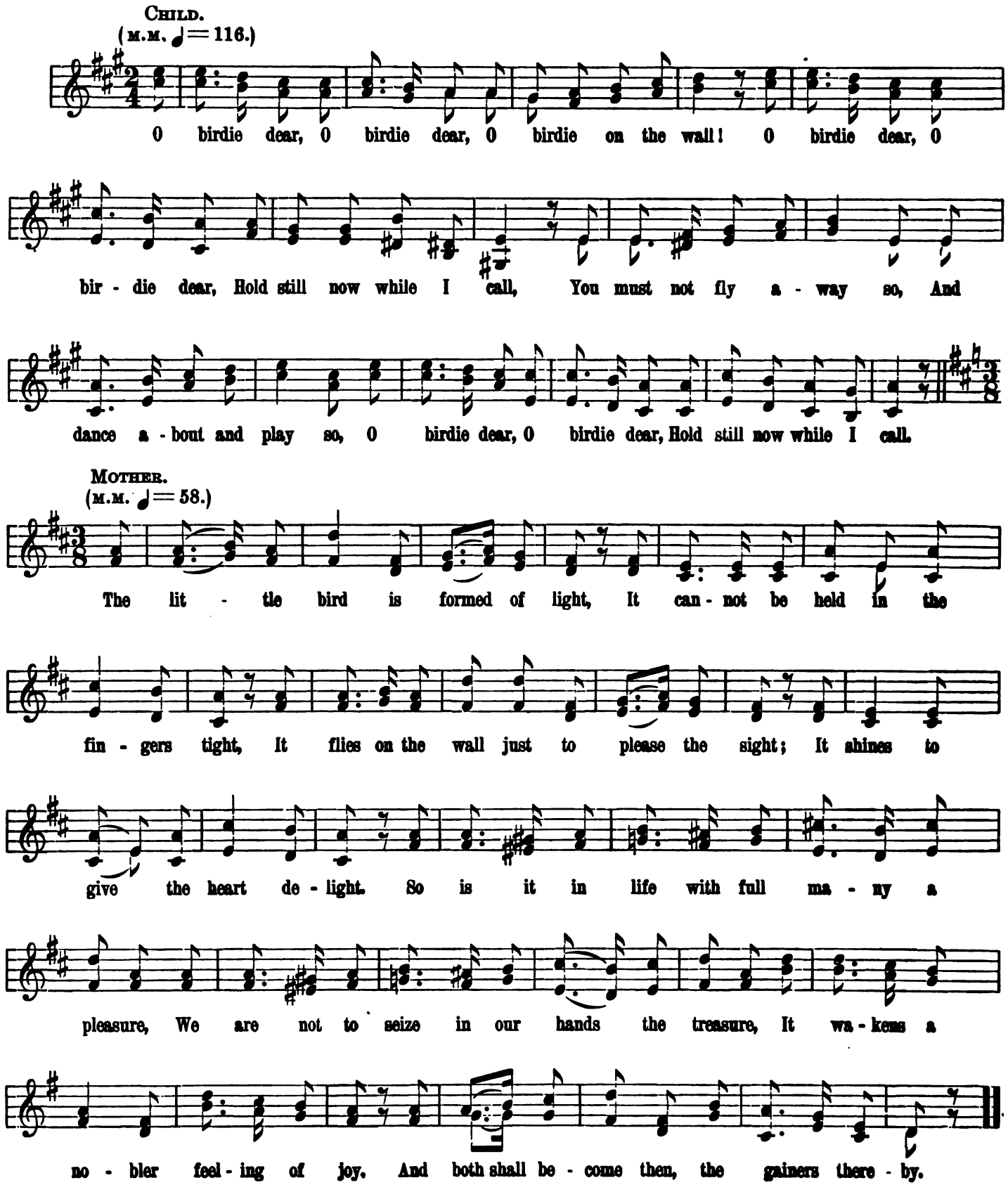
MOTHER.

"The little bird is formed of light,—
It cannot be held in the fingers tight:
It flies on the wall just to please the sight;
It shines to give thy heart delight.
So is it in life with full many a pleasure:
We are not to seize in our hands the treasure.
It wakens a nobler feeling of joy,
And both shall become, then, the gainers thereby."



No. 27. THE LIGHT BIRD.

CHILD.
(M.M. ♩ = 116.)



The Rabbit.

"When all over the wall the light shines clear,
No picture on its surface can appear;
But let the hand in some artistic form
Between the candle and the white wall come:
At once a living picture comes to view,
That fills the child with wonder ever new.
So teach the child to use his fingers slight,
To intercept with skill the shining light:
From the very shadows a pictured form is made,
And the child's unconscious play a germ of art has laid."

Song.

See the rabbit! running, skipping,
At the wall he stops:
Children after him are tripping,
But away he hops.
See him point his little ears now!
Ev'ry sound he heeds.
Straight his pretty form he rears now,
On the green grass feeds.
Now he turns his stumpy nose up,—
With a sudden spring he goes up;
Down again he quickly cowers:
Hunter there in ambush lowers.
Puff! the rabbit is disgusted;
Now the hunter bold is worsted.
Bunnie scampers — off, he's vanished,
And my little song is finished.

No. 28. THE RABBIT.

(M.M. ♩ = 120.)

See the rab - bit run - ning, skip - ping! At the wall he stops,

Chil - dren af - ter him are trip - ping, But a - way he hops.

See him point his lit - tle ears now, Ev' - ry sound he heeds,

Straight his pret - ty form he rears now, On the green grass feeds.

Slow. (M.M. ♩ = 132.)

Then he turned his stump - y nose up, With a sud - den spring he rose up,

Down a - gain he quick - ly cow - ers, Hunt - er there in am - bush low - ers,

f

Puff! the rab - bit is dis - gust - ed, Now the hunt - er brave is worst - ed,

Bun - nie scam - pers! off he's vanished! And my lit - tle song is finished,

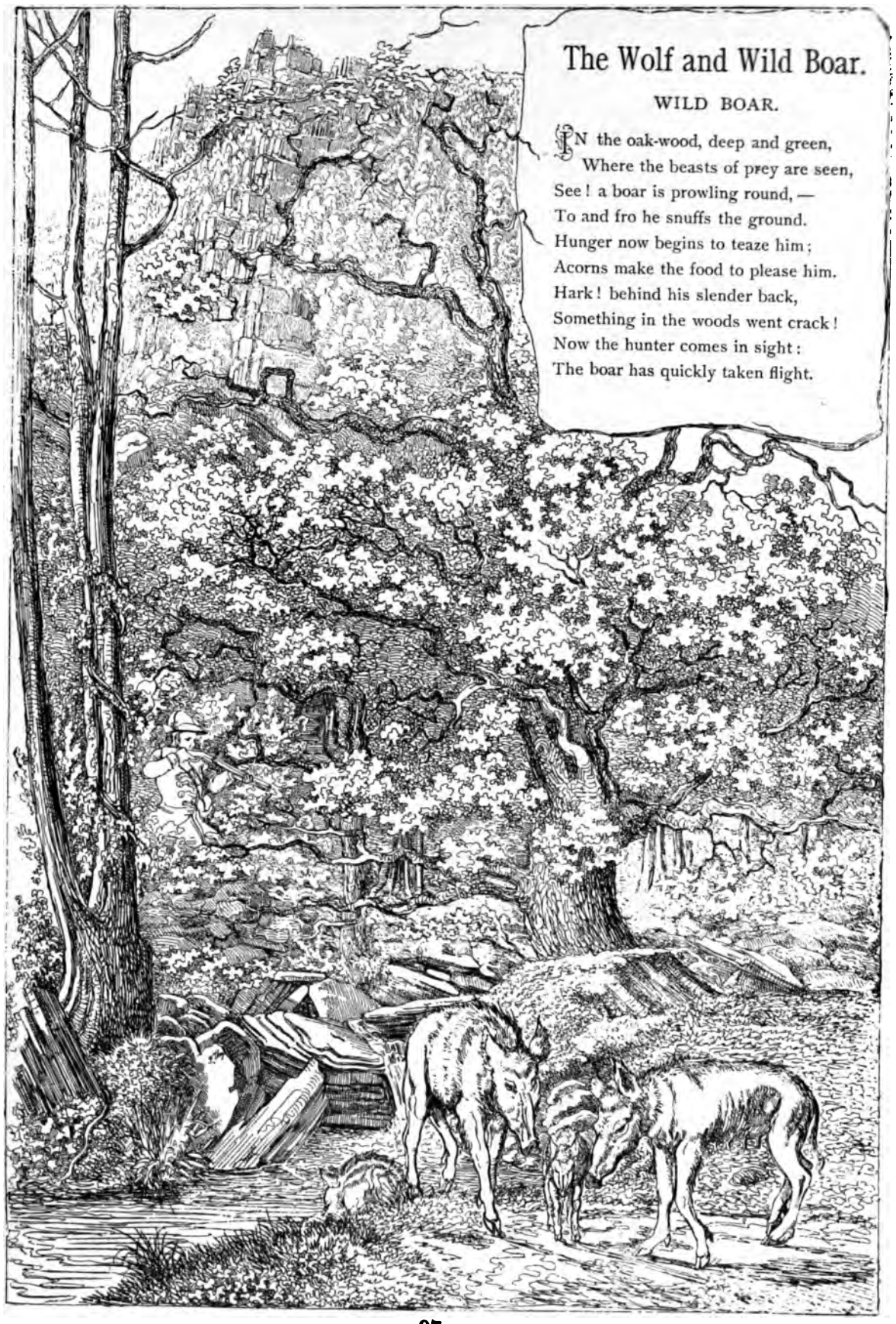
The Wolf and Wild Boar.

"WHATEVER life surrounds the child,
He loves on pictured page to view,
And be it wolf or savage boar,
He sees with joy the picture true.
How eagerly he lends his ear,
About their vices now to hear;
While dearer seems thy child to thee
In his unconscious purity."

Song.

WOLF.

IN the sombre fir-tree wood,
Of beasts of prey the wild abode,
Lo, a wolf is prowling round!
To and fro he snuffs the ground:
Hunger presses him full sore.
Fruits for him are far too dainty,—
He would have wild game in plenty;
Starts away the woods to scour.
Hunter likes it not,—no wonder!
He would have himself the plunder.
Hunter shoots—the wolf, he howls,
And off into the woods he prowls.



The Wolf and Wild Boar.

WILD BOAR.

IN the oak-wood, deep and green,
Where the beasts of prey are seen,
See! a boar is prowling round, —
To and fro he snuffs the ground.
Hunger now begins to teaze him;
Acorns make the food to please him.
Hark! behind his slender back,
Something in the woods went crack!
Now the hunter comes in sight:
The boar has quickly taken flight.

The Little Window.

"Early the heart of the child with pleasure beats,
When the light from the window his senses greets.
In light transparent all things live.
That the child may pursue
The clear and the true,
Must every loving mother strive."

Song.

Oh, see the little window bright!
It fills the room with cheerful light;
It shines all day,
And makes thee gay.
Be like the light,
So pure, so bright!

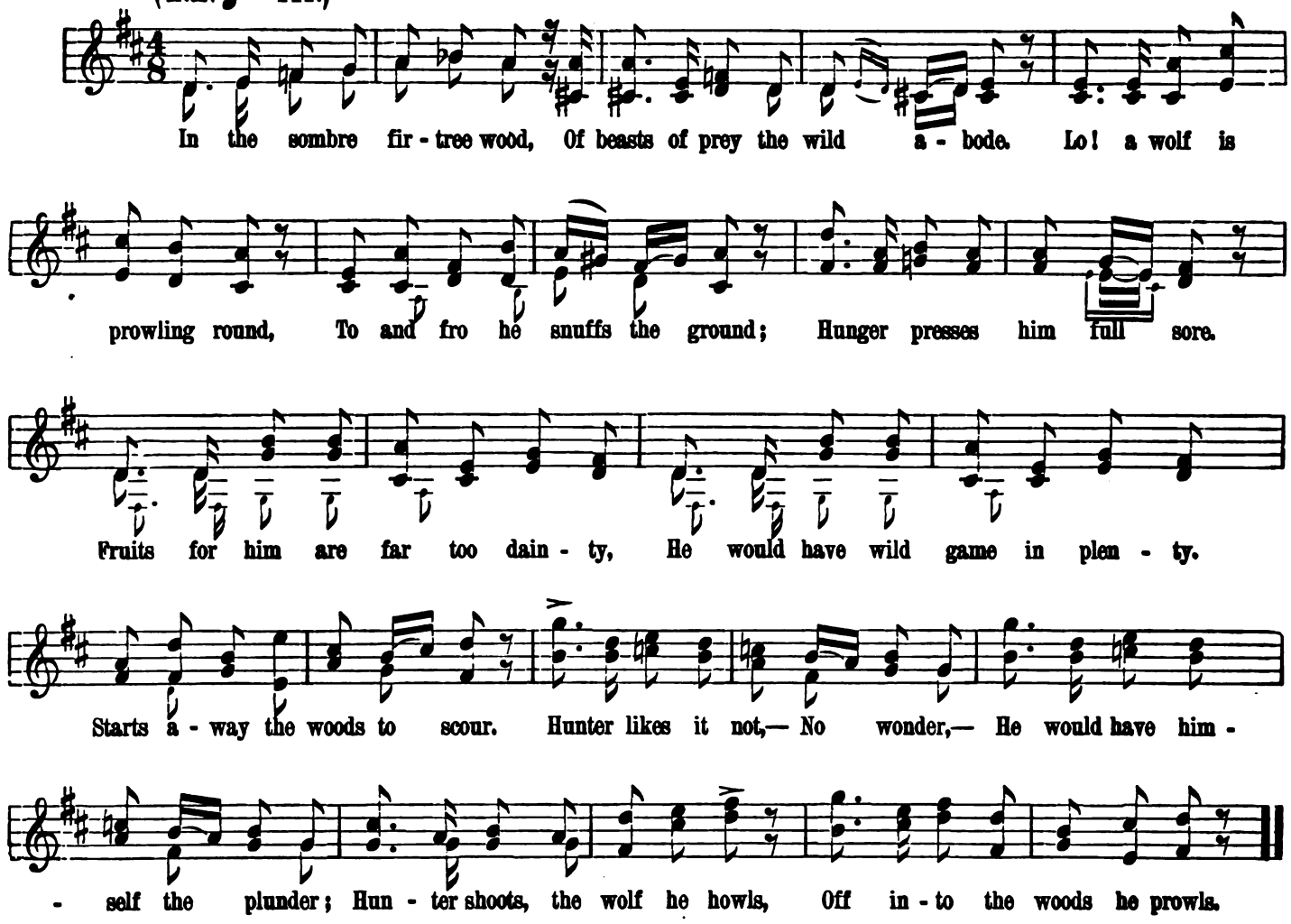
The Window.

"LET not the child an inward feeling cherish,
That he within himself one life can be.
Only a member of the living whole,
A portion of this varied life is he.
Let him the inner through the outward see.
The far remote that lures his gaze
A part in his own being plays.
Inaudible to the outward ear may be
Much that in allegory speaks to thee.
Who understands aright this language true,
Serenely, joyfully may life pursue."

THROUGH the chequered window-pane
Streams the light of heaven again;
It says, "I love to be with thee,—
I hope you feel delight in me."
"Peep, boo! peep, boo! thou lovely light;
Oh, much I love thy presence bright!"
"Child, I've quickly sped to thee,
From the great clear sun set free.
Long the way, yet seemed it short,
While of my dear child I thought.
Dear as sunlight is to thee,
Use it not too lavishly."

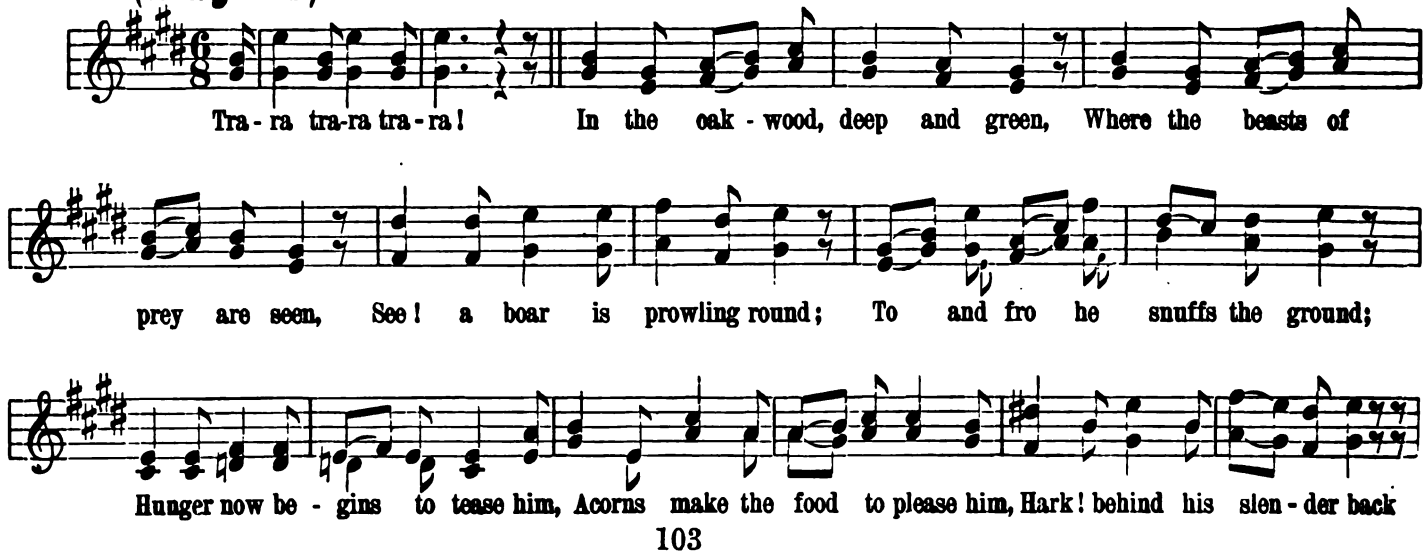
No. 29. THE WOLF.

(M.M. ♩ = 144.)



No. 30. THE WILD BOAR.

(M.M. ♩ = 84.)



No. 33. THE CHARCOAL BURNER'S HUT.

(M.M. ♩ = 69.)

The char - coal burner's hut is small, Will scarcely hold two men in all, Yet
in it there dwell in cheerful mood, the char - coal burner and son so good.
They bring up the wood, To charcoal they burn it, And in - to the wag - on The
smith shall then turn it; How could we our spoons, our knives and forks too, have made, And
many things else we may dai - ly need, If the burner, with blackened face and hair,
Burned not the coal.... with patient care? If the burner, with blackened face and hair,
Burned not the coal with patient care? Come, child, and give the good coal burner greeting, With-
- out thy good spoon there's no pleasure in eat - ing, And though in his face he
may not be fair, We praise his good heart,.... No shad - ow comes there.

The Carpenter.

WHEREVER the child sees good work done,
The mind and heart are easily won.
Then through constructive form he passes
From the outward
To the inward,
And feels the inner sense and uses."

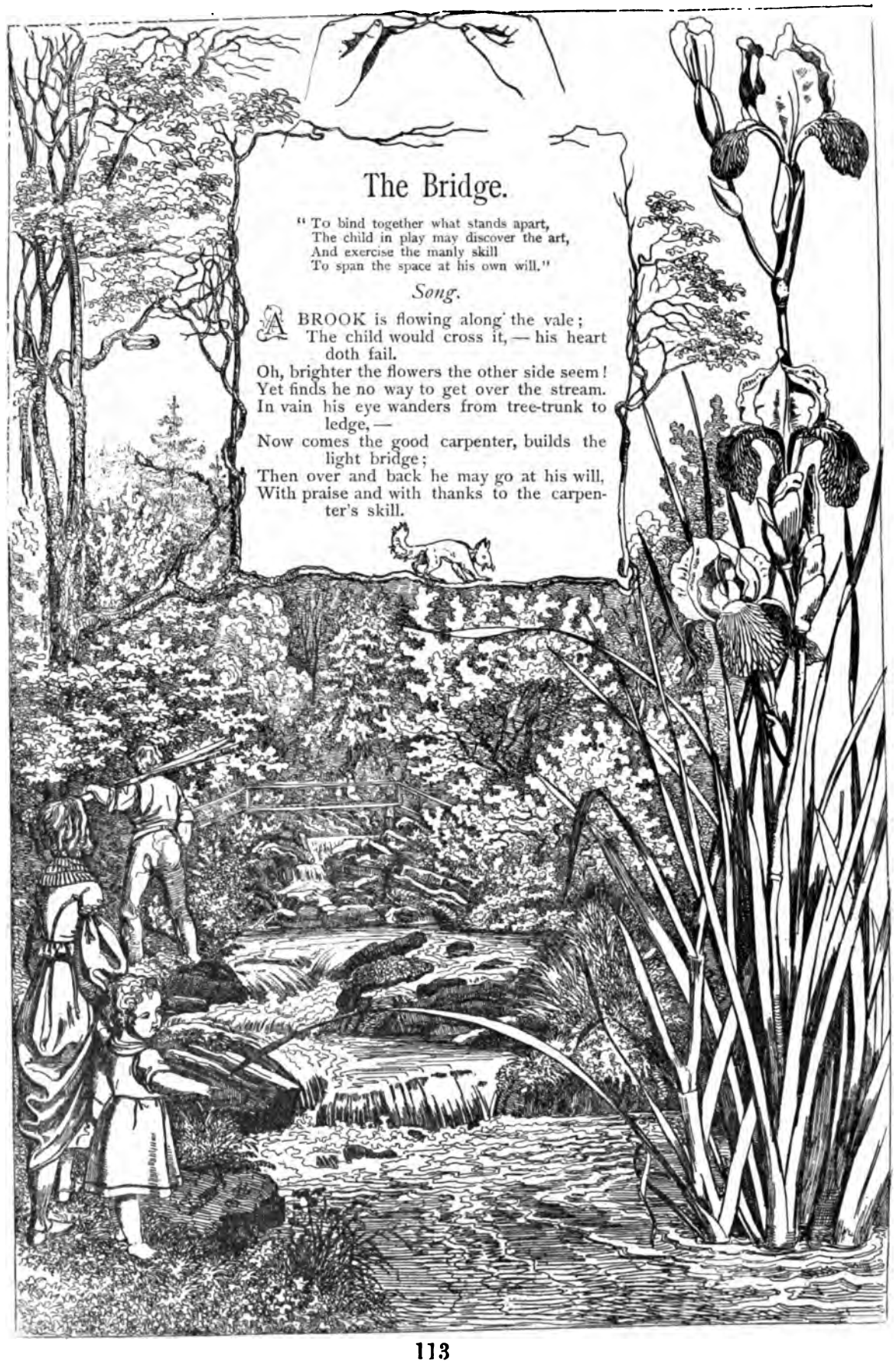
Song.

OH, see the carpenter! All day
With curious art he works away:
The high is here brought low;
The long is shorter now;
The crooked soon comes straight;
The round he maketh flat;
All smooth he makes the rough:
Is not that skill enough?
Now all must he combine,
All parts together join;
And see what now he shows!
From timbers the house now grows,—
A house for my good child,
Where dwell his parents miid,
Who night and day attend him,
And from all harm defend him.
The carpenter must love the child,
The good, protecting house to build.

No. 34. THE CARPENTER.

(M.M. ♩ = 84.)

Oh see the car-pen-ter! all the day, With curious art he works a-way, The high is here brought low, The long is short-er now. The round he mak-eth flat, The crooked soon comes straight, All smooth he makes the rough, Is not that skill e-nough? Now All he must com-bine, All things to-geth-er join. And see, what now he shows! From the timbers, the timbers the house now grows! A house for my good child, Where dwell his pa-rents mild, Who night and day at-tend.... him, And from all harm de-fend.... him. The car-pen-ter must love the child, The good, pro-tect-ing house to build.



The Bridge.

" To bind together what stands apart,
The child in play may discover the art,
And exercise the manly skill
To span the space at his own will."

Song.

A BROOK is flowing along the vale;
The child would cross it, — his heart doth fail.
Oh, brighter the flowers the other side seem!
Yet finds he no way to get over the stream.
In vain his eye wanders from tree-trunk to ledge, —
Now comes the good carpenter, builds the light bridge;
Then over and back he may go at his will,
With praise and with thanks to the carpenter's skill.

The Barnyard Gate.

"THE mother in talk and play may teach
Much that the child's mind cannot reach.
Though all the good fruits we may seek in vain,
The child's life's-dower this must remain.
Then early in life may he seek to treasure,
And save from loss what now gives him pleasure."

Song.

OH! what is this? This is a gate,
Leading to the barnyard straight.
There the pony is springing, hop, hop!
The doves are there winging, kurr, kurr!
The geese are all chattering,
The ducks are all quacking,
The chickens are peeping,
The hen loudly clucks, pip, pip! hi, hi, hi
The bees are all humming, sum, sum
The mooly-cow lows, moo, moo!
The calf is there playing,
The little lamb straying.
There bleateth the sheep,
There grunteth the swine.
The gate close fastened we must keep.
Oh, why? oh, why? That none may fly,—
Each keep to his own quarter nigh.

The Garden Gate.

Song.

WHAT have we here?
A gate to the garden.
The gardener dear
Is the faithful warden.
All days and all hours
He cares for the flowers,
The flowers of every hue,—
The bright and the tender,
The strong and the slender,
Through him their freshness renew:
The downy and perfume-breathing,
The stately and vine-enwreathing,
The buds in their cups enfolded,
In pairs or singly moulded.
Oh, well must the gate be closed at all hours,
That none may disturb the darling flowers!

The Little Gardener.

" WOULDST thou the mind of the child for the cares of life unfold,
Let him observe the life-scenes here unrolled.
Wouldst thou for cares of inward life prepare him
Make sweet to him the life-cares that are near him."

Song.

NOW the garden-beds are blooming,
Water-pot in hand we're coming,
All the thirsty plants to sprinkle.
All the buds begin to twinkle,
Scatter now their perfume rare.
They open their petals one by one,
They roll out their cups to the glowing sun,
Rewarding all our tender care.

No. 35. THE BRIDGE.

(M. M. ♩ = 160.)

A brook is flow - ing a - long the vale, The child would cross it, His heart doth fail; Oh brighter the flowers the oth - er side seem, Yet finds he no way to get o - ver the stream. In vain his eye wanders from tree - trunk to ledge. Now cometh the car - pen - ter, builds the light bridge, Then o - ver and back he may go as he will; With praise and with thanks to the car - pen - ter's skill, With praise and with thanks to the car - pen - ter's skill.

NO. 36. THE BARN-YARD GATE.

(M.M. ♩ = 100.)

Oh! what is this? This is a gate Leading to the barn - yard straight.

(M.M. ♩ = 72.)

There the po- ny is springing, hop, hop, hi.... hi! The doves are there winging, kurr, kurr, kurr, kurr. The

geese are all chattering, The ducks are all quacking, The chickens are peeping, The

cock loudly crows. Pip pip, ki-ke-ri - ki!..... Pip, pip, ki-ke-ri ki!..... The

bees are all humming. sum, sum, sum, sum, The mooly cow lowes, muh,.... muh, The

calf is there playing, The lit - tle lamb straying, There bleateth the sheep, There grunteth the swine. The

(M.M. ♩ = 100.)

gate close fastened we must keep, Oh why? Oh why? That none may fly, Each keep to his own quarter nigh.

No. 37 Is spoken.

No. 38. THE LITTLE GARDENER.

(M.M. ♩ = 69.)

Now the gar - den beds are blooming, Wa - ter - pot in hand we're com - ing,

All the thirs - ty plants to sprin - kle, All the buds be - gin to twin - kle,

Scat - ter now their perfume rare, They o - pen their pet - als one by one, They

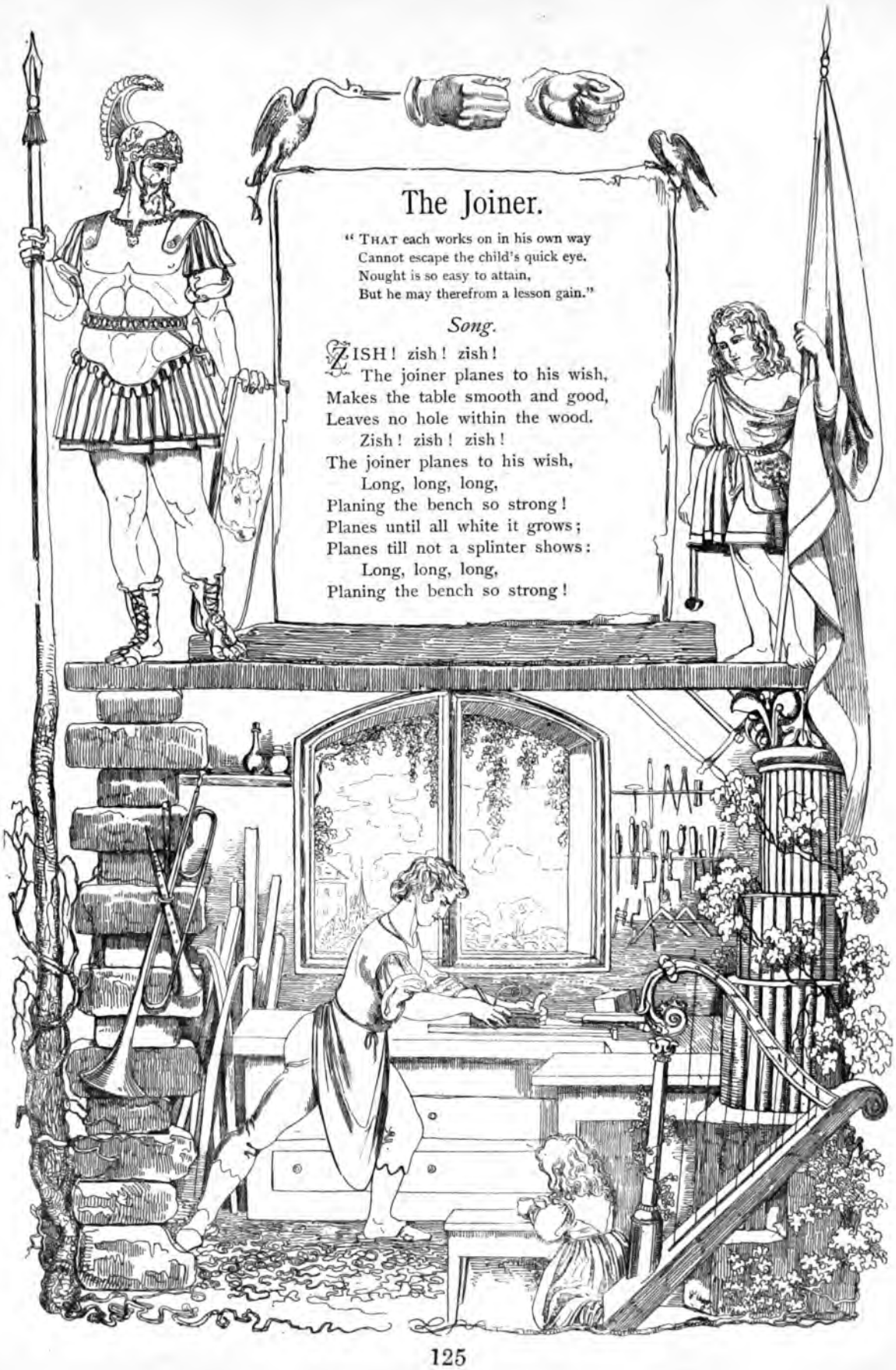
roll out their cups to the glowing sun, Re - ward - ing all our ten - der care.

The Wheelwright.

"The child with joy and wonder understands
For what good work the man may use his hands."

Song.

LET us to the wheelwright go,—
Watch to see what he will do.
See now, see now, see!
Oh, what pains takes he,
That the auger go straight through,
That the hole be smooth and true!
Now 'tis ready to his mind,
To the axle may be joined.
Round it goes now, ever round now!
Round now, round now, yes,
It goeth ever round now.
Round now, round now, &c.



The Joiner.

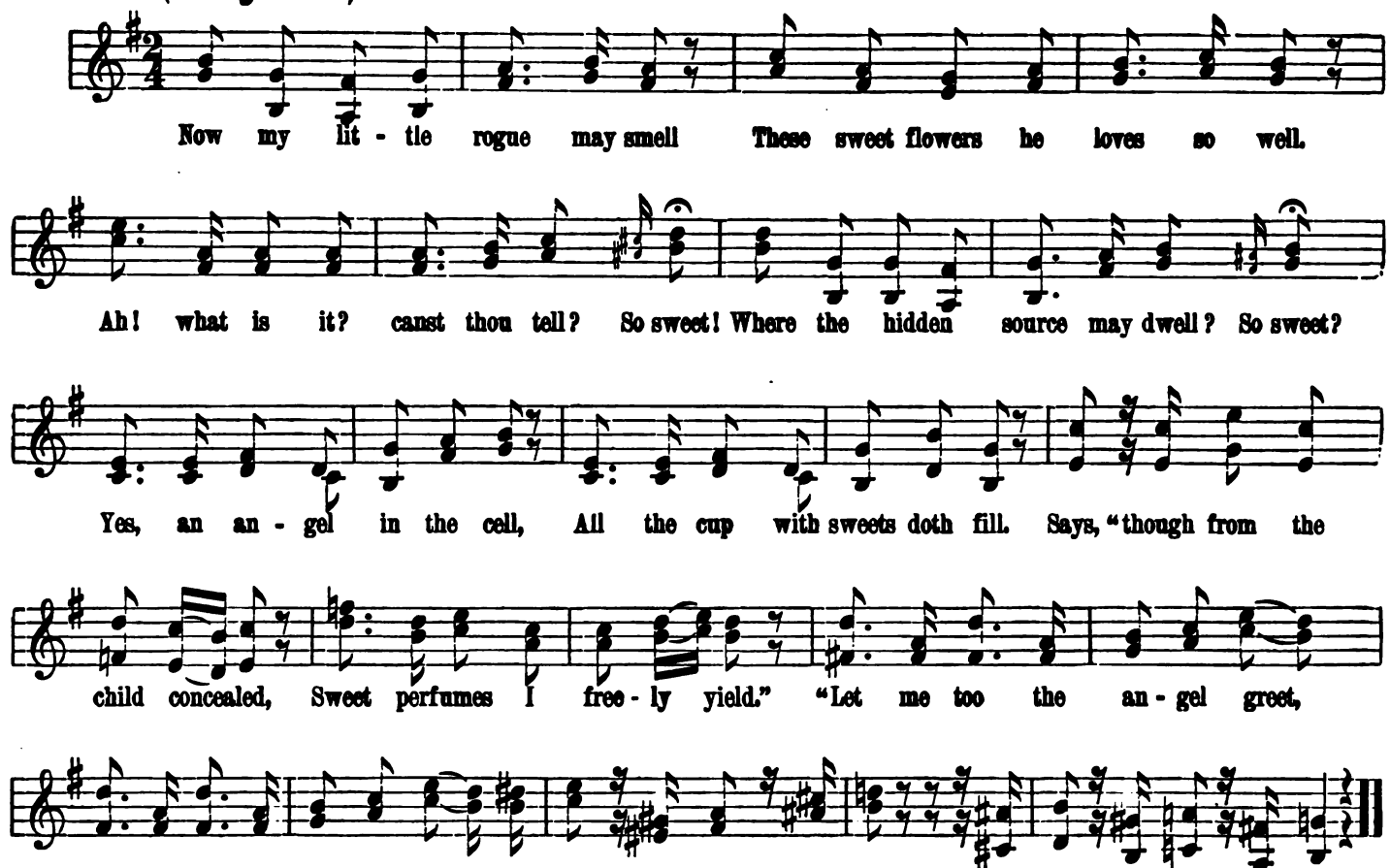
"THAT each works on in his own way
Cannot escape the child's quick eye.
Nought is so easy to attain,
But he may therefrom a lesson gain."

Song.

ZISH! zish! zish!
The joiner planes to his wish,
Makes the table smooth and good,
Leaves no hole within the wood.
Zish! zish! zish!
The joiner planes to his wish,
Long, long, long,
Planing the bench so strong!
Planes until all white it grows;
Planes till not a splinter shows:
Long, long, long,
Planing the bench so strong!

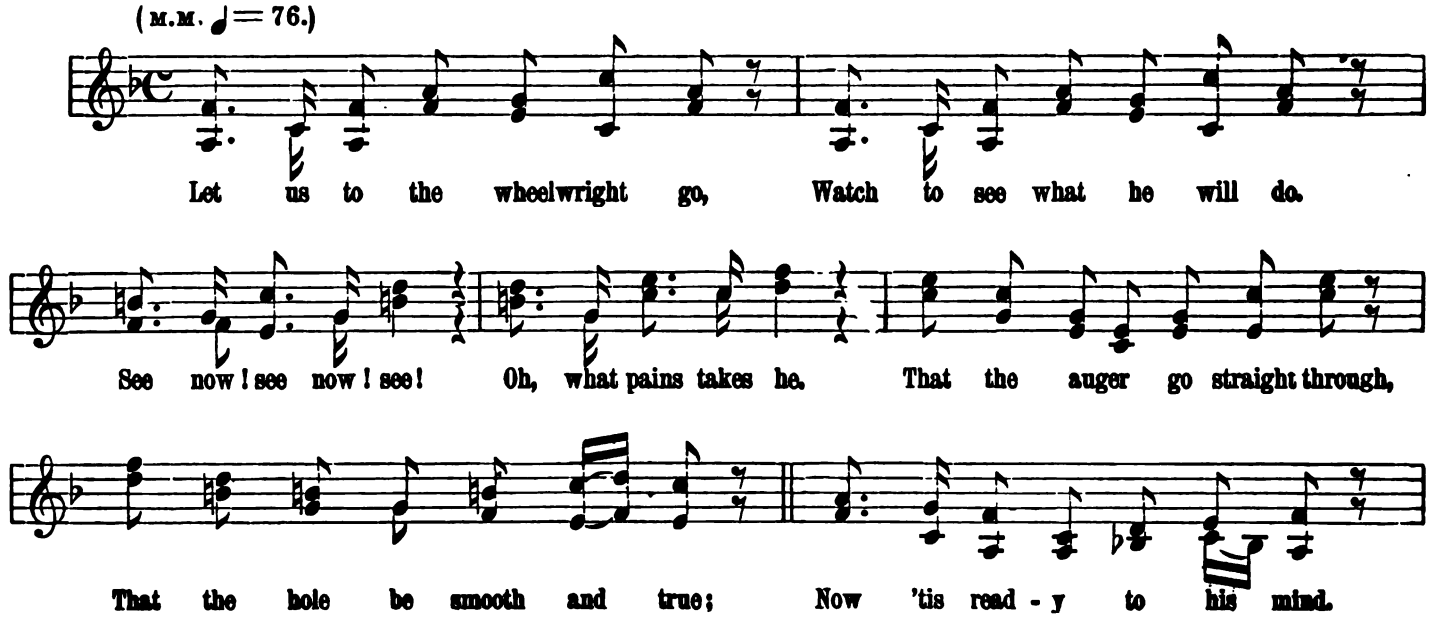
No. 39. SONG OF PERFUME.

(M. M. ♩ = 152.)



No. 40. THE WHEELWRIGHT.

(M.M. ♩ = 76.)



To the ax - le may be joined; Round it goes now, Ev - er round now, Round

now, round now, round now, yes! It go - eth ev - er round Round

now, round now, round now, Yes! It go - eth ev - er..... round.

No. 41. THE JOINER.

(M.M. ♩= 108.)

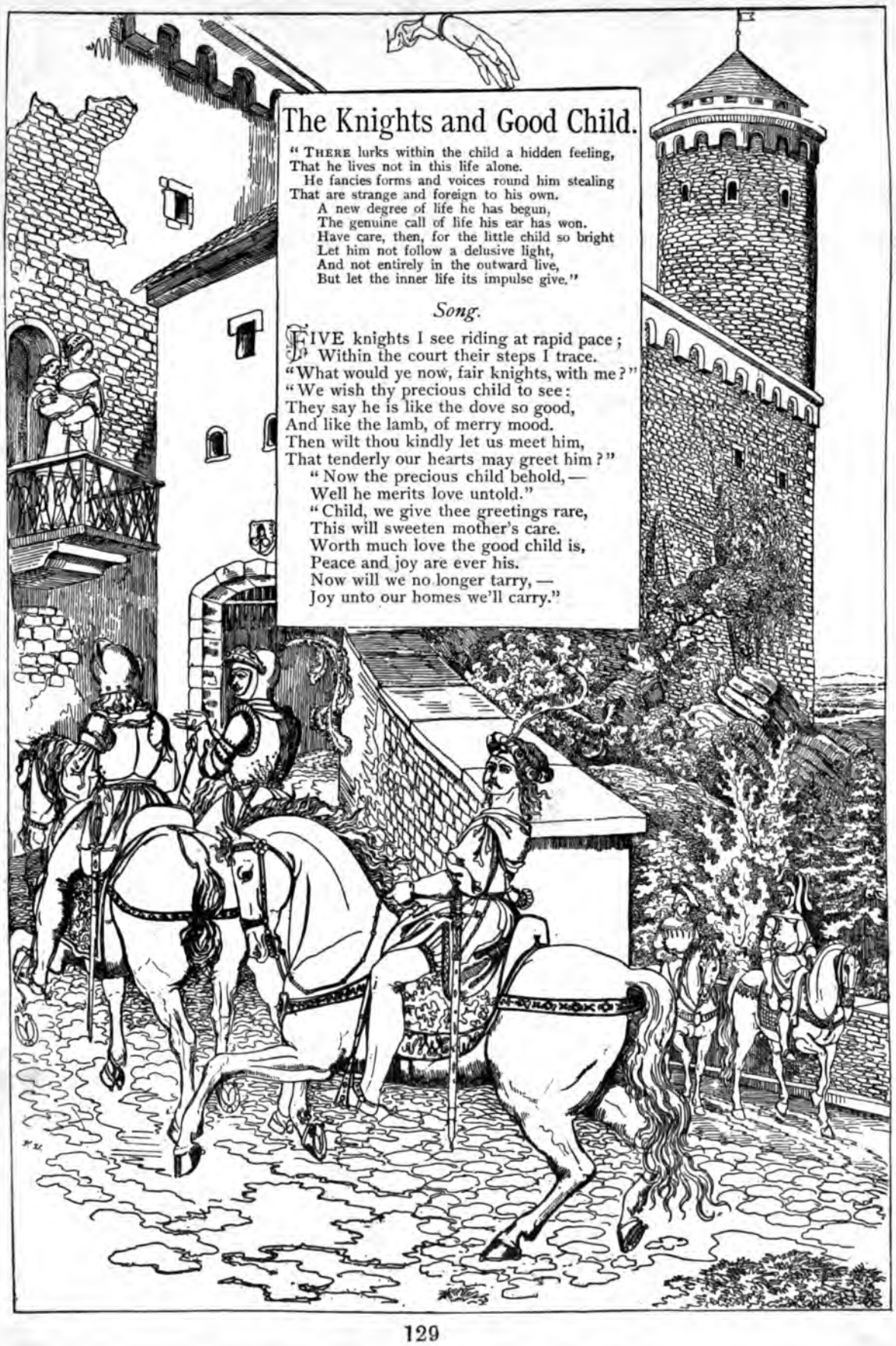
Zisch! zisch! zisch! The join - er planes to his wish!

Makes the ta - ble smooth and cool, Leaves no hole with - in the wood.

Zisch! zisch! zisch! Join - er planes to his wish, Long, long, long,

Planing the bench so strong. Planes un - til.... all white it grows,

Planes till not a splinter shows, Long, long, long, Planing the bench so strong.



The Knights and Good Child.

"THERE lurks within the child a hidden feeling,
That he lives not in this life alone.
He fancies forms and voices round him stealing
That are strange and foreign to his own.
A new degree of life he has begun,
The genuine call of life his ear has won.
Have care, then, for the little child so bright
Let him not follow a delusive light,
And not entirely in the outward live,
But let the inner life its impulse give."

Song.

FIVE knights I see riding at rapid pace;
Within the court their steps I trace.
"What would ye now, fair knights, with me?"
"We wish thy precious child to see:
They say he is like the dove so good,
And like the lamb, of merry mood.
Then wilt thou kindly let us meet him,
That tenderly our hearts may greet him?"
"Now the precious child behold,—
Well he merits love untold."
"Child, we give thee greetings rare,
This will sweeten mother's care.
Worth much love the good child is,
Peace and joy are ever his.
Now will we no longer tarry,—
Joy unto our homes we'll carry."

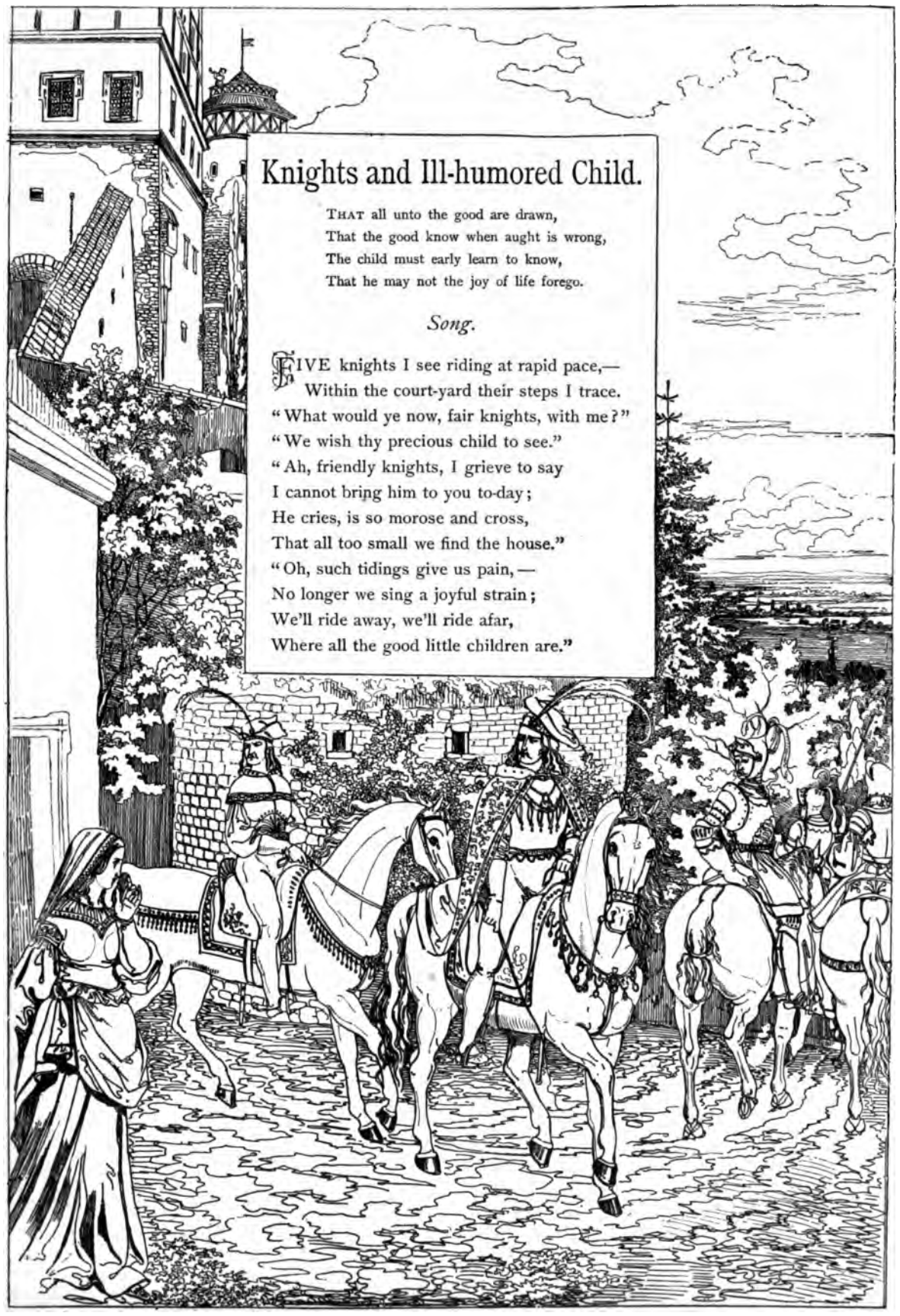
NO. 42. THE KNIGHTS AND THE GOOD CHILD.

(M. M. ♩ = 72.)

Five knights I see rid - ing at rap - id pace, With - in the court their steps I trace, "What would ye now, fair knights, with me?" "We wish thy prec - ious child to see. They say he is like the dove so good, And like the lamb of mer - ry mood; Then wilt thou kind - ly let us meet him, That ten - der - ly our hearts may greet him."

"Now the precious child be - hold! Well he mer - its love un - told;" "Child, we give thee greetings rare, This will sweet - en moth - er's care! Worth such love the good child is, peace and joy are ev - er his. Now we will no lon - ger tarry, Joy un - to our homes we'll carry; Now will we no long - er tar - ry, Joy un - to.... our homes we'll carry."

ritard.



Knights and Ill-humored Child.

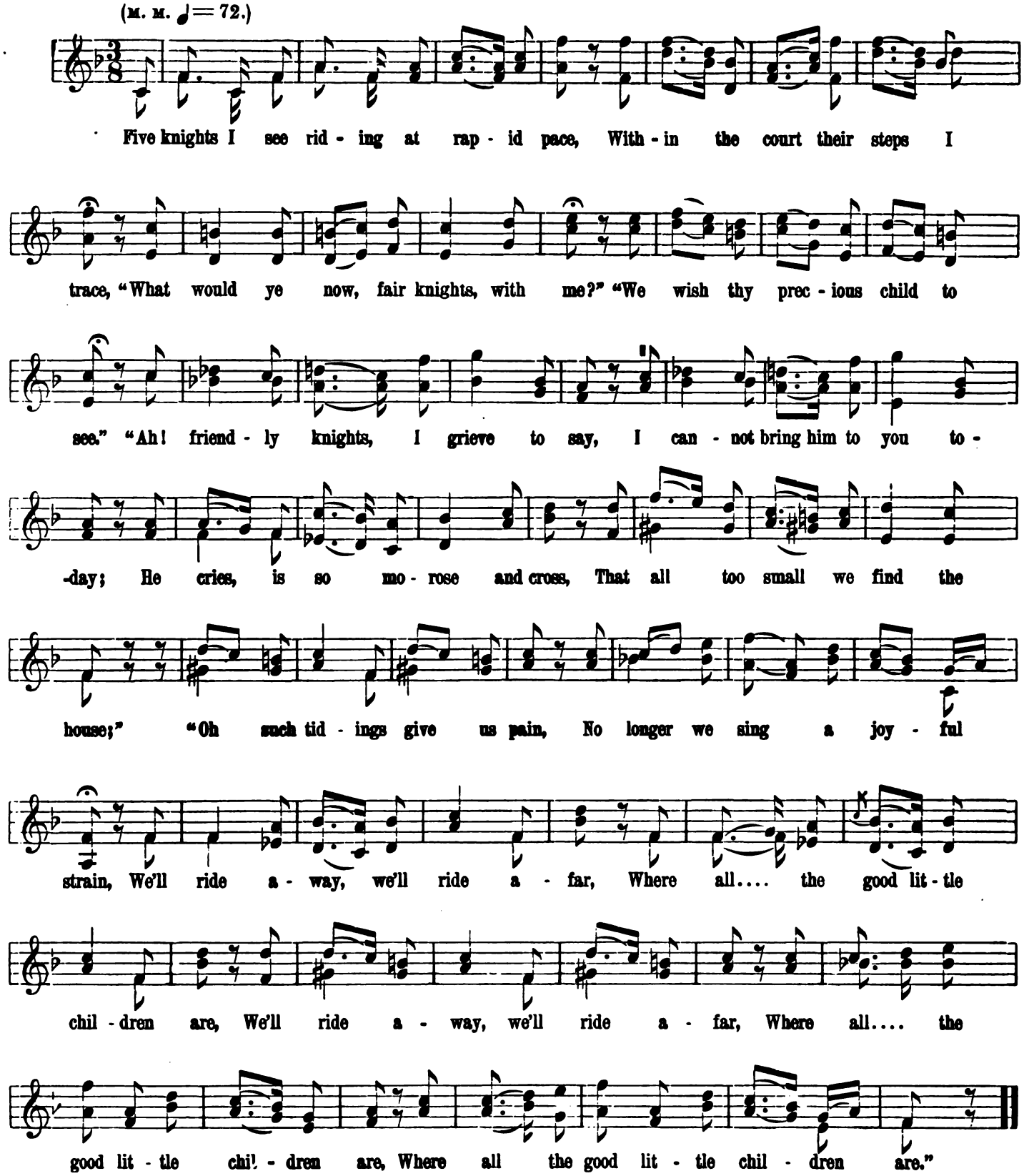
THAT all unto the good are drawn,
That the good know when aught is wrong,
The child must early learn to know,
That he may not the joy of life forego.

Song.

FIVE knights I see riding at rapid pace,—
Within the court-yard their steps I trace.
"What would ye now, fair knights, with me?"
"We wish thy precious child to see."
"Ah, friendly knights, I grieve to say
I cannot bring him to you to-day;
He cries, is so morose and cross,
That all too small we find the house."
"Oh, such tidings give us pain,—
No longer we sing a joyful strain;
We'll ride away, we'll ride afar,
Where all the good little children are."

No. 43 THE KNIGHTS AND THE ILL-HUMORED CHILD.

(M. M. ♩= 72.)

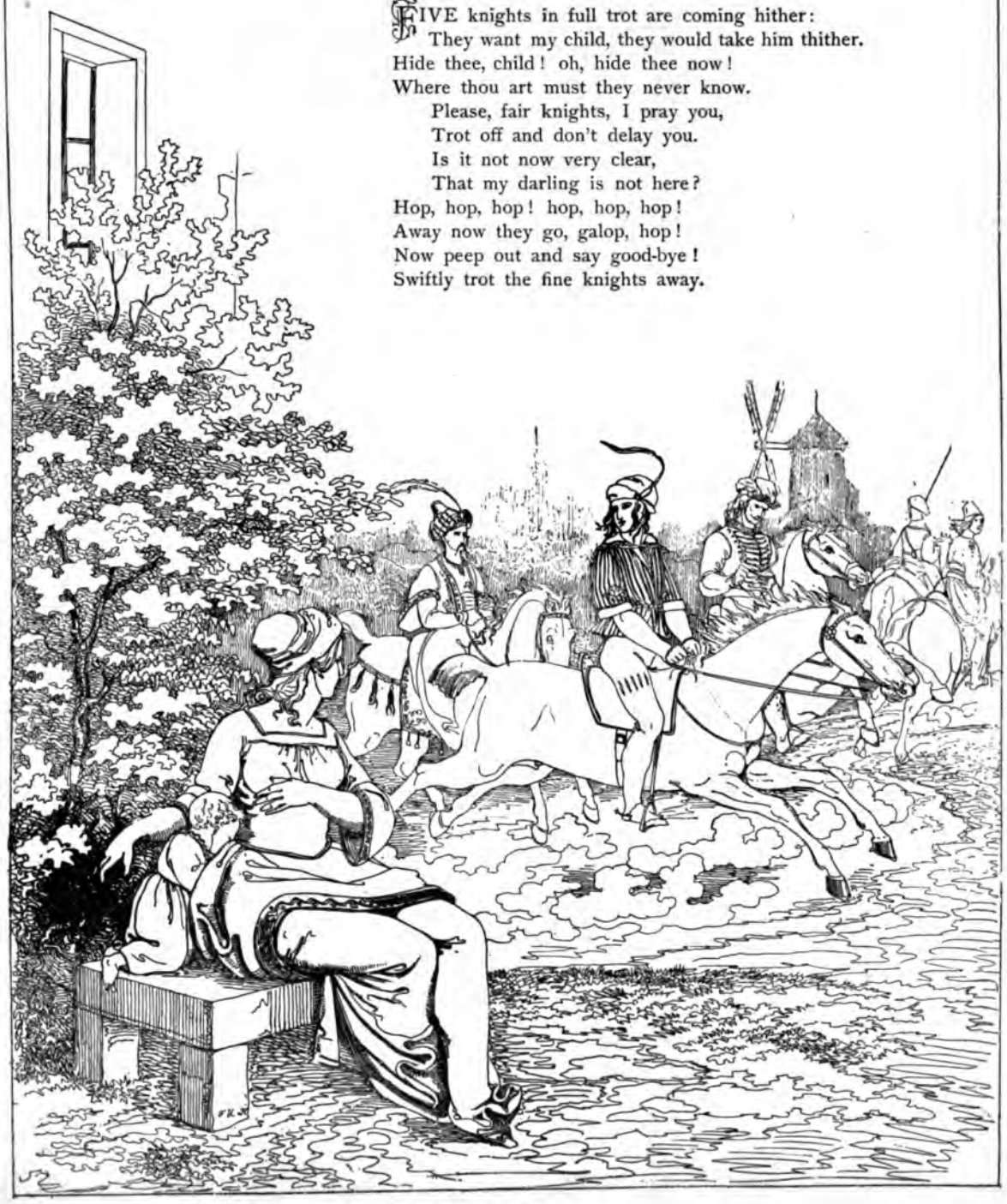


Child, hide Thee!

" The child must soon learn
The good to discern;
While the good shalt thou treasure
And heighten his pleasure."

Song.

FIVE knights in full trot are coming hither:
They want my child, they would take him thither.
Hide thee, child! oh, hide thee now!
Where thou art must they never know.
Please, fair knights, I pray you,
Trot off and don't delay you.
Is it not now very clear,
That my darling is not here?
Hop, hop, hop! hop, hop, hop!
Away now they go, galop, hop!
Now peep out and say good-bye!
Swiftly trot the fine knights away.



No. 44. HIDE THEE, CHILD!

(M.M. ♩ = 92.)

Five knights in haste I see coming hither, They want my child, they would take him thither!

Hide, thee, dar - ling, oh hide thee now, Where thou art may they nev - er know!

(M.M. ♩ = 138.)

Please, fair knights, I pray you, Trot off and don't de - lay you! Is it not now

ver - y clear, That my dar - ling is not here? Hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop,

hop hop hop hop hop hop hop, A - way now they go, Gal - op, hop, gal - op,

hop, A - way now they go, Galop, hop, galop, hop.

(M.M. ♩ = 92.)

Now peep out and say good-bye!

Swift - ly trot the five knights a - way, Now peep out and say good - bye!

Swiftly trot the five knights a - way, Swift - ly.... trot the five knights a - way.

Hiding of the Child

WHAT makes my child so glad and gay
While now at "hide-and-seek" we play?
'Tis the sense of personality
That stirs his heart so merrily;
The conscious feeling, "It is I!
When one is heard his name to cry.
A new degree in life is gained
When "hide-and-seek" we have attained.
A confidence, a tender trust
Has dawned within the child's young breast.
In after years these shall abide,
And courage give when dangers hide.

Song.

CHILD of my heart, oh say,
Where have you hidden away?
I miss my darling from my side:
Where is he now? Where can he hide?
I look in vain at every turn,—
Oh, he is gone! gone, gone, gone!

Where my child is, who can tell me?
He with joyous thanks shall fill me.
Oh, he is here, this child so dear!
Close to my heart I feel him near.
So thus in life we often find
To what is nearest we are blind.

No. 45. HIDE.

(M.M. ♩= 60.) (M.M. ♩= 92.)

Child of my heart, oh say, Where do you hide to-day? I miss my

dar-ling from my side, Where is he now? where can he hide? I

look in vain at ev-'ry turn,.... Oh he is gone, gone, gone, gone, gone.

(M.M. ♩= 100.)

Where my child is who can tell me, He with joy-ous thanks shall fill me. Oh,

he is here, this child so dear, Close to my heart I feel him near.

ri-tar-dan-do. (♩= 92.)

Close to my heart I feel him near, So thus in life we of-ten find, To

what is near-est we.... are blind; So thus in life we

of-ten find, To what is near-est we.... are blind.

Coo-coo!

"How lovely when the cuckoo's note
Upon the child's quick ear doth float!
Later in life shall sound in his ear
The inner call of conscience clear;
He hears the repeated sound
It echoes all around.
His heart no longer feels alone,
Another life is mingled with his own;
A harmony in life is found."

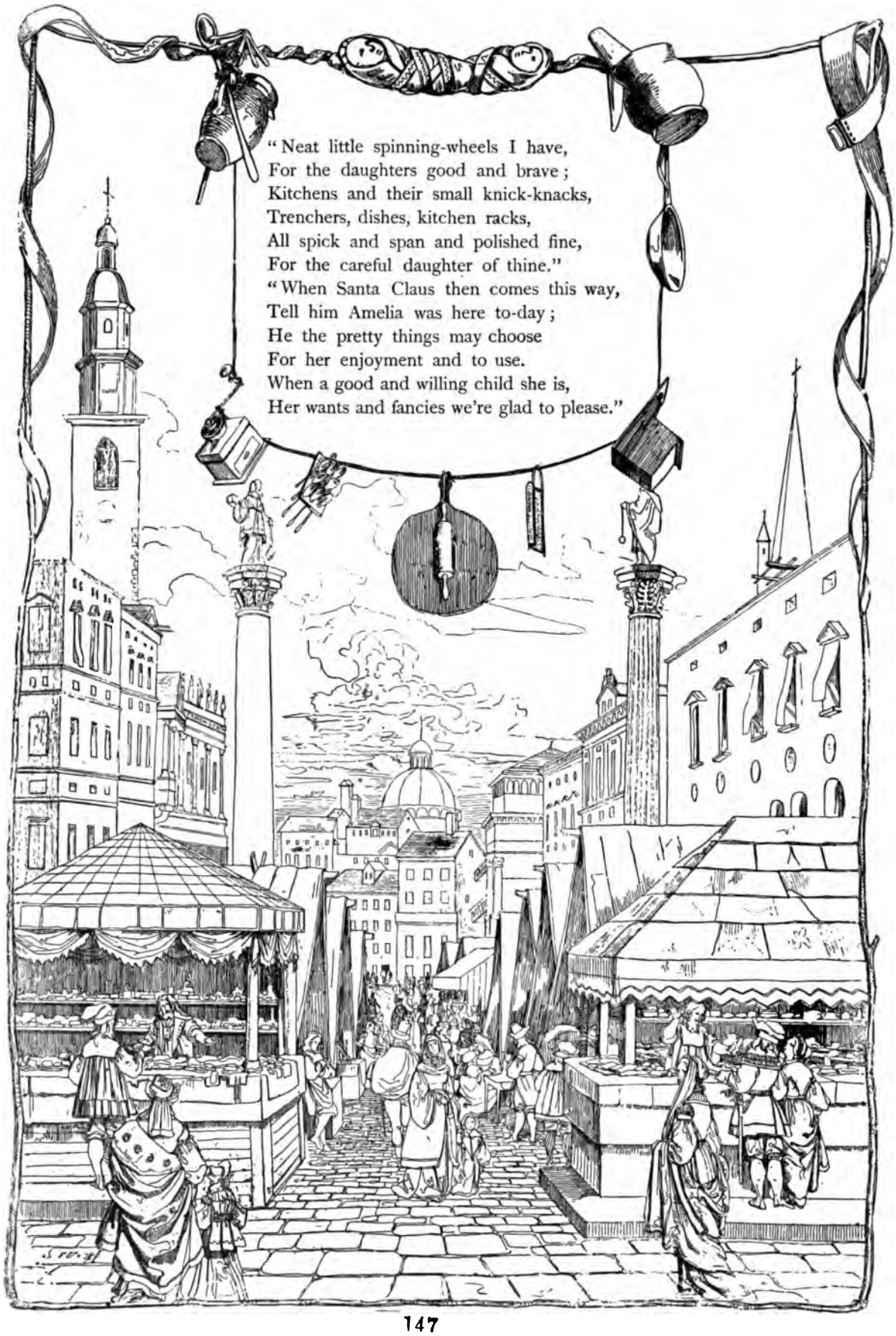
COO-COO! Coo-coo!
The cuckoo now is calling;
Coo-coo! Coo-coo!
His note on the ear is falling.
Coo-coo! Coo-coo!
The little bird was all alone,—
Coo-coo! Coo-coo!
But now unto my child has flown.
Coo-coo! Coo-coo!
Oh, now has my child the cuckoo spied!
How sweet with the cuckoo the moments glide!
Coo-coo, coo-coo! my little child,—
Coo-coo, coo-coo! my child.

The Toyman and the Maiden.

"THE child enjoys the toyman's treasure,
And thou with the child hast equal pleasure."

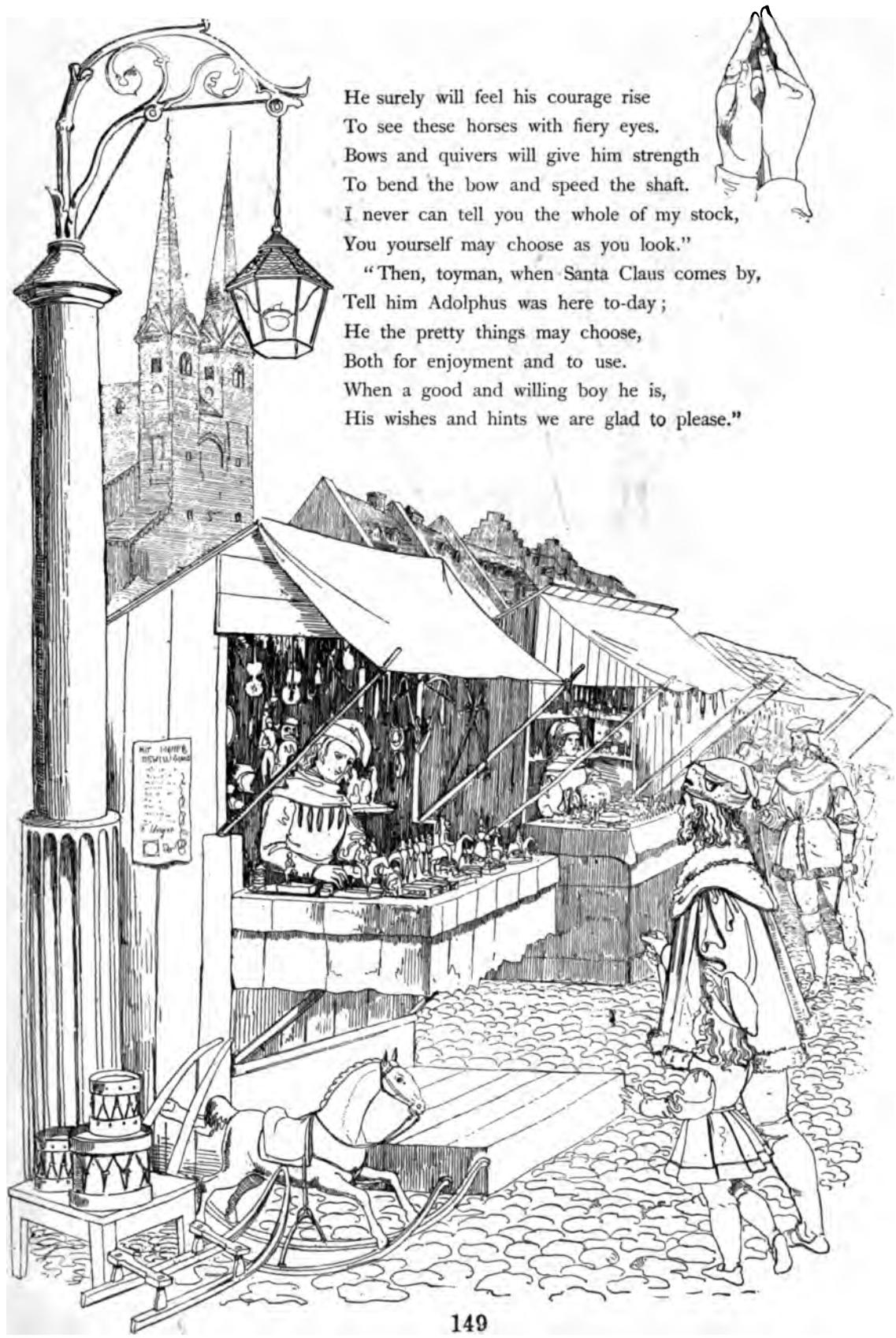
Song.

"TAKE me, take me, mother, pray,
To the toyman's shop to-day.
Tiny cupboards there we see,
Dollies, such a company!
Tables, chairs, commodes, combine
To make the dolly's house so fine.
The Christmas sale it is to-day,
And everything looks bright and gay;
Oh, let me to the toyman go,
And all my pretty things buy new!"
"Well pleased am I to have you go,
And see the toyman's pretty show;
Yet, ere we betake us there,
Let me whisper in your ear:
The daughter that I take with me
Ever kind and good must be;
Thoughtful and polite to all,
Cheerful too, whate'er befall;
For when she cross and fretful grows,
Quickly the mother's eyes shall close
To all the pretty things around;
Nothing to buy can then be found.
And when the mother sees nothing to buy,
Good Santa Claus from the child shall fly."
"Mother dear, come, and you shall see
How diligent, kind, polite I will be."
"Toyman, tell me what I may choose
For the diligent child to use?"


"Neat little spinning-wheels I have,
For the daughters good and brave;
Kitchens and their small knick-knacks,
Trenchers, dishes, kitchen racks,
All spick and span and polished fine,
For the careful daughter of thine."
"When Santa Claus then comes this way,
Tell him Amelia was here to-day;
He the pretty things may choose
For her enjoyment and to use.
When a good and willing child she is,
Her wants and fancies we're glad to please."

The Toyman and Boy.

"FATHER, father dear, I pray,
Take your hat and cane to-day!
Let us to the toyman go,
And see his gay and pretty show:
Sheep and shepherds, herds of cattle,
Horses swift, of fiery mettle!
Father, father, take me pray,
To the toyman let's away."
"Well pleased am I to have you go
To the toyman's merry show;
Yet, ere we betake us there,
Let me whisper in your ear:
Naught to the father's eyes looks fair
If the boy by his side will take no care
To obey his wishes, shun what is not good,
To be diligent, gentle, of cheerful mood;
And should the father choose nothing to buy,
Good Santa Claus will hasten away."
"Father, oh father, come now I pray!
I will be thoughtful and good to-day."
"Toyman, I hear thou hast for the boys
Pretty and useful Christmas toys.
Show me, then, from the lovely treasure
What to buy for the good boy's pleasure."
"Wheelbarrows, handcarts, wagons are mine,
Their use with pleasure the boy may combine.



He surely will feel his courage rise
To see these horses with fiery eyes.
Bows and quivers will give him strength
To bend the bow and speed the shaft.
I never can tell you the whole of my stock,
You yourself may choose as you look."

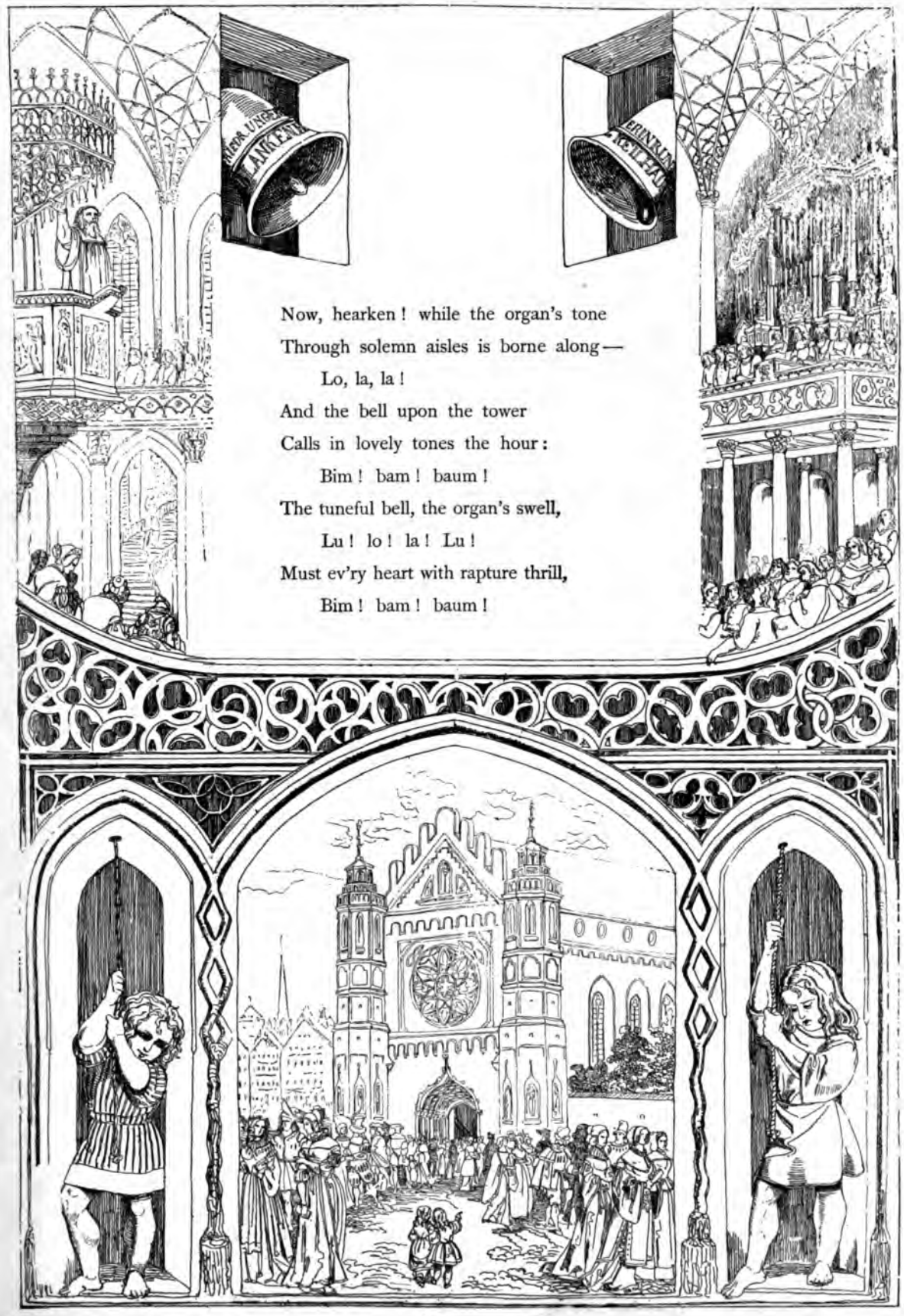
"Then, toyman, when Santa Claus comes by,
Tell him Adolphus was here to-day;
He the pretty things may choose,
Both for enjoyment and to use.
When a good and willing boy he is,
His wishes and hints we are glad to please."

The Church Door and Window.

"When all things blend in harmony divine,
Which speaks alike in color and in form,
The child must feel it round his heart entwine,
And his whole being bends in reverence warm.
Then lead the child above all else to feel
That all in highest aspiration must unite.
Far easier then it seems may'st thou reveal
The pathways that to highest joys invite;
And when life's highest has to him been given,
He feels it a protecting power from Heaven,
Nor think then that the child too little is.
Within the youngest heart a magnet lies
That draws him ever into sweet accord;
But discord draws around the gathering cloud.
Would'st thou with the child maintain a union true,
Let the light of unity in all thy deeds shine through."

Song.

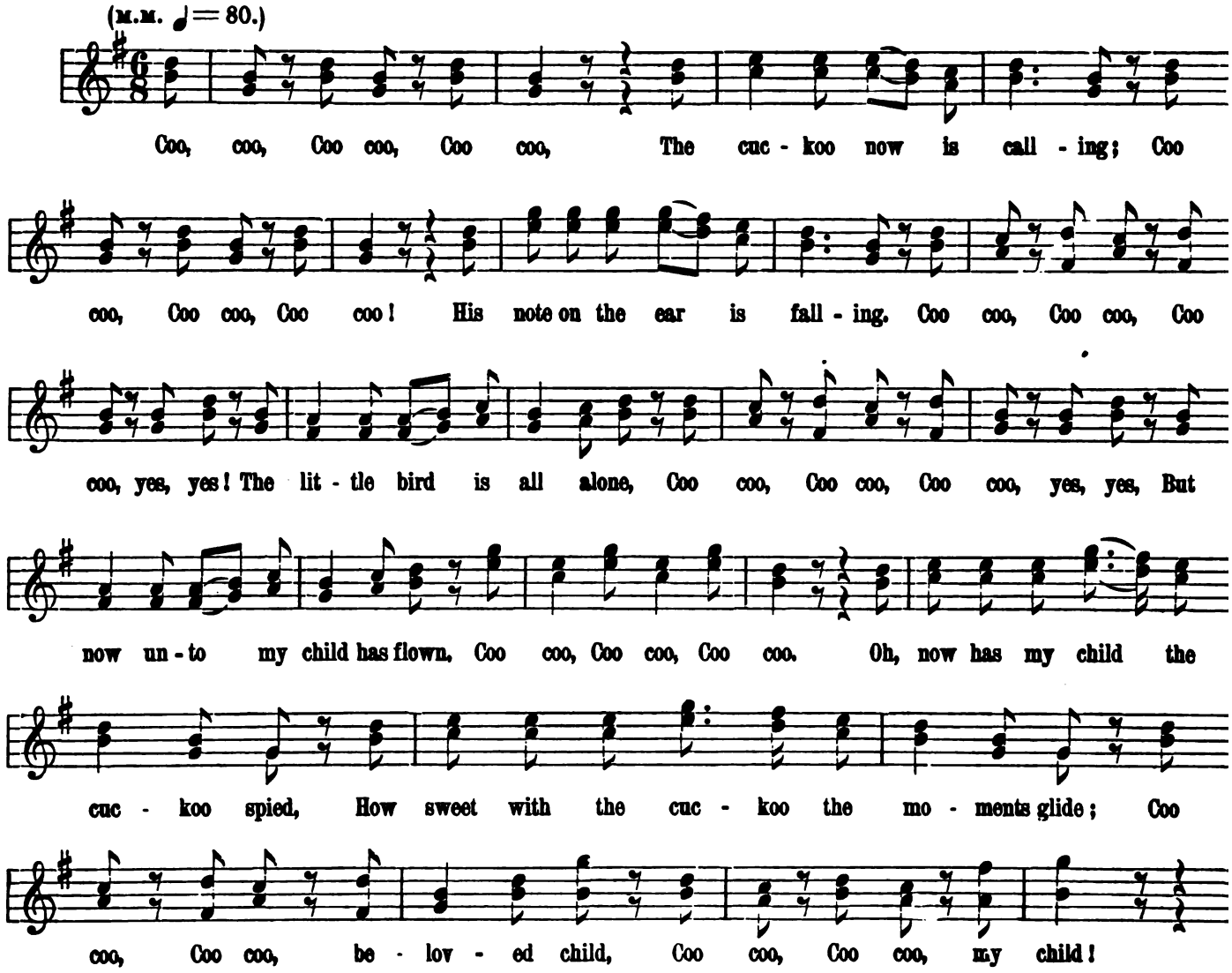
THE light within the window gleams
All through the little church it streams.
Behold the door is open now,
That all within the church may go;
And every one who enters there
To be attentive must prepare.



Now, hearken! while the organ's tone
Through solemn aisles is borne along—
Lo, la, la!
And the bell upon the tower
Calls in lovely tones the hour:
Bim! bam! baum!
The tuneful bell, the organ's swell,
Lu! lo! la! Lu!
Must ev'ry heart with rapture thrill,
Bim! bam! baum!

No. 46. THE CUCKOO.

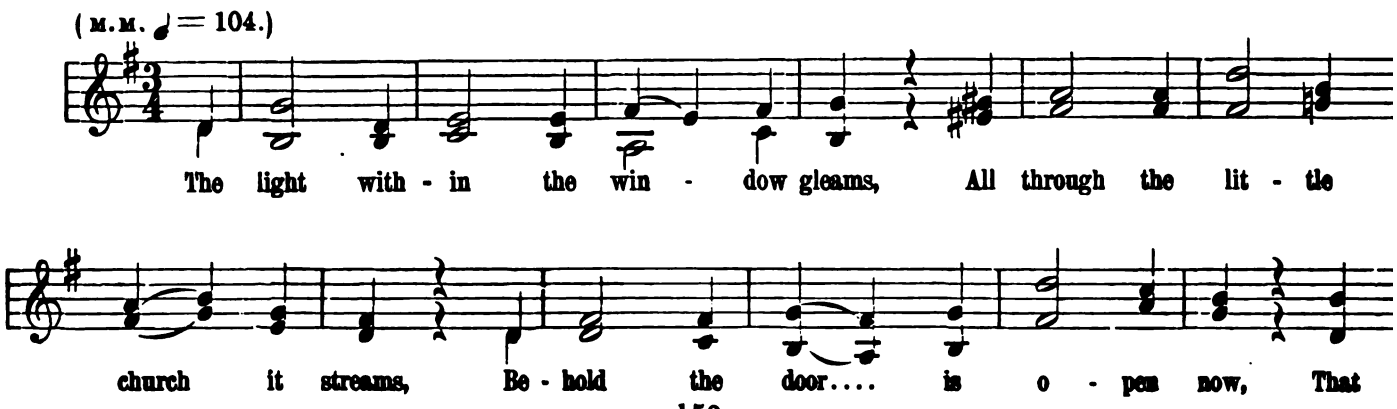
(M.M. ♩ = 80.)



Nos. 47 & 48 Are spoken.

No. 49. THE CHURCH WINDOW AND CHURCH DOOR.

(M.M. ♩ = 104.)



all with - in.... the church may go. And ev - ry one who en - ters there To

be at - ten - tive must pre - pare. Now hearken while the organ's

tone, Through solemn aisles is borne a - long, Lu, lo, la, lo, la, lo lo lo lo

lo lu la lu lo..... lo. And the bell up - on.... the tower Calls in

love - ly tones the hour,.... bim bam baum, bim bam baum, bim bam baum,

bim bam baum, bim bam baum, bim bam baum, bim bam baum, baum.

The tune - ful bell, the or - gan's swell Must every heart with rap - ture thrill! Lu

lu lo.... la..... lu lo..... lo, bim bim bim baum,

bim bim bim baum, bim bim bim baum.....

No. 50 Is spoken.

The Little Artist.

SLIGHT is the skill thy child may show,
Almost nothing to thee;
But from the little much may grow,
Though that little least may be.
Whatever we see around us here,
Although immeasurably great,
Began within the smallest sphere,
All share an equal fate.
Rushing streams that deafen the ear
In rivulets had their source;
And the great sun, with rays so clear,
In dawn began his humble course.
God said, unto the least be true;
May not this law the child pursue?
Then make it the law of thy life and will
To unfold his mind in its simple skill.

Song.

LET me now thy finger take,
And pretty pictures we will make.
Here are little birds that fly.....
Over this little hill so high;.....
Here upon this little tree.....
Hangs a little plum for thee;.....
On this slender branch at rest
The bird has built his little nest;.....
All about this little house.....
Runs and nibbles this little mouse;.....
Up these little steps we go,.....
Can peep out of the window now;.....
On the roof we see the tile,.....
And mirrors hang upon the wall;.....
Within the room a table high,.....
On it this great fish doth lie.....
This slender bridge may carry us .....
The little sparkling brook across.....
Here a ladder tall appears,.....
Here we see the tailor's shears,.....

Here the pigeon-house so high,...
In and out the pigeons fly.
Here the showy rooster crows,....
Here the little rabbit goes.....
Now we see the hare that shows..
Such a little stumpy nose.....
This the saw both sharp and long,
Here we have the harrow strong;..
Thus we make the busy plough.....
The servant's pitcher now we show.
The wagon that shall carry.....
A party blithe and merry.
The wagon-wheel we have,.....
With felloes, spokes and nave.
Here the sun is beaming.....
With dazzling rays outstreaming;
And this is our beloved star.....
That sends its splendor from afar.
This is the eye so bright,.....
Here shine the stars by night:....
And in the starry snow .....
These flower-forms we know.....

This is the moon that shines by night,
And makes the laborer's task more light,
And by her form is told
If she be young or old.....
And here we come to the last, and draw
The good familiar little church door...

Yet here we need not end; long will it take
To mention everything my child can make.
The things themselves in time must disappear,
But the creative power remains forever here.

When the child then casts his eyes around,
And sees how vast the field he may command,
Should he the artist's call through life pursue,
A world awaits him ever rich and new.

CONCLUSION.

Lento. (M.M. ♩= 84.)

1st SOPRANO. 2d SOPRANO. 1st ALTO. 2d ALTO.

What - ev - er the moth - er fos - ters, en - liv - ens, With

joy - ful, earn - est play, and with song; All her thought - ful

joy - ful, earn - est play and with song; O'er all..... her thought - ful

joy - ful, earn - est play, and with song; All her thought - ful

joy - ful, earn est play and with song; All her thoughtful

fondness be stow - ing, Shall work for good.... countless a - ges

fondness be - stow - ing, Shall work.... for good, countless a - ges

fondness be - stow - ing, Shall work for good countless a - ges

fondness be - stow - ing, Shall work for good, countless a - ges

cres - cen - - do. *dim - in - uen do.*

long. Shall work for good, shall work for good.....

cres - cen - - do. *dim. e rallent.*

long. Shall work for good, shall work for good, countless a - ges long.

cres - cen - - do. *dim e rallent.*

long. Shall work for good, shall work for good, countless a - ges long.

cres - cen - - do. *dim. e rallent.*

long. Shall work for good, Shall work for good.....

TO MOTHERS.

EXPLANATION OF THE PLATES.

I. — THE MOTHER AND CHILD.

A MOTHER, penetrated by the dignity and importance of her position, and her true, loving heart filled with the high significance of the call, "Come, let us with our children live," is surrounded by her children, and endeavors to develop, through song, the thoughtfulness and the versatile life-harmonies of their natures.

Other children are attracted by this, and join the gay, peaceful circle. They approach with modest diffidence, doubtful as to their welcome into the lovely garland. For a harmonious life-development is the vivifying spirit which reigns there, awakening instinctive reverence which is expressed in a certain shyness.

To perceive this spirit of harmonious life, fosters its existence, and guards its possession, impelling the little girl to thoughtful care of growing things. A lily, the flower of childhood and image of its innocence, is what she prefers to water and take care of. A similar animating spirit of harmony moves the vigorous boy to the consideration of active life. The bird's nest, for instance, with the unfolding strength within it that enables the little birds to rise so high on airy wing, — this chains his attention, his wonder.

What boy and girl play in earliest childhood, cherished by their loving mother's caresses, will become, by and by, a beautiful reality of serious life; for in this first step they have expanded into stronger and lovelier youthfulness, seeking on every side appropriate objects to vivify the thoughts of their inmost souls. The sweet fragrance of the lily stills the yearning of the boy's heart, as its delicate yet strong form does that of the girl's. The little girl, blooming into womanhood, rests secure in her own harmoniously developing soul, as she securely stands, poised on the ball so easily turned; the boy, growing up towards manhood, stands firmly, in a thoughtful spirit, striving for clearness, on the cube which makes known to him its simple laws.

Under such conditions as are here given, innocence and gayety, love and peace, bloom unremarked from the lily that has been nursed by the child, and struggle toward their high fountain, — the sun, — through the stalk that bears the blossoms.

Nature, in her daily and nightly phenomena, pours her blessings on such work and such care: the sun by day, as Ariadne's crown [1] by night, sends down its rays upon all mothers, and awakens in each womanly soul the perception of the truth, that "only you who are thoughtful and educated can make children happy." The angels and dwellers in the heavens send their messengers to carry the bough of peace as a reward to such pure, humane, child-fostering, motherly life; God's Spirit stoops, like a dove from heaven, to give the highest sanction to the mother's earnest, thoughtful work; and from the clouds sounds a voice, saying, "This is that nurture of my children in the garden of life with which I am well pleased."

II.

Absorbed in contemplation of your child, and inspired by the feeling that it is sent to you by the Father of all beings, as a revelation of his own nature, and is therefore at one with him, and that it is intrusted to you for thoughtful, careful nurture, — regard it, O happy mother! as an immediate gift from God.

You are filled with the joyful anticipation that this child's nature, so rich in manifoldness, in individuality and peculiarity, — the reflection of your own nature, — is to be developed by your educating care.

As you observe manifoldness, diversity, and contrast, more and more displaying themselves in the nature of your child, your heart will be filled with silent pleasure, foreboding that these qualities will reveal themselves in finer forms as life goes on. You are certain, that, like the most heterogeneous appearances of the outer world, they will, in the clear light of your mind, be resolved into harmony and clearness of life, as in a clear sea of peace.

The outward manifestation of diversity and contrast in the soul of your child will be clearly shown as ele-

[1] See Sunday paper edited by Friedrich Froebel, vol. i. 10, 13, p. 101; Libera Ariadne and Herder's Ariadne.

ments of the full harmony of his life. You see how the movements and use of his limbs, the activity of his body and senses, seem to engross him; and you will see how to seize, prove, and understand the life of the child *as one*, in all its manifoldness, and through all its apparent diversity and contrasts; and how he will feel and show his individuality, as he takes what is without into himself, to assimilate and give it out again, like a healthy tree, which draws into itself the diverse elements of nature, — the materials of the earth, — works them up into its own being, according to its own laws, and gives them out again in leaves, sap, and fruit. In this presentiment of harmony (the inner unity of all beings) which so gladly and decidedly speaks out in all the expressions of your child, his nature is made manifest to you as a *spiritual* unity.

The oneness of nature, life, soul, spirit; of presentiment, feeling, perception, consciousness; the multiplicity and contrast of the various indications of life brought out by the right comprehension and management of the child, so that all within and around him shall be in united balance, — yes, in beautiful harmony, — *it is this*, O thoughtful, careful mother! which, as well as the clearer reflection of your own being and life, so greatly delights you in your child.

So, in the watching, nurturing care, in the strengthening and development of your child, in all the indications of his life, this clear conviction will come to you, that the child dimly foresees, not only the unity of all things, which he undoubtedly feels in himself, but presentiments develop themselves in him that carry him on to define the idea that all things have their source in one fountain of life, which he perceives in himself; as you, O pure, believing mother! clearly recognize that your child's nature, like your own, is godlike, — a spark from God. For every existence and life is but a proclamation that God lives in it.

Therefore, loving mother, the greatest problem and joy of your life is to feel yourself one with your child as with God; your child one in itself, and also in active relations with the outer world, with mankind, and with nature; above all, as in unity with God, the Source and Father of all things, — as a child of God, and to be brought up as such.

Do you ask, How and through what is all this shown? the answer is written on your heart, and unconsciously and artlessly expresses itself in all your simple, motherly ways. It is shown us by the manifoldness and the wholeness of the child's body, — his limbs and senses, his inclinations and observations, his motions and struggles, by his upward reaching towards consciousness of himself, and the personal relations to yourself and others, which he already begins to distinguish, and which touch his inner life, by the perceptions of his just-awakening spirit.

All this you yourself know and say and feel, that your child must be cherished, governed, and trained to be true to the laws of his own nature and of all life. His body links him with the material earth, his limbs unite it with the outer world by ever new relations with it, as his senses with the one harmonious working world of thought. Its dawning consciousness of self, its upward-reaching presentiments and awakening spirit, unite him with all which appears and makes itself known as life. He does not combine with them at first, but shows himself already in inner union with the whole world of life, as well as with the spirit world. To comprehend your child, O faithful mother! to understand his nature, and the corresponding phenomena of that nature in this primitive and indissoluble union, in his self-dependence and spontaneity; to form, to cherish, to develop, to cultivate him according to all the governing laws and claims of his being, — this will solve the problem of the education of your child, nothing less.

"But what now are the phenomena in which your child's nature expresses itself in diversity and opposition, as well as in harmony?" They are those which are ***universal***, wherever life expresses itself in form, whether in the animate or inanimate world, those phenomena which manifest themselves in the vegetable and animal kingdoms, as well as in the life of mankind.

As we see the corn in the seed, the fledged bird in the egg, so in the feeling we must look for the thought: certainty is eventually evolved from uncertainty. And so, mother, do the first manifestations of your child's life reveal themselves to you; in this uncertainty, which is the husk of life, the fulness of life lies, and reveals itself; you see it in the swelling buds and the growing fawns. As the fulness of life now so greatly delights you in your child, so you must awaken in him a susceptibility to the versatility of all which life gives and draws out; so the tenderest plants and youngest fawns are drawn out by the gradual influence of light and warmth, and the most delicate impressions of their surroundings. Furthermore, a versatile excitability and sensibility are analogous to *inward* susceptibility, as in nature the tenderest buds and youngest fawns are stirred by the slightest change of condition, and attracted by the softest touch.

By and in this susceptibility and excitability of the child, often bringing with it pain and trouble to the child itself as well as to those who surround him (especially to you, faithful, anxious mother) we yet see him develop his true nature, distinguishing with facility what is suited to it, as each little plant and each young animal selects from the phenomena of nature that which is most conformable to itself.

But above all is the child impelled toward a more natural and free development of his being, which makes itself known in all the phenomena of life, in a general universal activity, as well as in the individual activity of

his senses, limbs, and body; and which, in spite of the purity of the inmost source, causes so much misunderstanding and trouble, pain and danger, in life.

Thus rising from the strengthening and developing of the body, limbs, and senses, to their uses; from the impression to the perception of things; from perception to observation and contemplation; from acquaintance with individuality and knowledge thereof to a recognition of *mutuality;* from the healthy life of the body, senses, and limbs, to the healthy life of the *spirit;* from action united with thought to the pure thought; from healthy, strong sensation, to the thinking mind; from the outer conception to the inner comprehension; from the outward grouping to the inward comparison and judgment; from the outward combination to the inward inference; thus rising from the outward understanding to the inward comprehension, to the development and cultivation of the intellect; from the outward apprehension of phenomena to the inner examination of their foundation and cause, to the development and cultivation of the life-grasping reason; the clear image of the individuality of each nature will appear, at a later period to the child, in furtherance of the education of his mind and soul; and he shall finally recognize first himself, and then the whole of which he is a part,— AS ONE IDEA.

So you lead your child from the thing to the picture, from the picture to the symbol, from the symbol to a grasping of the nature of the thing as a spiritual whole; so are developed the ideas of individuality and wholeness. At a later period, in the gradual progress of his education and cultivation, your child will see clearly within his own soul, that his life is a part of all life, of the life of his family, of his nation, and of all mankind; and that God exists, lives, and works in all and through all. To exhibit, then, this fulness of life, which is so clearly formed within him, in all his feelings and thoughts, his deeds and relations outside of himself, in action and form, is from this time his own life-problem; and so he will learn that presentiment, life, and nature are united, as phenomena, knowledge, and revelation. Life will be to him revelation of the unity of nature and mankind, and thus of the oneness of God: it will be, therefore, a life of peace, of joy. And that aspiration for your child, O dear mother, which you felt before his birth, and which you have cherished in your heart and life, will be fulfilled.

III.—GLANCE AT THE MOTHER ABSORBED IN THE CONTEMPLATION OF HER CHILD.

What shines and warms and glows through your whole being, like a soft flame, dear mother, when you gaze at your sleeping darling? What gives to the least help which you afford him such significance and importance as teaches you to execute with the greatest care even the most unpleasant tasks, from the very thought of which the girl turns away? What gives you consideration, perseverance, courage, self-sacrifice, and peace, even in those phenomena of your child's life which are brought out by pain and sorrow? It is that you see the smallest thing (whether it relates to order, cleanliness, food, or whatever it may be) in its coherence, its union with the great life of the whole, and also in its re-actions from the same: it is that you survey, though in the dimmest anticipation, the life of your child *as a whole*, in which each individual thing, however small, shows itself as progressive development. It is that you already see the artistic in the present activity. It is the anticipation and perception, the comprehension and contemplation, of life *as a whole*, in which each individual thing will be recognized in its right place and in its true signification, that gives to your life and work all the above-mentioned high qualities. Thus you see and recognize in this, and through your own life and mind, knowledge and work, that if you would have your beloved child achieve his destiny and fulfil his vocation for artistic life and work, as you fulfil your womanly destiny and motherly vocation, appreciating and recognizing the small, victorious over the disagreeable, with consideration, perseverance, and courage, you must not only from the very first feel your child's life as a whole, in which the smallest thing has its signification and its progressively developing importance; but you must also perceive and recognize it and hold fast to it in the inner life of the little one, as well as through his external actions. Then will your child's life show, in each of its steps and in the wholeness of its development, all the glorious attributes that human life makes known to us all. And, mother, we must consider that our own life shows something wanting, because we, alas! too early, departed from that nobleness of heart and soul, which embraces the smallest things, and makes the coherence of life; and therefore did not attain to the recognition and clear perception, still less to the firm holding on to the same, until, perhaps, quite late in life, when the most beautiful and richest opportunities of our lives, and their loveliest phenomena, were gone forever. But what phenomenon is dearer and more important to us, on what do we rest more peacefully, and what does art unweariedly bring anew before us in the most individual point of view in the picture? Art brings childhood; the motherliness and the childlikeness of the baby-time of our life into most intimate union and mutual penetration. But it brings only one form before us, though it presents an ideal perception of it. But where are the hundreds and hundreds of forms with which mother-love has fostered and developed our life? They are lost from sight in the sea of the past, and yet are the waves which shall some time bring us and our life-ship safely to harbor. This truth should be recognized and held fast.

These mother and play songs themselves, and, above all, the marginal pictures, furnish a small and imperfect beginning, not only suggesting that the baby life of the child is the true budding-time, the first period of development of the whole artistic life of mankind; but it is also a beginning to the common knowledge, true perception, and deep recognition of all which you, O mother! have done for your darling; and also of the opinions, the views, the aim, and, in general, the spirit in which you have worked. Take the book, and hold it, mother; be kind and indulgent; do not dwell too scrutinizingly on the *art* of the representation. This is the first attempt for such an object, and with such a spirit: it must needs be imperfect; yet it may explain to you what hitherto you have instinctively practised in anticipation of your high vocation, but more from a loving feeling than with insight and perception, and therefore often irresolutely and with many mistakes. If through all this you have attained to humble self-knowledge, then you will easily overlook the imperfection of this first attempt. Children do so already, in and for themselves; and as these songs and plays clearly show you the present, and give you an intuitive perception of the future, so shall they form for your dear little one (in its next year, when it has advanced from the object to its representation, in fact, already perceives the symbol in it) a picture-book held in your hand, vivified by your speech, warmed by your heart, which shall bring back to the child the short past of its little life, its first and earliest childhood, to be held fast, not perhaps merely as an external foundation, but as the germ of its whole future artistic life.

> For, what the mother arouses and fosters,
> With her first thoughtful play and song,
> That which her love protectingly cherishes,
> Works with blessing on and on.

Is not this also the case with the feelings which your first-born child and each child in succession has aroused in you, as you gazed upon it in its first soft manifestations of life on your lap and in your arms? Are not these feelings, which guided you gently yet urgently to the appreciating and loving fostering of your child (for its own welfare as well as for your own peace and restfulness), worth the repetition of this most delicate consideration and care? Do not these feelings promote this repetition? Should they be overlooked? Were it not for the feeling of inexpressible happiness, were it not for the sense of blessedness which flowed through you, and brought you to a higher condition of existence, likewise, how could your countenance have drawn out the expression of a higher inward perfection, — a heavenly mildness and clearness? Who that saw you could escape this conviction? How could your consciousness of having given life and existence to a child, and your intelligent gaze at it, have that effect? It was the anticipation of an unspeakable blessing given at the same time with human existence and life.

But, O mother! is it not also true that the care for the preservation of the external life of this gift from God soon throws the higher feelings and recognition more and more into the background; indeed, only too often causes them finally to vanish? But must it indeed be so? Are not these feelings a sweet reward for the ineffable throe and keen suffering which gave earthly existence to the heavenly gift; the spirit's grasp of that highest motherly fostering, which shall later follow your child through its whole life, at least, through its whole educational life, till the time of independent maturity? I believe the latter. Let me bring before you what I mean, in a true and veritable picture of an actual fact in life.

When I was a boy with awakening thoughts of nature, I discovered, under the hedge of white roses in my father's garden, a little, almost imperceptible rosy flower, with five petals and five golden points in its midst. It was a simple wild flower; and a hundred much finer flowers stood around in the garden, tended by my father's careful hand, while this was only allowed to bloom uncared for in an obscure place. Yet it was just this flower which, more than all others, attracted my attention; for when I looked into its crown and between its golden stars, I believed that I gazed into an endless depth. Through months and years at its time of blossoming, for hours have I gazed into it. It seemed always to wish to say something to me, and yet I could understand nothing: therefore I thought that I must necessarily discover something in the flower by and by, if I did not weary of looking into it.

With such love, such longing, such anticipation, dear mother, I think you look into the soulful countenance, into the clear light of the eyes of the child, unfolding like a flower before you: you also would discover something, in truth a *heaven*, in the child's starry eyes. My gaze at the flower resembles your gaze at the child; and so I think I understand you, and you, me. We understand each other directly, through our gaze at our darlings.

The boy wandered from his father's house, left the lovely garden, and the wild flower was forgotten. Only think of his joy when the youth, now more intimate with nature, found his flower again! He found it in company with the hazel-bush, whose flowers, not less significant, also burst forth in early spring; and with the same fervent love as of old, yes, with the same longing, he gazed into it again. And now it uttered its speech, — now it taught him to anticipate the mystery of existence, and the development of mysterious laws; but it also vanished again in the life-stream which absorbs all things.

Yet it was not gone forever. When I became a man,

conscious of working out my vocation, the flower met me again. What it had showed me in anticipation, I had now found in the trees which last ten, a hundred, yes, a thousand years, — a symbol of the recognition of good and bad, right and wrong, the actual and apparent. Now, after fifty years, it is clear to me, why, as a thoughtful boy, I gazed so longingly into the depths of the flower. The genius of life allowed me to contemplate therein, in anticipation, the depths of life, its laws and signification.

What I saw here symbolically, dear mother, your eyes contemplate in reality, in your dear child. Shall fifty more years go by you, as they did by me, before you explain clearly to yourself what the child's life tells you about itself and about life in general? Then, when life is almost past, will the recognition of the truth be of so much use to you or your child? What does the yearning gaze into the star-like flower and into the child's eyes teach? "Whatever unfolds itself, whether flower, tree, or man, is given as a condition in the collectiveness of its existence; and that he is to be a full, perfected man, is as manifest in the first appearance and in the first glance of the child, as the perfected flower and tree is manifest in the first appearance of the flower and tree."

In short, the transfiguring gaze at your child, O mother! is caused by your anticipation and desire to find within him the *whole human nature*, a nature destined for completion and perfection. But what *is* this abstract human nature, which, unencumbered and unabridged, clearly shows itself in your child? Your child, just because he is yours, that is, a *human* child, is destined to live in the past and future, as well as in the present. He brings into existence with himself a heaven of the past; he may give through his manifestations a heaven in the present, and disclose in himself the heaven of the future. The threefold heaven which you carry in yourself beams also towards you from your little child.

The animal lives only in the present: it knows neither the past nor the future in their extension. But Hope discloses the view of the future, the heaven of the future; Love opens the heaven of the present, the feeling of the inner, united existence of all life, sorrow as well as joy; and Faith lifts up her gaze from the past. For what mind would not be filled with the firmest faith, the most divine faith in all goodness, truth, holiness, manlikeness, and Godlikeness, when it looks with thoughtful and clear eyes into all the past? And where is the man, in whose spirit such looking into the facts of the past, would not become the "believing which is sight," the perception of the truth? And is it not the spirit of truth which guides the true life?

These union points of our highest and holiest human life, present, past, and future; these three genii of human life, faith, love, and hope, pour their beams upon you already, O mother! from your child's innocent face. It is the anticipation that the highest possibilities of mankind are already contained in your child, which so glorifies your nature in the contemplation of your first-born, and of each of your new-born children. Foster this thought, O mother! for by it you will unite your child's existence with the oneness of all life; the threefold nature of the little one with the foundation of all light, all love, and all life, — God.

And so in faith, in love, in hope,
Your child sees heaven already ope;
And God, the life, the light, the love,
Shall fit its soul for heaven above.

EXPLANATIONS OF THE MARGINAL PICTURES OF THE PLAY-SONGS.

PLAY OF THE LIMBS.

LIFE, thoughtful, tender mother, is the central point of all your feelings, your sensations, your thoughts; life is the focus, and point of reference, of all your working, acting, and doing; and therefore each and every manifestation of *life* in your beloved child suggests to you and arouses in you the feeling and working, the thinking and doing, which make inward harmony. Nothing therefore gives you more pleasure than to observe and consider the serene and powerful manifestations of life in your child, as soon as they begin; and when they so attract you, if you are not deterred by prejudice, custom, and error, you will feel yourself summoned to foster and guard the self-ruling principle of your child, thereby to strengthen, develop, exercise, and cultivate it, and so to lead him to self-culture, first of all.

Your child lies on the clean pillow before you, in the strength-giving air-bath, after a bath of pure water has already strengthened him; feeling strongly the health of his whole body, he lies, and beats the air with his arms, and kicks with his legs. You feel that he seeks an object, by means of which he may measure his strength, so that stretching out his legs he may enjoy the use of them. Your mother-love goes out to foster the needs and wishes which are shown by the child's actions; your hands or breast, against which, by turns, he presses his little legs, and toward which he stretches and kicks, will serve to

measure and thus to increase the strength of his limbs. Obey the law of motion which is shown in his opening strength, and you will thus foster not only the outward corporeal life of your child, but also his inner life, the life of his feelings, sensations, and soul; not only shall he gain his bodily strength through yours, but he shall also feel your love, the thoughtfulness with which you do all this, and which gives to your deeds and words their melodious tone. As his awakening and increasing strength is the oil which feeds the flame of your love, you would like your child to feel this truth, and by and by to express it. In the illustrative picture (Plate VII.), the little night-lamp, which you used during the nights when you kept a loving watch over your child, stands by you, and may be used as a symbol and image of this truth. A proper use of strength has extracted from some one of the oil-giving plants (the rape, the flax, the poppy, or whatever else is used in different countries), the oil which supplies the watcher's lamp; and so, by and by, you will teach your child that your mother-love shone forth to foster his strength and powers for a harmonious development. The pictured oil-mill to the left, near which, in a safe place, the flax and poppy have found room to strike their roots into the ground and to grow, will (until you find the opportunity to look with your child at such a mill in reality) give some idea of the mill which presses the oil out of the poppy-seed.

What the boy and girl see, each imitates in its own way. A mother takes her little flock into the neighboring valley, that they may perceive and feel the loving, all-working power in nature, though they do not as yet understand it. The boy has sought a place for his toy-mill up there by the stream, so that, impelled by the water, its wheel may move more quickly. His younger brother sits by, looking on with wide-open eyes, shading his face from the blinding sun, that it may not hinder him from seeing and admiring his brother's work. His elder sister, going more directly to her object, wades with bare feet in the clear brook, in which she tries to press the fine sand into a dyke. Filled with love, the mother sits, thinking how differently the children's characters manifest themselves, though occupied with the same thing, and to the same end. Mirrored in their childish play, she sees the future life of the three children, now so intent on binding the power of the water. The oldest, she foresees, will at some time employ the strength of his life-power which he is just beginning to use to attain his ends. The little girl through her own life and action will reach directly her goal, holding it fast in her own mind, and devoting to it all her strength. The younger boy will reach his aim by seeking to investigate the nature of power, and the laws of nature's working. Each of her playing children shows in the present a rich life within: but the mother lives in the present and the future, as well as in the past. For to the question, "Where are you going?" the poor woman going by with her basket, who is already partly up the hill, has answered, "Up to the rich miller, to see if I can get some oil in exchange for what I bring him; for my child is so sick that I must watch with it all night. Besides I need bread, for I can now earn nothing, and the poor child also must eat." This answer reminds the mother of the play of the kicking limbs; and looking at her children, and thinking of them, she asks, "Will their future life reward with gratitude their mother's love?"

AH! THERE FALLS MY BABY DOWN.

A Play for Strengthening the Whole Body.

It is often seen in life, that what is near is overlooked; thus it might be with this little song, and it might be asked, why it has a place in a picture-book when it cannot be represented by a marginal picture. And yet this little song and body-play could not well be left out; and therefore it appears without a marginal picture. It explains itself to you, thoughtful mother, through itself, and through the *motto*, as well as it points out the manner of playing it.

I see you, dear mother, as you stand before the table on which a pillow lies flat, or in front of the crib of your darling, who, half-sitting, half-lying, leans his fat little back against the hollowed hands which hold him a little raised above the pillow or crib; then you let your hands drop on the pillow softly, yet so as to give the body a slight jar. Or the child lies on a cushion or thick quilt before you, and you grasp both his little hands or arms, and raise softly the upper part of his body, so that he remains in a sitting posture. Now gently drop his hands or arms, and he will fall back, experiencing through his whole body a gentle shaking.

This falling backward, thus protected by your care and love, enhances the child's strength, and gives him the perception of strength; but you will have, anxious mother, opportunities enough in your later life to make your growing child perceive and feel that slipping without such loving care may lead to a bad fall. Yonder glides the child on its sled over the snow: he has not yet the eye and strength to guide the sled, and, see, he falls; fortunately he has hurt his leg but little. "Learn how to use your eye, my child, and increase your strength, and you may skilfully avoid a fall." Yonder the boy slides on the ice: he looks round carelessly, and lets his feet and legs go where they will; he falls, and fortunately his hand is only a little hurt. His pain says to him, "Look more carefully, my boy: control the motions of your feet and legs, that you may not again fall down." Oh! the little girl has dropped the smooth plate, and the little boy the bright, clear glass, though both the children were carrying the things so carefully, and did not let their eyes wander

from them. Their hands and fingers were not strong enough. "Steadiness and skilful carrying, if accompanied by feebleness and weakness, cannot prevent a fall." Make a word-picture, mother, from life, when you would teach your child, and you will not regret that an engraved picture is not here; but, on the contrary, will secure a lifelong fruit of this play for your child.

THE WEATHERCOCK OR VANE.

A Play for the Exercise of the Joints of the Hand and Elbow.

The fore-arm of the child is placed as nearly as possible in a perpendicular position; the hand is spread out in the same direction, so that the four fingers represent the tail, the flat hand the body, and the thumb the head and neck, of the cock. In this position, let your child's hand move now hither, now thither.

"This play is so very simple, too simple!" And yet it pleases the child: the repetition of it always delights, and will amuse him for a long time. Your child cannot yet speak; but only see with what pleasure and earnestness he moves his little hand when you say to him, "Show how the weathercock turns" (in many places called a vane), or, "Show the weathercock." What lies at the bottom of all this? Have you not observed, when you move an object before your child at a little distance, that to discover the moving cause, gives him more pleasure than to look at the moving object itself? It is the same thing here, the feeling and controlling of the principle of a result, the cause of an effect: it is this which makes the child so pleased and earnest. And see! he already shows a perception of what is founded on fact: that in the moving object is a moving cause, a moving power; and the child soon comes to the conclusion that beneath all living, moving objects lies a living, moving, animating power.

On a somewhat windy, almost stormy day, go with your children to the terrace in front of your house; for where will not the children love to go with their loving, self-sacrificing mother?

Hark! how the cock creaks on the steeple! The wind is moving its tail now here, now there. Here comes a hen escorted by her proud cock; but they are not entirely subject to the wind like the weathercock, so their tails are not blown about so much. But hear how the wind rustles among the clothes that are hanging out to dry: they appear to tell tales of the strong wind. How the child enjoys that rustling and chattering! The boy, who has brought a towel from the bath which the wind prevented him from taking, ties it to a long stick, and waves and shakes it in the air. The little girl's handkerchief and outstretched arm give her equal pleasure. Another boy finds more enjoyment in his kite, which he tries to raise up high that it may get more wind. "Clap, clap, clap, sounds yonder: what is it?" The wind is blowing the sails of the windmill swiftly round, and makes the clappers beat fast, "clap, clap, clap." And what do the large ever do, that the small do not try to imitate? (And therefore be careful what you, a grown-up person, do in the sight of the little ones.) Already a boy comes running with his paper windmill: see how it turns faster and faster as the boy runs. The mother yonder can scarcely guard her little daughter from the violence of the storm; and the man must keep himself well balanced, lest the wind drive him stumbling.

"Mother, there is to-day a strong wind that bends every thing: only see how sister's hair blows about like the clothes on the line. Where does the wind come from which blows every thing so?" — "Indeed, my child, if I were to tell you my idea of it, you would not understand it: it would sound to you like a foreign language if I should say that the pressure of the air, or a change in its density or in its temperature, is the cause of the wind; you would not understand what I mean. But this you can understand easily already: any great power, though it be only that of wind, even if you cannot see it, can accomplish many things great and small. There are many things, my child, which we can perceive, but cannot see; there are others which we can both perceive and see, but the why I cannot yet put into words for you, nor explain to you. You can see the motion of your hand; but the power within you which moves it, you cannot see. Consider and foster therefore all the powers you now feel: by and by you will better understand whence they come, even if they are invisible."

"ALL GONE."

A Play for Exercising the Joints of the Hand.

The turning of the hands now horizontally, now vertically, is well known to be a negative motion, implying that a certain thing or person is no longer there. This play, though it certainly by its motions exercises the joints of the hand (although in another position of the arm), is just opposite to the foregoing, both in its accompanying pictures and meaning. There was an extended actuality, here a deficiency; there was a continuance, here a cessation; there an actual reference to the present, here a general expression of the past; and throughout, a reference to what was, as compared to what is. Everywhere there was something which is no longer here: the soup is gone, the plate is empty, the light burned out, there is no more salt.

The dog who accompanied the father to the field has eaten his food: he appears to be still hungry, but there is nothing more. The boy is thirsty. "Please, sister, give me some water." — "There is no more there," she says, holding the empty glass upside down that he may see for himself. In consequence of this unexpected and

disagreeable information, he turns his attention from the buttered bread which lies behind him. The sly cat seems to have noticed this: she glides slowly up, and takes away the buttered bread to eat it. The boy, desiring it, will soon turn round, and will call out, "There is no more there." But I feel sorry for that little girl, because she had such good intentions: she meant to feed her singing-bird, and heedlessly left the door partly open, because she saw her sister reflected in the empty glass below. "Where is your singing-bird, my child?" — "Ah! it is no longer there: it has flown away." "Come with me, little sister," said her brother consolingly. "Up in an old tree I know of a nest with many little birds, which I will bring to you; then you will have many instead of one: come, only come." See the children standing full of such expectation, that the hungry dog, which has followed them unnoticed, eats the bread out of the boy's hand; and when he turns round he also cries, "It is no longer there." The brother is now already on the tree; "But what do I see? the birds are no longer there, they have all flown." — "But one of the little birds shall yet be mine," says the other brother. "See there, it is caught and confined under my hat: what a pleasure it will be to give it to my sister! just such pleasure as I have in you, beautiful raspberries, which I find here, and will taste. You, dear little bird, must in the mean time stay shut up in the dark." But the wind comes, turns over the hat, the bird escapes, and the boy when he returns says, "Ah! the little bird is no longer there."

"Mother, do not show me this picture any more, because nobody can keep any thing they want." — "You see, my child, if you want to keep any thing, you must be careful of it. You must not let yourself be carried away by your own eagerness. If you wish for any thing at a certain time, you must be punctual. Through the disappointed hope of quenching his thirst, the boy forgot his bread; through carelessness the little girl let her singing-bird fly away. The boy had no right to take the little birds from their nests, and put them in a cage: their strength and courage has made their freedom secure. The dog ate the bread of the boy when he was absorbed in expectation; and the pleasure which the boy expected to give his sister was spoiled by his not being able to resist the attractions of the raspberry-bushes." — "Mother, let me look again at the little birds that are flying away."

TASTE SONG.

This little song and play, like that of the falling game, is given without marginal pictures, with which it can the more easily dispense, as the object itself lies so much nearer to life than visible objects.

Who does not know and enjoy what you, loving mother, carry on as play with your child. clothing in delightful sport the most important things in life, when jesting and playing with the child, you say, "Let me bite," or "Bite into the pear." "Ah, how sweet, how sweet it tastes!"

Come, child, and take the berries white,
The berries of the currant-bush;
You crunch the fruit with glad delight,
And open wide your mouth for more:
You seem to think them good to eat,
Although some sour is mixed with sweet.

What is more important for your child than the cultivation of the senses, particularly of the sense of taste, especially if you deduce from it a moral? For who would willingly have an indiscriminate, low taste? Who is not pleased if it can be truly said of him, "He has a good taste, a fine taste"?

But what is there especially to commend the cultivation of taste? The fact that through the taste is made apparent the innermost existence, the soul, the spirit of things, the vivifying or destroying principle. This is indeed just the use and the high significance of the senses; that through them the innermost nature of things will be made known and manifest to our innermost, without the necessity of taking up the exterior material, as in the sense of taste. It is a highly remarkable quality of the senses, that through them he who has formed them within himself, by carefully following their indications, can already perceive the inner before it can work disadvantageously upon him, through their enjoyment of things which have a prejudicial and health-endangering influence, or before it is necessary to destroy the thing itself by the enjoyment of it; as it is the equally important corresponding quality of things, that they very frequently demonstrate outwardly their inner nature, and this is especially the case when the enjoyment of them is hurtful to the health. Thus it is well known that at least the greater part and the most hurtful of the poisonous plants have a gloomy, sad, wrinkled, tangled appearance; even the berry of the nightshade itself, beautifully round and smooth as it appears, and the spurge-olive with its peach-red blossoms, share this property, as in a yet higher degree do the thorn-apple and the black henbane. Where the form does not betray the noxious property, the odor decidedly reveals it by the impression of disgust which it causes: even when the enjoyment of the thing eaten is healthy in itself, and becomes unhealthy only when too much is eaten, the taste causes at least slight loathing whereby disgust and satiety result; as is the case, for instance, with honey.

But if the cultivation of the senses, that of sight, and especially those of smell and taste, is important in prompting us to shun many hurtful and unhealthy things, this cultivation is still more important for the development and elevation of the mind and spirit, and for the arousing of

the will to energy; for in all the natural world, the nature of things makes itself known only through cohesion, substance, smell, and taste, as well as through form and figure, size and number, tone and color, and the endless changes of relations and proportions. The exact, strong, early cultivation of all the senses is therefore primarily important, both for man's earlier life, his childhood, and his later life, his manhood; and especially as it does not, as with the savage, include only the bodily and physical, but endeavors earnestly to seek and perceive the innermost nature of things, which lie in them revealed, which is possible only by considering, linking, and comparing the workings of the senses. For, as people say, "Speak, and I will tell you who you are," so things and their nature can be perceived only through the qualities that are perceptible to the senses. And man's taste becomes genuinely good and pure only when he understands this language of things, and through it defines their nature and spirit, either by observing them, or by their influence on himself; and, in both cases, allows himself to be induced to action. For the soul, in fact, the spiritual activity of mankind, is revealed in the senses of the child as well as of the man; so the senses are, as it were, the guides to the highest spiritual knowledge. This is especially the case with the sense of taste in relation to the body, as well as to the moral spirit. Therefore, mother, cultivate your child's sense of taste.

Yet, as the taste-song with its motto endeavors to explain, the cultivation of the senses is not merely important for the recognition of the different classes of things, of their proportions, and of their influence on one another and especially on mankind; but the cultivation of the senses is, in another point of view, not merely as important, but much more so, in regard to the grade and degree of the physical cultivation, in reference to the degree of maturity attained by each thing; and this principally applies to human life, human relations and phenomena. A clearer, firmer, more open gaze into them, shows us that there may be an unlawful use of, or invasion into, the life of things, before ripeness has been attained, which is the assured foundation of a mass of human evil, both in the individual, and in large and small communities, in the family and citizen life as well as in business and professional life.

So it is, dear mother, that, by earnestly striving for the welfare of your child, a number of the evils destructive to the individual as well as to the family, to the citizen life as well as to the business and professional life, are to be avoided, for they have their assured foundation in this disturbing influence of the invasion of things which have not reached maturity, resembling the certain ill effects of unripe things upon the digestion. Therefore if you, mother, wish to secure the future well-being of each individual in your family, as well as of posterity, make your children, in their first free self-activity, and especially in their first appropriation of the products of nature, not only observe the fixed stages of development from unripeness to ripeness, but, above all, the natural repugnance to the use of all immaturity, in all the relations of life, and the often destructive re-action of this repugnance on physical life, and still more on spiritual and social life; and you will thus, in your motherly efficiency, become one of the greatest benefactors of the human race.

A TALK ABOUT SMELLING.

We have seen, in the taste-song already explained, the high importance of the cultivation of the senses, and especially of the sense of taste, in order to make us acquainted with the hidden causes of the outward appearances about us.

To the sense of taste, however, is closely allied that of smell: they supply each other's deficiencies, and thus reveal to us more completely the objects around us, both in their beneficial and detrimental aspects, not only with regard to the body, but also with regard to the higher and purely spiritual life. Very difficult is it for the mother to decide where the bodily existence ends, and the spiritual begins. On account of this melting of the physical into the spiritual, of the vital into the intellectual, of the instinctive into the moral, is the careful cultivation of the senses, especially of the taste and smell, which fit into each other so as to form one whole, indispensable. Where the senses of sight and taste leave us in uncertainty, that of smell sets in, and makes all clear to us; for it is very remarkable, as we have already said, that every thing injurious to health not only wears a drooping melancholy aspect to the sight, but conveys a kindred impression to the taste and smell; nay, even to the hearing, as, for instance, discordant tones in metals, for which reason we say, "That has the true ring about it," — all of which shows the immense importance of cultivating the senses. Further it is important to notice that every thing in itself good, healthy, and elevating, as soon as it is used in excess, has an opposite and injurious effect; for instance, the scent of the lilac in a small room. Excess always engenders disgust, disgust becomes loathing, warning us to avoid excess for health's sake. All this, O mother! you can teach in the several games of smelling and tasting, and in your loving conversations with your children. "Mother, I've got a headache." — "What have you been doing, then?" — "Nothing but gathering beautiful flowers, which I have been putting together here." — "Ah! that is just it: so many strong-smelling plants, especially those lilacs in the midst, have loaded the air of the room with their scents, which work upon your head through your nose. We may have too much even of a good thing; and what is good in itself must have a sufficient sphere

for its activity, if it is to be beneficial. It is selfish, my child, to collect around yourself too much that is good and beautiful, leaving very little for others to enjoy."

"But, mother, the plants and flowers seem to love us as you do."

They lead us by example bright
To shun the dark, and seek the light.
Blossoms tender, fragrant, coy,
Filling all my heart with joy,
Come and whisper in my ear
How ye live from year to year;
Your sweet peace to me impart,
And purify my inmost heart;
Set me aye from danger free;
When trial comes, admonish me.
All your names I now can tell:
Teach your language to me well;
Your form and color speak to me,
And say, "You shall not weary be."
Your words, like many perfumes rare,
Float upon the summer air,
Teach to love the true, and know
When pleasure leads to woe;
For within each blossom bright
Lurks a spirit fair and light.
Yes, sweet flowers! ye yourselves
Are kind and ever-watchful elves,
That comfort me when I am weak,
And teach me higher things to seek;
Pointing me to the God above,
Who made both you and me in love.
Let me pluck you as a prize
To gladden my dear parents' eyes,
And be to them a sign from me
Of gratitude and harmony.
E'en the dreadful reaper, Death,
Cannot stop your fragrant breath.
Still it lingers in the air
To soothe me when ye are not there.
Your beauty and enchanting grace
Remind me of my mother's face, —
Of her who would be fain to die,
Could she but bless her child thereby.
There's nothing fair that I can find,
Which ye recall not to my mind;
For every hour I breathe and live
The gentle counsel ye can give,
To be more loving, kind, and true.
Such lessons I have learned from you.
Speak to me still: my eager ear
Will always ready be to hear;
Nor will I pluck you in unthinking play,
Lest hidden thorns should make me rue the day.

TIC-TAC.

A Play for Moving and Training the Arms.

The execution of this play is easy. Your child, fostering mother, stands before you on a table, as shown by the picture, or he may sit in your lap with one of his little arms free, and so that you, letting the arm hang down pendulum-fashion, can move it. That the movement is not confined exclusively to either the right or left arm, is easily understood, and scarcely needs to be mentioned. But yet be it said, that, in order that the cultivation of your child be not confined to one point, this play can be carried on with the legs also, making now the right, now the left leg march: all this will lead to a healthy, beautiful, thoughtful, and dexterous development of the child.

Shall we, thoughtful mother, mutually explain something beyond the picture? Yet indeed you know all this better than I; for I have learned it first from you, in considering your thoughtful, motherly acts.

You are entirely right: it is certainly well worth consideration, that children are so much attracted by any thing that is called a clock. (The Swiss, so expressive in this and in many other things, call it "time.") I cannot but retain the persuasion that a higher and inner meaning, a certain relation of anticipation and affinity in regard to the spirit, is expressed in this, as in many another play. It is certain that the invariability of the laws of motion, the *rhythm* of the pendulum-beats, has something very attractive; and you yourself still remember from your school-days that the mode and swiftness of the pendulum-beats instructed us more than seemingly more important things, — more than the place and form of our earth-ball; so that it would now appear that the anticipation of a higher signification in the child's attraction to the clock and pendulum-beat is an argument in favor of my persuasion. Yet you allow this: the motion, the wheel-work, the apparent life in the clock, the mechanism, especially the concealment and mystery, is the attraction? It may sometimes be so, I grant; but it certainly is not *all* the attraction, else why do children, as I have often observed, like to make sun-dials in which no other motion is represented than the almost imperceptible one of the advancing shadow? Allow me the opinion, the belief, the conviction, that a deep, slumbering presentiment of the importance of *time* lies at the foundation of the child's liking for the play representing the clock. This, my opinion as an opinion, harms neither the child nor any one else; but it is serviceable in its application to the child and to every one, for who does not know the importance of the employment of time for all the needs of life? I scarcely know any thing which is more important for man, from his earliest appearance on earth, than the holding and grasping of the right times. Does not the very life of the child depend on it in the first moments of life? Therefore it is highly essential to make use of the desire, I might say the attraction, which the clock has for the child, in order to educate him to the right consideration, correct comprehension, and best use of time. We, careful mother, will employ this, like the little leg-plays, to develop carefulness about time in our dear child; so that later he may understand you when he begs of you, "Show me this little

picture," and you say to him, "See what the little kitten is doing.

So clean and smooth itself it makes,
That in our hearts it pleasure wakes.

It certainly knows that now the time for the visit of dear friends approaches."

"Come to me, my dear child, that you may be made clean and bright," says the mother, "for dear guests are soon coming. Your father's dear eyes, which are so clear, my child, must find you also pure; and the beautiful little flowers and the clean little doves are coming too.

To make himself one with such visitors sweet,
My child must be clean, my child must be neat.

But the dear child always has visitors: the clear rays of the sun, the shining stars, and the bright moon, come to him; they also wish to see and caress him.

They wish the little child to meet,
Because he is so clean and sweet:
Else would the bright ones my little child shun;
That to them, as to thee, would give pain, little one.
Therefore, my child, where'er thou mayst be,
Let purity never be absent from thee."

Just five little children are playing clock there. These five little children are of course five little fingers who would like to learn to know the time, so that they can do every thing at the right time. "Come here, five little fingers of my baby's hand, and learn from the five little children in the picture."

MOWING GRASS.

An Arm-Play.

Both your child's little hands (the fore-arms stretched out horizontally, and a little raised with bent fingers, the outer side turned up) rest in your hands, which are held and bent in the same way, but whose outer side is turned under; both sets of arms move alike, making thus a motion similar to that of mowing grass. This movement especially cultivates the joints of the upper arm, and improves the erectness of the child.

Nothing, mother, is more prejudicial to the well-being and inner blessedness of your children, and especially to the cultivation of their hearts, and the fostering of their minds, than inability to consider objects which outwardly appear separate and apart from them, as being also inwardly separate from the whole life-bond. You, careful mother, may early guard your child from this by a childish play like the foregoing one. "Mother, I am hungry." — "Go to the kitchen, and let them give you some bread;" or, "There is a penny: go and buy a roll." So, indeed, we must often in life say to the child. Only we shall not always say so. Early, and as often as possible, we shall make perceptible the succession of the conditions and needs which must all be gone through and fulfilled ere one can briefly say, "Go and let them give you this or that bread," or something else.

This can be effected by the thoughtful selection, sequence, and grouping of beautiful pictures of country and garden life, of trade and business life, and by telling short stories connecting real life with them, such as you, mother, have certainly already attempted; and we, if you will permit it, will now do it again, looking through this collection of pictures together.

It will be easy for you, guided by the song and drawing, to teach your child, when it asks for an explanation of the picture, that it must thank for its bread and milk, not only its mother, Peter, the cow, Lizzie, and the baker, but, above all, the Life-Giver and Preserver, the Father of all beings; through whose design, indeed, the earth (by means of the influences of dew and rain, sunshine and night, winter and summer) brings forth grass and herbs for the nourishment of animals, and through them of mankind. Your child will certainly understand you, and all the more if you allow him to take a part, if only by imitating (like the boy in the picture) what the grown-up people do in order to preserve life; and especially if you by and by make him cultivate his own little garden, harvest the fruit when ripe, and thus lead him to reflect on the influence of sun, dew, and rain, and of the eternal laws of God which govern earth and nature. If it is just as little possible now for the child to draw together the links of its life-chain as it is for the children who sit in the lower corners of the picture to link together their chain of milk-giving flowers, yet he will just as little doubt of its future success, as the diligent boy and the thoughtful girl doubt that in their own progressive development they will one day joyfully draw together the links of their life-chain. "Be careful," says the tree on the left, by which the boy sits (by its appearance to him and to all those who are to be educated), "be careful that meanness, baseness, falseness, and delusion do not spring from the originally good stem: else there will grow from it only a shrunken stick which will yield nothing but harsh and unpalatable fruit." "Be careful," the tree on the right, by which the little girl sits, by its form says to her and to all growing-up children, "be careful that you do not injure the top, the summit, the life-attraction, or, indeed, break the summit, the crown, from the life-tree of your existence, by ignorance and thoughtlessness: else your reward will be bushes, wood, and leaves, but not blossoms, and still less fruit." And it is now clear to me, mother, why both the children sit turned away from the trees. May the important truths which they express to the children never find an echo in their hearts from their own experience! Mother, mother, may you never have to fear any thing evil for your children, from that which

is attractive to them! With you, glad boy, mowing with strong arms, and with you, active girl, gayly following the hay-cart, this is certainly not the case.

CALLING THE CHICKENS.

The beckoning hand of the mother, and that of the child, with his lovely bent fingers closely pressed together, require no further directions for the outward explanation of this child-play. The strength and skill gained by this moving of the fingers explains itself.

But this mother has surely heard that of which we spoke, in respect to the foregoing drawing. Only look at the little, healthy, strong child, whose eye never turns away from the chickens which its mother's beckoning and calling detains. The mother has certainly brought him into the open air, that he may clearly perceive his fresh, ruling, inner life mirrored in the outward, and so feel it strongly in himself. Several groups of children have followed the mother into the open air to share the pleasure; for who would not willingly follow such a child-fosterer, especially what children would not do so? But see also the health, the gayety, and the thoughtfulness, which abide in the faces and motions of all these children. See the three on the right, the middle one of whom is kneeling: how attractively the fresh life of nature acts as a magnet upon them! so strongly it attracts the sturdy boy behind the two little girls, that he is not content to share it with them alone: no, he turns round to beckon to the three other children who appear so gay over there by the tree; but they seem to have no desire to leave the view which lies before them, and which attracts them too powerfully. And here, to the left, how the child crouches down, that he may not lose one of the manifestations of life made by the chicken family. One little girl, impelled by her awakening desire to cherish something, eagerly beckons and calls to the cock and hens, lest they leave behind any of their chickens. So each sees in the mirror of nature his own inner life, and strengthens this life through the perception; as the child descries its life in the mirror of its mother's eyes, and grows strong in this perception. And certainly all these children will grow upward as gayly as the hops which climb so fresh and strong near the little girls; and in the future they will all stand as firmly as the tree under whose shadow the little children now rejoice in the life of nature.

CALLING THE DOVES.

What the child often saw, while on the mother's arm or lap, she willingly displays to please him while sitting at the table. The fingers of the mother, which then move, tapping toward the child, represent the doves or birds hopping toward him in the open air: the child, attracted, is induced to imitate the actions of the mother, and so begins to exercise the finger-joints by moving forward his fingers. So much for the exterior of this play.

Life attracts life. As, in the preceding drawing, the life of nature attracts the children, so here the life of nature, especially the life of doves or birds, attracts the joyous and cherishing life of the little ones. See how familiarly the doves come to them, as if they understood each other's language: from all sides the doves flutter toward the children, as if they understood each other, so much the more that the language of others is incomprehensible to them. And, O mother! is it not frequently so in your every-day life with your children? Did not your children more frequently obey you when they did not understand your words, than now when the meaning of the words is clear to them? What and why is this? Must we go to the animals for an explanation? The word and the thing, the thing and the word, the deed and the word, the word and the deed, are in their language one and the same.

THE LITTLE FISHES IN THE BROOK.

The child either sits on its mother's lap embraced by her left arm, or sits before her on the table; the mother's hands are in a horizontal position, and somewhat parallel; the fingers move independently of each other, now extended, now bent, in a motion imitating swimming: thus the exterior of this little play lies open before you.

Little birds and little fishes are what the child's heart most enjoys. Wherefore? They both appear wholly independent, at least wholly unhindered, free to move in their surroundings; and this has for the child an inexpressible value and attractiveness. Clearness and freedom, purity and unimpeded self-movement, — these are the foundations of that enjoyment of life in which the child feels itself so happy, in which it attains strength and development. And yet the little child likes nothing better than to catch the little bird or fish. Is not this a contradiction? It does not appear so to me. In the little bird, your child might like to appropriate, in innocence and purity, the little bird's gay flying; and, in the little fish, its vigorous swimming; and the free and happy self-movement and self-destination of both. This it is, mother, which causes your child so much pleasure in catching little birds and little fishes. Yet the catching of the external does not help, however often it may be successful. From the internal must the free existence be won; from the internal only will be attained by effort the clearness and purity in which it is such joy for the child to move. If, mother, you try to bring this near to your child, though at first only in the dimmest anticipation, you lay forever the foundation of the inner peace and the true joyousness of life for your children. Employ to

this end, mother, your child's early desire for the innocent, the pure, — for joyful activity and gay movement.

"Brother, catch for me, too, one of the fishes that swim so strongly in the little brook: that one is now in one place, now in another, now crooked, now straight; this one is so lovely in all its movements. Ah! if I could swim so, turn and twist myself, bend and curve, come forward so directly, run away so swiftly, hide myself so easily! Then how I would tease you, little brother! Brother, catch me a fish." — "Here is one, little sister; but hold it fast lest it get away." — "But, brother, it does not move about any more; it only stretches itself out straight: and yet it still lives, it still gasps. I will lay it on the grass; it will then certainly move again: but there, too, it lies straight. Where is all its strong motion gone?"

"Do you not know then, sister, —

In the watery world alone
The little fish can find a home.
There it feels in its right place,
Swims about with ease and grace,
Uses all its strength aright:
Thus it lives, free, gay, and bright;
Happy in its element
As it moves, now straight, now bent."

Straight and bent! How important is the distinction between these to the whole life of your beloved little child! "This is a straight (upright) man;" "a straightforward management;" "a straight (upright) character;" "he goes the straight (direct) way;" "he has a straight thought, a straight (plain) word:" who would not be pleased with these words even, if as yet only a child? But whose happiness is not lessened by the following expressions? "He goes the crooked way;" "do not get around it so crookedly (not straightforward);" "I do not like a crooked business." It is important for your dear child early to learn to distinguish straight from crooked. The design of the drawing shows that this idea has also occurred to the artist. Straight and crooked swim the fish, straight and crooked flows the water, straight and crooked grows the tree, the snake crooks itself uncomfortably about the straight, slender calla, — the brideflower. If you have early made permanent and perceptible to your child the distinction between straight and crooked, also that the crooked (dishonest) brings discomfort and the straight (honest) comfort in art and life, thought and speech, then will straightness (uprightness) and all belonging to it be the expression of the child's dealings; and then will he move freely and gayly in the right place for his working and creating, by the right use of his versatile, developing strength, as the little fishes move vigorously in the brook.

LENGTHWISE, CROSSWISE.

With this play we take a new and peculiar step. And this play, be what it may, must take an essential place in the order of the child's development: for I have repeatedly found it in the general fundamental form, among the high and low in the different countries and dialects of Germany; and it appears to me important to the whole future life of the child, as it introduces him into the life of knowledge and business.

The outside of the play is, mother, already known to you. Your child stands or sits in some kind of a way before you, holding now his left hand, now his right, horizontally toward you: now you take the forefinger of his other hand, or your own, and make therewith, on one of his hands, two straight lines, which cross each other in a right angle; then, where they join, bore a pretended hole with the middle finger, and, with the same finger used as a hammer, seem to drive in a nail, and lay your hand flat on it while you sing the song given already.

The motto seeks to give clearly the inner meaning of the play, but permit me here to indicate it yet more clearly in some respects. Why, then, is this play, as already said, in different ways so common? I confess that I see in it the child's first idea of position and form, which makes it indispensable for him to pay proper attention to the appearance of things. One line is the long line, the other the cross line; associated with each other, one appears vertical, the other horizontal; they cut across each other in the middle, thus uniting and connecting the opposites, forming four similar and therefore right angles; but both lines with their four ends are in one plane, as is shown by the hands, one lying underneath, the other beating on it. "But I do not understand a word of that," you say: "how, then, shall my child understand any thing of it?" You are right, mother: your child would not understand a word of what has just been said, if it were spoken to him; but he must have some presentiment of the thing, or the play would not please him: thus do you not see, careful, thoughtful mother, that the knowledge of things must be nearer to your child, lie deeper within his mind, and be to him more primitive, natural, and profitable, than knowledge of words? If you desire, therefore, to instruct him in natural and profitable ways, teach him directly through seeing and doing things. "Why is this way of training so permanent?" you ask. What the child himself sees, makes a deep impression on his mind: he seems already to have felt that three things are always united, — what is special, what is common, and the reference of both to himself.

Three things united here are shown,
Though yet unto the child unknown;
But powerful inward thought they wake,
Proved by the care the child will take.

The three lead to a single aim;
And, pleased, the child will seek the same,
And place the things before his eyes:
According to number, form, and size.

The artist seems to wish to make this plain to the child: the three Tyrolean archers have the same aim in view; and the hearts of the three boys carrying the target are filled with the same desire.

PAT-A-CAKE.

This little play is a very common one, used in England as well as in so many different countries in so many different forms. The general diffusion proves how the simple motherly thought cannot at all help giving the natural movement of the limbs in the exercise which they seek, and at the same time a definite reference to life, and thus, simultaneously with the first activity of the child, putting him into the midst of life, and in combination with it. This is clearly and definitely proved, and demands that what till now has appeared accidental and dismembered in the natural thought of the mother and human being, should be drawn forth from the inner individual thinking mind, and the inner coherence lying at the foundation of, and so important for, manhood and childhood, recognized and conformed to in its higher signification, shall be further developed by the thoughful, intellectual spirit. For the spirit of manhood as a whole, and especially as it expresses itself in so lifeful and childlike a manner in the life of motherhood and childhood, must not remain disagreeably isolated and continually dismembered, but shall, as itself individual, develop into a childhood versatile, clear, beautifully formed, and full of presentiments, and into a conscious motherliness, the carefully laid foundation of a human life, noble, strong, and rich in action and virtue.

The outside of this little play is so well known and so easy, that it requires but a few words with special reference to the double representation of the drawing. The child sits or stands, as already described in the foregoing play, before the nurse. She grasps his two little hands so that their inner surfaces lie perpendicularly on one another: then she begins the play, clapping them against one another; the holding of the arms, of the whole body, and the movement of the upper arm-joints, are thereby exercised and trained. I have already said that this little play has resulted from the need of using the limbs which the child feels, and from fostering his desire for activity, thus placing him in the coherence of his outer life; so here the bread, the wheat-roll, above all, the cake, a favorite food of children, which motherly love so willingly furnishes them, must first be baked, ere the child can receive it from the loving mother's hand, and enjoy it; and therefore the baker mediates between the mother-love and the longing of the child. This is all well and good: it is a link of the great chain of the inner coherence of life, but not the only one, and still less the last. As often as there is an opportunity, make this coherence of life clear, profitable, perceptible, and apparent to your child, even if he holds only the most essential links of this great chain up to the last link of the whole, — God's father-love for all. The baker cannot bake if the miller grinds no flour for him; the miller cannot grind the flour if the farmer brings him no grain; the farmer can bring no grain, if the fields bear for him no seed; the field can bear no seed if nature does not work to that end in inner harmony; nature could not work in inner harmony if God had not placed in it powers and materials, and if his love did not lead all to the desired results.

Each of the little children who plays at baking bread, and eating it, has certainly been brought up with these ideas. Do not disturb them in their thoughtful, sensible play: rather pay no attention to it if you cannot enter into the kindly spirit that lies at its foundation. This is no degrading of the holy to the external life: no, this is to give to the germ and also to the external the inner significance and high consecration which are so needful; for how could your child be led now and through its whole life to foster holiness in itself in buoyant innocence if you would not permit it to be free in its innocent plays? But such is possible only for innocence which has not been dragged forth from the sanctity of the life of childhood by officious eye and word.

BIRD'S NEST.

The outside of this little play, the position of the hand which you, thoughtful mother, exhibit first alone, and later for the child's imitation to lead it on, is given clearly enough in the drawing, so that it needs but one addition. In the beginning of the play the two thumbs are so laid together, that one sees only the lower joint of each, and represent two eggs; at the words, "hatches out two birds in all," the thumb-tips are raised so that they resemble the heads and necks of two little birds; at the words, "pip, pip, pip, hear the mother call," the two thumbs move as if the birds were seeking their mother. You, mother, thoughtfully considering the life of the child and its unfolding, should trace this out step by step, and feel that, deep and sure as the conditions of it lie in your child's innermost nature, not so directly and instantaneously can be awakened in the child the presentiment and perception of the inner and higher all-uniting coherence of life, and still less the presentiment and perception of the eternal one life-fountain, of the only good, God. This must be done by slow degrees, and at first with feeble steps and tender hand: the way lies through the thoughtful, spiritual, and tender consideration of nature and of the

life of mankind, and through the fostering reception of the inward life of the same into the mind of the child, as exhibited in its own intellectual and imaginative life.

In this little play, you enter with genuine motherly thought upon the first of these steps. You are led to enter on this step by your feeling and presentiment that your child feels within itself this inner coherence of nature. In what can it foresee this coherence more full of life, more active, and more formed? In what is it better shown and more perceptible than in a bird's nest, — a nest of young birds? The time of nesting, the beginning time when all nature unfolds, the spring, the beautiful time of year, spring and summer, aid in the development and strengthening of the young birds, supplying the nourishment increasingly necessary to their development; and, when the rough autumn and frosty winter come, the little birds have gained strength enough to seek their own food, to endure the winter, or to fly away. The place of the nest is evidently where the parent-birds find the most food to supply their little ones, and to satisfy their hunger. In the neighborhood of human dwellings there are many insects, flies, gnats, and spiders; at one of the houses is the nest of the sparrow between the rafters, and at the other house the nest of the swallow; in the hedge, so rich in insects, is the robin-redbreast's nest and that of the hedge-sparrow. The nest of the titmouse is in wormy, hollow trees, as the stork's nest is near the marsh so full of frogs.

The peculiar form of each nest is as important as the time and place of building: the finch's nest, between the branches of the apple-tree, is scarcely to be distinguished from its bark; the nest of the titmouse resembles a bundle of moss, by this appearance avoiding danger as much as possible. But more than all, the necessitous condition, and especially the tender and uncovered skin, of the young animals, awaken the sympathy of the child: its whole nature turns lovingly toward them, desiring to cherish and protect them.

"Mother, mother, only see the nest-full of young birds which these children have found. It is good they came, for the little birds were all alone: the parents have certainly left them. I am sorry for the poor little creatures." — "You are mistaken, dear: the mother is only gone looking for grain, gnats, and small worms, for her children to eat; she will soon come back. And see the father up there: he sits perfectly still on the branch of the tree. See how steadily he watches to see that his little children receive no harm from the little visitors. Only look up: there sits the father steadily by the nest, like a careful watcher, and the little mother comes gayly with food. But while the mother flew away for food, and the father kept watch, the dear sun shone in the mean while so warmly into the nest, and cherished the young birds like the mother herself. Only see how happy the little ones are; and the mother-bird, which you do not see by the other nest, and which the little birds do not see either, thinks always of her children, and as she flies she says, —

"Ah! would a little gnat appear
With which to feed my children dear!
How gladly would I hie me home!
With what delight they'd see me come!"

"So, my child, if I also

Cannot always be with thee,
Like them you must not cry for me.
For dear you ever are to me:
Whate'er I do, I think of thee.
Alone thou never art; for, see
The light of the heavenly Father's dear sun,
Who never forsakes thee, my dear little one,
Presses everywhere toward thee.
And thou of this must mindful be:
A crying child, sun hates to see.
While thou art small, God gives thee strength to play:
Thy longing for it brings it day by day."
"O mother, darling mother, how dear thou art to me!
No lovelier thing on earth than mother-love can be."

THE FLOWER-BASKET.

The position of the hands is clearly shown by the picture: the little finger of the right hand lies on the forefinger of the left, the finger-tips of the right hand rest in the angle between the thumb and forefinger of the left, so that the palms of the hands form a hollow half-globe, the tips of both thumbs meet on the outside. The position of the hands may be reversed, but the thumb-tips must in both cases be turned outwards. It is very good for the training of the hands, and the skilful bending of them, which is the first aim, if the basket be represented in the above double manner.

The inner significance of this play is, like that of the preceding, to early lead the child to the loving care and thoughtful cherishing of the versatile, perceptible, though invisible, inner spiritual connections, especially of the human connections in the child and family life.

"Why do the children gather with so much care and solicitude the lovely flowers in that pretty basket? and why does the mother cut off the beautiful lily?" Do you know what I think, my child? To-day must certainly be their dear father's birthday. Yes, it is. See, there the father sits in the arbor in the garden on the hill. I can plainly see he has a pencil in his hand, and is certainly drawing a little picture for his dear little children, so that his birthday may be for them, as well as for him, a day of pleasure. Perhaps he is drawing the serene morning landscape, and the still but yet beautiful rising sun, a type of the beginning of his earlier life, as now of theirs. See, child, the smallest sister seems to anticipate this: she cannot wait at all till the bigger basket is heaped with flowers,

but trots off to her father in the arbor with her little basket. "Here, dear father," says she, "here are a few flowers for your birthday: do you like them? But mother, sister, and brother will bring more soon which are beautiful." — "My darling," says the father, "your little flowers are beautiful, fresh, and pure: every thing will delight me to-day."

You see, my child, he means that the sun shines so kindly, the sky so clear, the air so mild, the trees so green, the little birds so happy, their songs so sweet, the flowery meadow so dewy. Can you see it all out there, where the father is looking, in the picture? And can you see where the old castle glitters up there, as if it spoke a friendly good-day? That is what the dear father means: it is that which makes every thing so pleasant to him to-day.

"But," says the father to the child, "all this would not give me much pleasure, if I had not a dear little daughter, and if she had no sister, no little brother."

"And no dear, good mother:" that certainly the father says also, mother. Oh, yes! that he surely says; for he knows that the mother loves him and all the children dearly.

"But do you know also, little daughter," says the father again to the child, "whom I thank for all this joy?"

It is himself, thought the child, because father is so good. But the father says, "He who has given me life; He who gave and gives life to all of us; the All Life Giver God, the Father of all: it is he whom I thank for all the joy that will be mine to-day. When your mother, sister, and brother come, we will all thank him together.

As all the birds their thanks to him are singing,
As larks on vigorous wing are upward springing,
As to a prize the little swallows go,
And all the lovely little flowers blow,
As to him in the splendid morning-red
The plain with smiling dewy grass is spread,
As in exultant jubilee and song
Thanks rise to him to whom all thanks belong;

So," says the father to the little daughter, "will we also thank him."

Mother, when is my father's birthday?

To him will I bring, in my basket small,
Beautiful flowers, for he loves them all:
Well pleased will he be the flowers to see,
And forms of his goodness they seem to me.

THE DOVE-HOUSE.

A Play for the Exercise of the Arms, Hands, and Fingers.

The position of the hands is clearly shown by the somewhat too masculine hand in the drawing. The left arm in the picture (your left arm also as seen in the glass), from its more vertical position, represents the post or pillar; and the hands joined together, more rectangular (one might say square) than round, represent the dove-house which rests on it; the forefingers of the right hand, unconfined, and freely moving, represent the door of the dove-house opening and shutting, and, by various movements, the doves also. For the equal cultivation of both arms, the right may represent the post of the dove-house, and the fingers of the left hand sometimes the doves, and sometimes the door of the dove-house. This little play, enacted before older children, as well as imitated by them, gives them great pleasure: for the child already longs at an early age to observe active life, especially the life of nature; he longs to move, more or less freely, in the open air, at least to inhale full draughts of the fresh, clear air as a means of strengthening and developing his life. Mother, fosterer of childhood, provide air for your child as much as you can: only do not stop there. Consider that his spirit, though as yet unconsciously, seeks something lasting in that which appears and passes, — seeks always in the external for the internal; in the individual, a deep-lying general; in that which is single and separate, for union; finally, though as yet unconsciously, he seeks in himself, as a human child, as a spark of the one God, unity, harmony, — God. Therefore foster this presentiment as much as you can, that it may be to the child an increasingly active, comprehensive, although as yet unintelligible feeling; that it may be an increasingly lively perception in the child's mind. Mother, and you who take the place of a mother, do not say that your child is yet too young. Too young! do you know when, where, and how the spiritual developments of your child begin? Do you know where, when, and how the limits and the beginning of the not yet existing may be, and how they always make themselves known? In God's world, just because it is God's world, created by God, is expressed a constant, that is, undivided, continuous development in all and through all. Keep this fostering always in mind, that it may be true of you, that,

"Bearing it always in mind, you express it also in action."

The question is not the when, the time of fostering, but, alas! only too often the way and manner of doing it. Your child will learn to step before it learns to walk; it will try to stand before it strives to advance; it tries to develop and to strengthen its legs, its whole body, before it willingly, eagerly, stands on its legs. If you make your child stand and walk because it has legs, you make its legs weak and crooked. See, mother, in the bodily development the law of the spiritual is also expressed: if you begin too late, your child will be awkward, deformed in body and mind; if you begin too early — alas! do we not meet too many men who in consequence pass through life with weak, crooked minds, like the children with their weak, crooked legs? O mother, and you who take a mother's place! never forget this: instruct your little

child in the great coherence of life, and in accordance with its simple laws. In order not to forget it, commit to memory these words: —

"Linked together in one whole the parts of life must be:
The end and aim of child-life is blessed unity."

But we will not forget our dove-house, and the law of life it so simply expresses.

This law appears also active in the mind of the mother with the child on her arm, and also in the minds of all represented in the picture. The fresh, healthy little child, sitting so securely on its mother's arm, does not turn its glance from the three doves below: it seems as if it would like to catch and take them with its eyes. The boy seems to stand before his mother as if chained to the spot: he is looking at the titmouse which sits yonder on that cut-off branch, with its face turned away from the hole into which it would slip to join its young, but that it fears to betray the nest and nestlings. The boy, in looking at it, entirely forgets his apple, though his hands clasp it tightly. "Stop, mother!" he says in a tone scarcely audible, so as not to frighten away the bird. "See there, on the cut-off branch with the hole in it!" The mother sympathizingly checks her step, and looks also at the anxious little creature. The two little children who are turning homeward must also, while out of doors, have remarked something of life-importance to them; for, as they walk along, they seem absorbed in their communications.

"Now tell me, my dear son," says the mother on the right to the child, "where have you been?"

"In the yard, in the garden, in the field, on the meadow, to the fish-pond, to the brook."

"What beautiful things have my children seen there?"
"The doves and chickens, the geese and ducks,
And swallows and sparrows, the larks and finches,
And wagtail and titmouse, and raven and magpie,
The beetle and bumble-bee, the bug and butterfly."
"Where did you see the doves and chickens?"

"In the yard, mother: they picked up the corn there, and ate it. The chickens would run fast if they found any thing, or if the cock, who had found something for them, called them. But the doves could not run so fast, nor the ravens which I saw in the field. A raven ran almost like a dove, and a black dove ran so that I thought it was a raven. But the ravens and magpies, the wagtails and titmice, could hop: it is very funny to see them hop about on their stiff legs. Ah, mother! you must go with me, that I may show them to you; and the geese and ducks too, as they swim on the water and dive under. But only think! they could fly too; they flew right over my head away to the fish-pond: how they frightened me!" — "See, my child, the geese and ducks are birds also, like the doves and chickens, the swallows and sparrows, the larks and finches: they are all birds."

"Mother, are the doves and hens birds too?" — "My child, have they not feathers? have they not wings? have they not, like all birds, two legs?" — "But the doves live in the dove-house, and the hens do not fly." — "Only a little; but that is because they practise so little, that they have forgotten. What we do not wish to forget, we practise. The sparrows and swallows are also birds, and they also live in houses and under roofs." — "Then, mother, are the bees and butterflies and bugs also birds? They have wings too, and can fly much higher than the ducks and hens?" — "Do you not see that they have no feathers? They build no nests, and they do not have a great many things that birds have: they are indeed animals as well as the birds and other creatures, for they move as they will; but they have also something which the birds do not have. Look at that bug, at this fly: see, they have indentations here and there; and these indentations are called notches, and the creatures themselves are therefore called insects." (Translated literally, "notched animals.") "Mother, you must walk with me, and go into the open air: there every thing is so much more beautiful!" — "Child, I cannot: I must make clothes for you, cook something for you to eat, and keep every thing in order. See how in free nature every thing is in such fine order, each thing in its place: each does its work so beautifully, so joyfully, that it seems to me as if I heard the dear God, who made all things so beautiful, say to me, 'Wife and mother, in your little house also all things must be in order, each thing in its right place, and every one do their own work.' And many other things he says to me: 'Each must also in his own place do right. Now your child may play about, that he may exercise his strength like the little bird; but later he must, like the apple-tree, remain in one place, that he also may bear healthy fruit.' See, my child, this is the reason why I cannot go with you to play, and cannot go to walk with you. I must stay in the house as the tree stays in its place; but notice every thing, and tell me about it when you come home." — "Mother, I will go out again to-morrow: then I will tell you about it again, and then you can make me see and hear all the dear God says about it."

Conclusion: Teaching and learning go through the whole of man's life. The oldest teacher has yet something to learn, and the oldest educator must still permit himself also to be instructed: he must learn especially not only from men, but from all that surrounds him, from the animals themselves. So it happened to me with the doves. A visit in my childhood led me to the house of a friend of doves: my chamber was in the neighborhood of his dove-cote. I then heard how they often talk, in the bird language, on their return to their home; and from this came my little dove song (the pigeon-house).

"And dost thou not hear them telling there
The wonders they see in the open air?
Rou-coo, rou-coo, rou-coo."

It was a great pleasure to the child, that the little doves told of their going-out, and also how joyfully they flew about.

Mother, your true story, told at the right time, holds a mirror before your child in which he sees his own innermost.

THUMB-A-PLUM.

The counting of the fingers, and the position of the hand in this game, are so well known as to require no further words. The picture also clearly shows the position of the hand; but there are a few words to say about the signification of this play.

The counting-plays that are known to me, which are native in the life of the people, and of the children in the family sitting-room and nursery, and which generally begin, "This is the thumb," seemed to me partly too empty and void, and partly saying many things which I would not wish children to know. Yet the plays themselves which involve counting appear to be important in many ways, as I hope will be more clearly perceived from the comparison of the management of them, and as explained by the motto. I wished at least to retain the well-known popular words, certainly the first of them, and thus originated the first of these little songs. This little play-song should explain to the children by the fingers (except the thumb, which undoubtedly has its name from *to dam*, and which also represents a dam), the origin of the names, — *pointing-finger*, sometimes called beckoning-finger, *middle finger*, *ring* or gold *finger*, and *little finger*. I consider it very important to the awakening power of comparison, and to the usually early consideration of the agreement between word and deed, to call the attention of the child, while yet quite young, to such connections as closely surround it, thus shunning vacuity, and awakening thoughtful reflection.

The artist has very properly given the feminine form to the left hand, which is nearest the heart; and the masculine form to the right, the stronger hand. If I rightly see and understand it, he has still further designed to show the sense of higher agreement and peaceable working together, notwithstanding some external differences in the family, and in other familiar forms of social life. And this is also spoken of in the song, and represented in the picture.

"What is the mother doing here, with her daughter on her arm?" She is teaching her to know and to use the fingers, with which she can do so much good when she grows larger. See the two little girls below, who sew and spin so diligently and carefully; see the two children yonder, who plant a flower in the garden; see the boy who vigorously climbs the tree in order to gather plums for friendly gifts. "Mother, may I also climb a tree?" — "Yes, when you are a strong gymnast."

THUMB, BEND THEE.

The exterior of this little play is clearly explained by the drawing of the two hands, and by the song, as is the inner meaning by the motto, so that there remains but little more to be said about it.

One grieves now, more than ever, over the improper use children make of their limbs, thereby exciting their sensuality, injuring their delicacy of feeling, and sullying their purity of mind; and, alas! alas! a merely superficial consideration of childish actions, and of the bodily and spiritual condition of the children, proves this lament not to be unfounded, but, sadly enough, only too extensively true. What is to be done to hinder, and if possible wholly to remove, this widely-spread evil, which, like an insidious disease, poisons that which is noblest in the child, and later in the man? There is one means — rejoice, ye friends of children and humanity! — one fundamental means. This is, providing suitable, persistent action and employment for the whole child, body and soul, feelings and thoughts: first of all, by the cultivation and use of their limbs, which promotes this, and the effort, by this use, to remove all excitement of sensuality, and all thoughtlessness; thus especially to enter upon that which leads to inner consideration of what lies open before you. To this suitable activity and employment the plays of the limbs and senses here entered upon must naturally conduct.

THE GRANDMOTHER AND MOTHER, DEAR AND GOOD.

If any thing needs exact comprehension, the most thoughtful consideration, and the most careful fostering, it is human family-life, and all which resembles it in nature. Family life! family life in the three designated points of view, how highly important thou art! How could I compress into this small space the description of thy nature and its demands? Thou art the blessedness of mankind; thou art the holiest of the fosterings of the divine. Family, family! let us candidly and openly declare that thou art more than school and church, and therefore art yet more than all which necessity calls forth as protection of what is right and proper. For where thou, family, dost not bring the spirit of thoughtfulness and modesty, of consideration and reflection, into the schools, they are, however perfectly they may be carried on, empty as an unfruitful egg; which, indeed, contains

outward material food, but from which no new, free life ever is developed. What, without thee, are altar and church, when thou dost not give them consecration, and raise soul, heart, mind and spirit, idea and thought, deed and life, — all to the altar and temple of the one living God, penetrating all their declarations, and furthering their demands? What are offensive and defensive institutions for truth and right? Those whose family was not hallowed to them defy these institutions. Therefore, mother, teach your child early, by the simplest finger-play, to anticipate the nature of a whole, above all, of the family whole; and you will then have given it the securest foundation for its life as a whole. Where wholeness is, is life; at least, the germ of life. Where there is separation, though it may be only incompleteness, is death; at least, the germ of death.

The relation of grandfather, grandmother, father, mother, and child (in reference to the first grandchild) is remarkable, and well worth consideration, especially by the family. In the relation of its parents to its grandparents, the child sees itself as in a mirror; for the same relation which it, as a child, bears to its parents, they, in turn, bear to its grandparents. The parents, on the other hand, see themselves in relation to the child as they see its grandparents in relation to themselves. This manifold double relation, expressing itself here in the number five, is certainly highly important to the life and development of the child. The artist certainly had in view this importance, and the foreshadowing of the same in the family, as he portrayed to us many times a life-whole in five parts, which is again brought out in the flowers. In reference to the latter, an idea appears to have flashed on the artist as worthy of consideration: that the especial relish of the kernel and stone fruits lies in the prevailing law of the number five, as all the trees of this kind, and all the plants belonging to the same family, are characterized by the number five in their blossoms.

TO THE THUMB, SAY I, ONE.

I lay the thumb in a natural position by the forefinger, with the nail somewhat raised, while I count and name each finger in succession: I lay the finger named on the palm of the hand, yet so that the joints of neither shall advance beyond the tip of the thumb (as the drawing shows). The fist now represents a beautiful whole: and the child, in accordance with the song, thinks that in each finger it sees a little child, and in each finger-nail the face of a child; so thinking, the artist has drawn the hand, or rather the children represented by it, who lie asleep.

Rest, sleep, is the expression of the entire picture. The poppy-flowers sleep, as do also the five birds in the tree; yet what life lies slumbering in that deep repose! So much important signification lies slumbering in the counting and numbers. What would a poem be without number, measure, and counting; that is, without the feeling of measuring and counting necessary to the writing of poetry? What would be the finest music, the most sublime oratorio, without numbers, and without the correct counting of the time? How much the mistake of a day, of an hour, will injure your whole life: the loss will never again be retrieved, or only partially, and certainly with some sacrifice, if it be but a trifling one. The child seems also to be conscious of this; for who does not know how it likes to count in its plays as it grows older? We must therefore, at an early age, seek to give the significance of time to its desire for counting, which we must try to find again in the number and form of natural objects.

FINGER-PIANO.

The fingers of the left hand of the child's nurse, or rather yours, dear mother, or, later, those of your darling, must lie like piano-keys horizontally, so that the knuckles may form almost a right angle, and the fingers receive a certain strength. The fingers of the right hand press them down as the keys are pressed in playing on the piano.

What was brought out in the preceding play is also important in this one, — the necessity of impressing on the child's mind the importance and significance of the counting in singing, and as a measurer of plurality, of height and depth; now as controlling the time; and again as controlling the law of motion; and, above all, the articulation of motion, which is called time. But you already know how important to life is the knowledge of the laws of motion, as well as the regularity of motion: he who understands the latter in all its departments is called a timist, an exact, fine timist. Would you like now, careful mother, to omit in the early fostering of your child any thing which might cultivate an exact and fine idea of time, and which might make him in the future an excellent timist? Cultivate early the power of singing, and you will thereby awaken in, and provide for, your child a precious treasure. A German educator blames the Germans, especially in comparison with the Italians, for not cultivating the powers of the ear, and still more for not cultivating the organs of singing. But of yet higher importance is the cultivation of the inner tone and song, in which the inner ear perceives harmonious accord when the outer ear hears nothing, by which it perceives the symmetry of that which the outward eye sees only as confusion. How important is it early to plant the germ of both inner and outward harmony in every child: for earthly existence cannot be long enough to develop our life in

all its manifold aspects; yet we may in a certain measure do so, when we contemplate and admire in others what in their circumstances we might have realized in ourselves. No man can manifest all diversities of gifts in himself; but all men, each unfolding some of them, and appreciating, recognizing himself in others, shall exhibit them as an harmonious whole. It takes the whole race of mankind, loving each other, to make the image of God in its fulness.

Shall I now add a word about the lovely little picture? You, thoughtful mother, certainly will make your darling *hear* all the sweetness it *sees* in the picture: the whole picture, indeed, is nothing but music. What object is there which does not express a tone of the melody? The ears of corn and the stalks join their voices in a low song, to which the larks nestling among them listen: the fragrance of the bind-weed is sweeter to the bee, and its tremulous wings hum with joy. The many-colored bird, up in the leafy green tree, has seated himself directly above the fountain and stream of tone, so that not a single wave, however soft, may escape him; the goldfinch flutters and warbles at times in his cage, as loudly as if he said, "Recognize also in the smallest the great Creator's might." And how sweet sounds the gentle playing of the two little sisters! they are both absorbed in the harmony of their own song. That is what I call music. The artist could not have represented it more finely. The two little birds above the boy have also perched as near as possible, that they may be able to listen easily; but the old music-master directly over the boy's head cannot forbear chirping the melody in a low tone (do you not hear him?), making the law of beauty perceptible by the motion of his wings; the very cockchafer forsakes the leaf it was gnawing, to approach nearer to the musician. The colors say, "We also express ourselves;" and where is there a form which, listening to sounds, glows not in colors? The ears and blades of corn are painted with gold; the lark is earth-colored, so that he who would waylay the singer of the ether may not find him in the protecting furrow; the faithful field convolvulus is blue; the homely bee is brown; but, above all, the cheeks of the lovely children are rosy, the hair of the laughing boy is brown, and flaxen the hair of the little girl. All are enclosed in the ethereal blue from which the foliage sucks its blue into the yellow sunlight, that green, the color of hope, may adorn the earth. The cockchafer hums, "Oh, ye colors! could ye forget me, with my palette-like back?" and in variegated medley, as if mixed on the color-board, the colors fly away on his broad wings.

BROTHERS AND SISTERS SAFE FROM HARM.

The position of the hands in this little child's play is quite simple, and is fully represented by the drawing in the picture: it only remains to remark that the interclasping of the fingers should be slow and gradual, in harmony with the purport and progress of the song.

The most delicate, and at the same time the most important and difficult, part of the nurture of the child, is certainly the nurture of the innermost and highest life, — of its feelings, its intellect, and its anticipations, — from which, at a later period, germinate and develop all that is highest and holiest in human life, and at last the religious life, — the life of the mind, thought, and action, in union with God. When and where does it begin? we ask ourselves. It is with this as with seeds and the germs of plants: they exist long before they are outwardly perceptible. Astronomy informs us that it is the same with the stars: they shine for a long time in the sky before their rays reach our eyes.

Thus we know not when and where this religious development, this union with God, begins in the child. If we begin to foster it too soon, it is as with a grain of corn which we expose too early and too severely to the developing sun and the nourishing dampness: both injure the delicate germ. If we begin too late and too feebly, we meet with similar results. What is, then, to be done? How does the inner religious life show itself outwardly? or with what outward phenomena do we connect the inner existence of the religious life? with what outward phenomena, indeed, do we connect the awakening, the development, its highest outward expression? Do we not connect this expression with the laying or folding together of the hands? But what has this laying together, this folding of the hands, to do with our inner religious life? How can such an accidental outside thing be necessarily connected with the inner, yes, even with the innermost and deepest things in man? There must necessarily be a connection; and, if so, there must be something in common with the folding of the hands, and the most internal condition of the mind, soul, and spirit. But what can they have in common? Is it not collectiveness, unity? The folding and laying together of the hands is therefore by no means accidental: no, it is rather the expansive, physical expression of inward collectiveness, deeply grounded in the unity of human nature. This can be further proved in deeper ways, upon which we will not enter now: suffice it to say, that the folding together of the hands is no accidental expression of the deep and innermost religious unity of life and mind.

Thus we have now a definite expression for the outward phenomenon of the innermost life-collectiveness (to which stage of strength and cultivation the child has not yet reached), and for this reason also an outside point of union for the fostering, yes, even for the further arousing of the same; for who has not remarked how the darling little angel children like to lay their little hands together, yes, fold them, and always when they wish to express the

collectiveness of their inner life? The tender fostering of this collectiveness of the inner life cannot work prejudicially; for all strengthening, as well as all development, promotes the inner life-collectiveness. The song, with its motto, links itself with this sense of unity; for it is natural that you, noble mother, who foster and hold sacred in yourself the collectiveness of the soul, should make it your duty to foster it also in your child. We have already shown that the little fingers must be viewed as little children, indeed, as little sisters; and also that the children prefer to view their own life, their innermost spirit-life, in the mirror of another person's life so far as it is to their profit, but by no means to their injury.

THE CHILDREN ON THE STEEPLE.

As has been already told by the motto, this is a collection of all the hand and finger plays, beginning with Pat-a-cake, in which the hands and fingers are joined and held, only that at first they are held apart, and clapped together at the words "and when they meet." All further positions of the hand can easily be imagined from this little song and the foregoing ones. The position of the fingers, as the grandmothers go into the church, is shown by the drawing on the left; how they all praise and thank God, is shown by the drawing on the right; and the bending and folding position of the hands is shown by the preceding drawings.

The four judiciously placed pictures explain themselves as easily as you could explain them to your questioning children. Below, to the left, the fingers represent the visit of the children, the two grandmothers at their head. In the second picture below, to the right, the children tell each other of the little basket, the little nest, the egg, the dove-house, the cup, the ball; the two little grandmothers sit together above, and enjoy the friendly play of the children. The third picture shows the two grandmothers going into the church, and the children mounted on the steeple. The fourth picture above on the right shows the steeple fallen through, and the saved ones thankfully coming out. Each further consideration and employment of the whole for fostering the life of your child lies so close to you, thoughtful mother, in union with the foregoing, that any further explanation would be undervaluing your powers.

THE CHILD AND THE MOON.

There is almost nothing to say about this picture: what mother or nurse does not know of the strong inclination that the child has to gaze at the moon, often forgetting its little troubles at the sight? So, in later life, do our minds aspire to the higher light and to the life that abides in and flows from it, often thus forgetting all our temporal sorrows. This little song should aid you, thoughtful nurse, early to consider and foster, in conformity to the needs of the child, inclinations so marked and full of significance.

BOY EIGHTEEN MONTHS OLD, AND THE MOON.

The song gives a simple account of an actual fact in the history of a child of the above-mentioned age. The motto might explain the higher symbolical idea of this phenomenon which so often recurs in child-life, especially in boy-life. It presses upon us the perception that we should, much more than we do, foster the children's contemplation of the moon and of the starry heavens, and their pleasure in it, and not let it, through our want of sympathy, sink into vagueness and vacuity of gaze; but we should make use of it to arouse in them an accurate perception and comprehension of the moon and the starry heavens (for example, the globular form of the moon so often clearly visible, and likewise its swimming in the ether); and partly to make them early feel the nature of their Creator, perceptible to the children, and readable by them at an age when they like to perceive, in the outer phenomenon, the inner uniting life, as the next representation will definitely express.

The child takes up with equal readiness a true or a false explanation given by a grown-up person, of the objects whose nature it cannot yet grasp, and accepts the one or the other with equal facility when both appeal to its perception of things. It will certainly make no difference to the child at first, whether one points out to it, and teaches it to know the moon as a man, or as a beautiful, shining, swimming ball; whether the stars are shown to it as golden specks, or burning lights, or as bright glancing suns which appear so small because they are so far off. While the first representation of their apparent life is a dead one, the last bears in itself the groundwork of a living development leading to an inner, well-founded insight into itself. Why should not one make the latter accessible to the child, and not wholly inaccessible? Truth never does harm: error always does, even if it eventually leads to truth.

THE LITTLE GIRL SCARCELY TWO YEARS OLD, AND THE STARS.

Perhaps this exhibition and little song are nearly the same as the previous one, only here referring to a little girl and two stars. The two stars, generally so brilliant in the evening and night, were planets close together in the sky. Who does not know the child's impulse, yes, its need, to see human relations in all things? But the thoughtfulness of the child's expression was the more remarkable, that no one could explain how she could have arrived at this connection of ideas, and comparison of appearances. But it is certain, that it is strengthening to

the child's soul and life, to foster this impulse, as long and as gradually as possible, thus strengthening and developing what the motto makes prominent, — that "one Spirit lives and works in all."

THE LIGHT-BIRD ON THE WALL.

As man is in himself an inward whole, linked together yet undivided, the child necessarily becomes conscious of the unity of life before he comes to the consideration of parts. And it is also highly important to the inner and outer development of the child, during its whole life, that it be firm in the perception and contemplation of the oneness and wholeness of life; that these be felt as living truths before he descends to the consideration and fostering of speciality and individuality. The activities of the limbs and of the senses appear and are different in their function; and therefore each, especially in the first development, re-acts on the other. No limb-play, no movement of the legs even, has been yet considered which has not likewise brought forward the sense of sight: indeed, we must remark, in the boy's desire to reach the moon, how the stirring of the sense of sight re-acts on the activity in the child's body and limbs; and again, simultaneously with the stirring of the sense of sight, the child demands that of hearing; and you see how every thing acts differently on your beloved child when accompanied by word and tone; and true to your motherly instinct, directly, without reflection, and without the child's questioning even by a glance, you join words with every thing you do for the child, and invest these words with peculiar and appropriate accents. But here again also the perception of word and tone, and the awakening, development, and cultivation of the sense of hearing, appear to go through the mediation of the sense of sight. Indeed, this primitive singleness and disconnection of the senses makes itself apparent to you, mother, in the fact that the child carries directly to its mouth every thing it feels in its hands, or sees; but very soon the sense of sight takes precedence, as examiner and regulator, of this as well as of all other perceptions of the senses. By the sense of sight, the soul lies open before you: wherefore you say, "Through your clear eyes, my child, I look into your soul." We speak of a soulful eye, as in another, higher, and more spiritual sense, of a healthy eye, as what is most important to the life of the child. So we demand the employment of this sense, first of all: "Ah! child, take care;" "Look around you, my child;" and we lament when this sense of sight is unemployed: "You neither look nor listen, my child." In these expressions you recognize the importance of the sense of sight to the inner and outer well-being of the child; as well as how truly this sense is the centre of the development of the child's soul, as also the fountain and starting-point of the cultivation of its mind and life.

Thus, dear mother, have we by opposite roads arrived with understanding and clearness at the central and starting point of all the fostering which we shall bestow upon your beloved child by the help of these plays and songs; the untroubled development, the undisturbed employment of all the activity of its soul as a harmonious being, without wounding the unity and singleness of its nature, without disturbing the healthfulness of its life, without cooling the warmth of its feelings. On the contrary, we hold fast to this warmth of health and life through repetition of impressions: we will make your dear child *see* in the complete and highest meaning of the word, both see and feel; for the seeing, the collective and consequently complete sight which sees lovingly, is the highest attribute of existence, and belongs to God, the one foreseeing and overseeing Love. Perhaps, trusting in me, you may desire to follow yet farther the path on which we have already entered, with ever clearer eyes, with deeper, wider insight, and especially with fuller soul; for this is the path which we would take from this time as the one great, simple road to the fostering of childhood, to the fostering and employment of its vital inclinations, to the cultivation of its desire for employment.

Let us now turn to the play itself. I have found it in all stages of cultivation in social life, in village and in city; and have known it from childhood to be played in the bosom of my own family, and often have amused my younger sisters with it.

By means of sunlight reflected from the flat surface of a mirror, we may throw upon a shaded wall a flash of light; or the surface of water in a glass or cup may produce the same effect of a moving light: children call it a light-bird.

The song and motto explain to you the higher meaning of this play; yet this is certainly not the only meaning that can be found in it, as is the case also with the preceding and following play, song, and motto. Yet this song and motto are not, any more than the explanation, given to you as the only thought, though perhaps it is the best which can be felt, apprehended, expressed, and aroused in the child, by this play: they are given to you only as an example and a guide of the way to hold fast, to combine, and to awaken in the child what you yourself perceive in the play, what it makes you feel, and what it expresses to you.

"Mother, what is it the boy has in his hand?" — "It is a little looking-glass." — "What does he want to do with it?" — "To catch the sunshine." — "For what?" — "To make an image of light appear on the wall opposite to him, to please his little brother." — "Oh, yes! I see it: it looks like a little bird." — "Yes: it seems so to his little brother too, and he wants to catch it as if it were a bird." — "Mother, give me your little looking-glass. I will make one too." — "Here is a cup of water which

will do as well, but you must not break it." — "Look, mother, I can do it too." — "Why should you not?" — "Mother, if you will make it, I will catch the bird." — "Yes, do so if you can." — "Ah, mother! the bird will not let itself be caught at all; for when I think I have it under my hand, it shines on the top of my hand." — "Yes, the bird is only a bright appearance, and you cannot catch it. Every thing cannot be caught." — "Mother, you cannot catch me either: run after me, and try." — "Ah! there I have my dear little one again: you must be quick as light."

Only see the maiden bright,
Holding a long paper tight:
She draws it up so high, so high,
Kitty follows with her eye.
She longs to reach it; but to gain
The prize with such short legs is vain.

"O mother! what are those children in the picture doing?" — "They want to catch butterflies — the two little girls with their net, this one with her hand, and that one, who is kneeling, with her handkerchief. But the butterflies have flown away." — "What is the little girl doing there by the wall? She stands so still!" — "Do you not see how she stretches up? She would like to help the children over there, but cannot get over the wall, though she stretches as high as she can." — "Mother, the little boy can get over the wall, and so could I; but why does he not climb wholly over?" — "Do you not see how he is looking at his brother, who is trying to catch the little swallow up there under the eaves? But it has flown away, so that he cannot see it any more." — "There are two more little children; but they sit and stand so still, that they will certainly neither catch nor try to catch any thing." — "And yet, my child, they might hold something fast. Guess what." — "Indeed, I do not know." — "Yonder, over those two lakes, the sun is going down so clearly: they can hold his golden rays fast for a long time: can they not, my son?" — "What are you thinking of, mother? The sun is so far away behind the hills, by the lake, and his rays are nothing but an appearance." — "And yet the children hold them fast." — "No, mother, that is impossible." — "Yes, my child, by their eyes, in their hearts. Do you not remember your father's affectionate looks and loving eyes, as he said good-by to you the last time he was obliged to go away? and have you not spoken to me about it lately, and thus seen him again, as you asked, 'Is not my dear father coming back soon?'" — "Oh, yes, mother! I can always see my dear father." — "Don't you see, then, that you can see and hold fast your dear father when he is not here?" — "Oh, yes, indeed! I can do that, mother, because I am a spirit."

THE RABBIT ON THE WALL.

This play, as a gymnastic exercise of the sense of sight in children, is universally known. As the artist has given so full a representation of it, it is unnecessary to say any thing about it. It can be played in the evening, by artificial light, as well as by the favorable rays of the sun, at morning and evening. It is also well known that this little play, because of the great variety of the motions and positions of the skilful players, is a favorite with children, who feel themselves grown up when they can do it themselves.

It is my firm conviction, dear mother, that in all those things which afford the child an ever-new delight, there lies the symbol of truth, profitable for all children, for the budding race, and so for all mankind; and that in children, who are innocent and cheerful, may be developed the purest joy of life, — the joy of clear minds, thoughtful hearts, and genuine souls, leading them into the true spiritual life, co-operation and communion with the Creator.

What makes the rabbit appear on the wall?

Between the clear, bright light, and the flat white wall on which it shines, a dark object is thrust; and the gladdening image appears as a shadow, in a definite form. Such is the outward appearance; and what meanings does the growing mind find in it? Is this not one? — The dark, often obscure, forms of life and earth, when looked upon by the light of the governing Spirit of God, appear to the quiet, clear mind, as images of the higher life. So a craggy, rocky, terrific country appears very beautiful if sufficiently illuminated by the rays of the sun; and the finest landscape is void of any expression of life, yes, even repulsive, if its fine points are not brought out by the sunlight. Circumstances, which, when shone upon yesterday by a higher spiritual state of mind, appeared highly pleasing, are to-day, when that ray no longer shines, not only void and dead, but also repulsive and oppressive. And, on the contrary, will not many a thing which seemed at first cold and void delight us when a higher frame of mind shows them to us in a finer light? The clear insight and conviction that it is only the disposition of our minds and souls which makes outer relations seem so gloomy and even repulsive, can thus restore to us the lost joys of our hearts. This thought and the following play will give the inducement and power to lead on your child by means of the working of the inner as well as of the outer life, — of the light of the mind and soul as well as that of the sun. In the bright sunshine the dark image shows clearly as a limited thing.

This play gives children still greater pleasure when two persons, with hands of different sizes, — a mother and daughter, for instance, — show two rabbits of different sizes and in different positions.

The pictures explain themselves (even that of the two rabbits who seek shelter in the depths of the woods); and your thoughtful explanations, mother, will throw yet more light upon them, so we will not add another written word.

WOLF AND WILD BOAR.

The picture, song, and motto explain themselves so clearly that little need be added. The representation on the wall is made by laying the hands flat, one upon the other, finger to finger, and then opening and shutting the hands, the thumbs being so placed as to make a shadow-picture of the ears. By repeated attempts you will attain to a perfect representation. In the picture the hands are too widely open: therefore the shadow-picture is not exact.

You must carefully consider what the motto points out, especially when looking at the animals with children; for animals often show (as is, alas! the case with many human beings) their lower nature so impetuously and conspicuously, that the impressions made on the delicate minds are too strong. It is very important to keep the fancy pure, and not wound the modesty, especially if the child is nervous and imaginative. Even if it be not so, be careful not to rouse misconception by an incautious word; then, guarding its own purity, the innocent child will pass over the phenomena of nature scathless, explaining them easily by the obvious truth, "Animals know no better." Neither the man nor child is a mere animal, therefore should know what he does, — the man should know it, at least, and the child should know it; therefore, mother, and you, loving nurse, make this fact noticeable to the child confided to your care, that every animal develops faithful to its nature, and acts in consonance with the collected life of nature, as we have already explained by the bird's nest; and just for this reason is the life of the animal, as well as that of flowers and plants, so healthy, fresh, and joyous. As the animal, in its stage of development, quietly, carefully, and simply fulfils its vocation, its destiny, which cannot be altered, so shall also the man, through his higher stages of development, faithfully fulfil his vocation, his destiny, undisturbed, beginning in childhood. It is certainly important early to make intelligible, or at least perceptible, to the child, that each step of development, and consequently its own, has demands destined to be met, and which cannot be avoided, in order to prepare it for the fulfilment of the many-sided duties which its future will bring.

Every age, without exception, has its own cares and duties, the age of childhood not excepted; and happy is he who has fulfilled his duties, whether consciously or unconsciously. Duties are not burdens. Duty fulfilled leads finally to the light, and to all its lofty gifts. Therefore every healthy child will fulfil its duties willingly and gladly if they are explained to it clearly, simply, and, above all, decidedly. The fulfilment of duty strengthens body and mind; and the consciousness of achievement gives a sense of independence, which the child enjoys. See, mother! see, nurse! see, parents! how happy your children are in the feeling that their little duties are performed! It makes them feel themselves like you, which brings a happy self-respect. Blessing rests on those who faithfully study and cherish the versatile nature of childhood.

THE TWO WINDOWS.

The position of the hands for both representations is clearly shown in the pictures; and, in respect to the play, who does not know how well children like to look at the light through a limited space, through the fingers stretched open and laid upon one another, through a hole cut in paper, and through plaited slats? Does the pleasure this gives the child intimate that property of the human mind which renders it unable to absorb more than a certain limited amount of the higher spiritual light, in order not to be dazzled with the inner vision, so as to be unable to define and reproduce it?

It is well known that this play can be carried on both by sunlight and candle-light.

In reference to the cultivation of the soul, mind, and spirit, this play differs from the two last mentioned, for in them the object was to avoid awakening the low and common. The aim of this is to nourish and arouse the sense of the high and noble; and, as you have fostered your child's joy in the pure and clear, good mother, so now foster its pleasure in what is bright, light, shining.

Only see how the children's whole souls are absorbed in the phenomena of the beloved light; and what could more profitably enchain the child's spirit and mind than the perception and also the inspiration of light? Your child seems to have a presentiment of this.

"Be of a pure heart. The highest step is taken when the wiser carry into action what the wise have devised." For this effort, mother, nurture his strength. Father, lend him your hand, your arm, that he may early in life attain the heights of purity and nobleness.

"Why does the boy stand thoughtfully there in the window?" He sees how the bright sunlight, shining through the clear water, plays in such diversity of lovely colors. "Mother, father, come here quickly. Sister has set a glass of clear water in the window in the sunlight. Only see the beautiful colored circle and rays, — just like the rainbow and the dewdrop. Ah, dear mother, that is so beautiful! Only see how the colors play now with one another as sister moves the glass, just as you play 'catch' with us, dear mother." In like manner is the noble, generous, striving man de-

lighted when he sees the highest happiness blossom from his care of the purity of his child's mind, spirit, and life.

Help the youth, mother, to keep undefiled
The innocent pleasures he loved as a child.

"But why is the boy up there, crying?" Ah! he has thoughtlessly broken the clear, pure window-pane; and now he must go a long way to the glazier's shop to have the damage repaired, so that a dark board or an opaque paper may not keep out the clear, bright light from his room. See, my child, you must not in like manner, through levity and carelessness, prevent the light from penetrating into heart and spirit; for it will cost you trouble and loss of time to dispel darkness and obscurity in heart and spirit. But if, like the mother's dear child on the right hand, you open at the right time both door and window to the light of truth, it will penetrate into the gloomy abyss of life, shining on all things therein and brightening them, as sunshine does here into the gloomy cellar.

With throbbing heart, clear eyes,
In wide expansiveness,
Nature before thee lies
In all her gloriousness.

See the two children on the mother's lap in this picture, and in that one in her arms. How satisfied they are, — tired with gazing upon the rising sun! "Come," says the little boy to his other little sister, "come, let us ask mother if we may go out into the garden a little while."

Yes, dear children, you may go:
Out there the lovely flowers blow.
Be fair like them, and, like the light,
Keep your spirits pure and bright.

THE CHARCOAL-BURNERS' HUT.

The drawing shows clearly the position of the hands. They rest with the wrists on some object; for example, the table, which represents the ground. As we have before perceived and explained that the eye is prevailingly and predominantly a means of communication between the inner world of man and the higher spirit-world, so is the hand especially the means of communication between the mind and the surrounding world of tangible objects, and also the actual instrument by which the spiritual thought is embodied to the eye in later life; and to be prepared for this the hand is employed in the narrow circle of childish games.

Man has but two hands, opposite to each other; only two times four fingers, and only two thumbs, also opposite to each other, which seem to hold the fingers in check: but what endless varieties of things they can do, besides the innumerable games they can play for the child's pleasure and awakening! Do they not teach the child how much he can accomplish with the few things within his grasp, without overstepping the limits of his own life, and stretching beyond it for material? That Englishman is perfectly right who wrote a whole book to prove that man's hand is sufficient evidence of the parental kindness, love, and goodness of God to mankind; for the small and near teach them to consider how to form much out of the little. And is not this an expression of the divinity of man? Does it not show his likeness to his Creator, who creates so much from the nearest and smallest? This respect for his hand (as also at a later time for his foot), this thoughtful contemplation of his hand and of what can be done with it, you, mother, should early arouse in your child, that it may never harm itself and its hand by misuse of it; but, rather, try to resemble, in its acts, its Creator, its Father, — God. And as you, mother, make your child thus respect its own hand, make it also respect and honor not only Him who with his hand brings us bread, and who supplies the nourishment and needs of the body, but also the handiwork of active men, however humble the task may be, by which they not only ward off harm and danger from individuals, as well as from the whole race, but often even promote the direct good of mankind. Where, for example, would we stand in regard to the practice of most of our technical arts, — where would we stand in the investigation of nature in regard to chemistry, and all thereto appertaining, —

If, with soot and coal on face and hair,
The collier burn not the coal with care?
Beneath the collier's blackened breast, and shirt so soiled with coal,
Right, innocence, and virtue make their home within his soul.

THE CARPENTER.

The positions of the hands in this game are difficult to describe, and can only be made plain by seeing them; yet we will attempt the description. The laying of the hands is, on the whole, like that in "the collier;" only they are held freely before you. The tips of the little fingers, the ring-fingers, and the middle fingers, gently meet: the forefingers are free. The forefinger of the left hand represents a tree, and that of the right the carpenter as he with a sawing movement fells the tree: the left forefinger (the tree felled by the sawing of the right forefinger) now lies horizontally, so that its tip touches the knuckle of the right forefinger. Then the bent forefinger of the right hand, with a chopping movement, represents the carpenter chopping up the tree, and then again sawing it into pieces (the joints of the finger). The drawing shows clearly the position of the hands and fingers to represent the house; and we distinctly see the

gable, the window, and the house-door, only the door is too small.

As with the child, a clean, pure body, the regular and thorough cultivation of the limbs and senses, and the right use of them, and suitable and clean clothes, already contribute much to the ease of their domestic duties, and of the joyous, homelike family life; so does also the symmetry and orderly arrangement of the house. What the skin is to the whole body, the house is, in a certain point of view, to the whole family, arranging, protecting, and surrounding it. The happy family life depends as much on a well-regulated house as on the health of its inmates, but especially if a homelike, considerate family feeling is also connected with it. A presentiment that houses and rooms are the fostering and sheltering places of the highest human social life, of the family life, is perhaps the reason why children like so much to build houses and rooms. Most certainly the later earnest and significant life of manhood passes in a continuous series of presentiments through the breast of the child, of the youth, who, alas! can just as little explain the gloomy feelings and strivings which are fostered and brought out from their external surroundings. How different it would be with childhood, with youth, and generally with manhood, in all the relations of life, were each presentiment early fostered, strengthened, and developed in the child, and its higher significance brought as a protecting angel to the consideration and perception of youth!

In this anticipation and in the feeling that grows out of it, — that man, for the attainment of so great a blessing as peaceful, fostering family life and a friendly sheltering dwelling, has much to sacrifice, much to endure, — the boy there on the right appears to have let his sisters saw him apart, like the tree; and the two lovely sisters on the left sit, thoughtful and reflective, by the house they have just built.

What, indeed, do the little heads think? what do the young hearts feel?

How charming it must be
  In a bright, clean house to dwell!
What pure, glad thought we see
  Stream out, the tale to tell,
Of the active life we live,
And holy meaning to it give!

The mother below, on the left, seems to try already to make clear to the child that —

To the carpenter's true art
  We must give the honor due;
And when he does well his part
  We must him consider too;
For, if he did not a safe dwelling give,
Where should the mother with her darling live?

THE BRIDGE.

This is easily represented. The two thumbs simulate the two piers, or joists, of the bridge; the fingers lie just above, the tip of one of the middle fingers resting, a little bent, under the other, so that the fingers lie upon each other. To unite opposites that are apparently separated, as the two shores of the brook appear to the child to be, is always a beneficent, pleasing act, and is well worthy of thanks. Mother, in your instinct of motherliness, let your child early feel this; for truly no one feels more deeply than you, that, on the one hand, unadjusted contrasts bring the deepest pain to the heart and mind, especially in the family life, as, on the other hand, unexpected agreements often bring to heart and mind the peace of heaven. And what unites greater contrasts, what better unites the greatest contrasts, earth and heaven, than the family life? and where does a happy solution cause more happiness than in the home? Teach your child, therefore, to recognize in the outward appearance of the gift the inward thought which is to be reached through it, in the house; the homelike peace, the thoughtful family life; teach it to recognize in the Giver of the outward and perceptible, the Giver of the imperceptible, the inward; teach him to thank Him who sent the carpenter's son on earth, thereby equalizing in the dwellings of men the greatest and most difficult contrasts of life, making these dwellings the abiding-place of the heart's joy as well as of the soul's peace, heavenly dwellings. Teach your child something from the representation of the bridge; let him discover, at least in anticipation, how to find in independent action the mediation and agreement of opposites. Show this to him in your own life and actions; impress it upon him especially in the mediating life and example, in the mediating teaching, of the carpenter's son: then will the visible bridge made by your hands or by those of your child, and all connected with it, become later a means by which you may unite for him the invisible with the visible, and teach him to recognize and love in the carpenter's son the beloved Son of the Father of us all, and the Mediator between himself and God.

THE TWO GATES.

The position of the hands is more correctly delineated for the garden-gate than for the farmyard-gate, although in both the hands should be brought nearer together to resemble a gate.

The sense and character of these little plays are easily expressed: that of the first is to teach the child to keep what it has; that of the second, to make the child recognize the objects that surround him, and to try to name them; to make him name first what surrounds him in the house and yard, in the garden and field; then, later,

in the plain and wood. Teach him to know objects, not only by their names, but also by their qualities; teach him to know not only their active qualities, their actions, but also their passive qualities, their nature. Mother, have you considered what a deep active sense of this lies in your child? At a certain time of its life he appears to find for himself in a marvellous way the words for activity and nature. How much at this time the child likes to notice the smooth, the woolly, the hairy, the bright, the round, &c., as well as the rolling, the creeping, the hopping, &c.; and with what wonderful ease it grasps and unites perception, word, and idea! Preserve, foster this sense in the child. If this sense is not fostered, if it is not trained to work rightly, it is lost, it rusts out, as a magnet rusts out and loses its strength because not sufficiently and increasingly used. This sense resembles costly wine in a broken glass: that which is not immediately enjoyed, strength which is not at once employed, effort which the corresponding object does not immediately receive, is lost forever.

You, mother, are certainly acquainted with flowers growing in pairs, as in the hedge-honeysuckle, and with others like flocks of sheep, as in the elderberry and snowball.

How much the child learns from the flowers every day!
The colors, the tender, the sober, the gay;
The forms, as the bell-like, the star-shaped, the round:
Like knights they are spurred, with circles enwound,
In nosegays and bunches they sometimes are bound.
For all these how soon the right words will be found,
If help shall be given by eyes which are sound!
Therefore courage, good mother, and use the swift hours
To cherish and strengthen the child's feeble powers.
The seeds are now sown: may there spring thence a tree,
That shall blossom in blessings for thy children and thee!

THE LITTLE GARDENER.

Fold your fingers (the fingers of the left hand) into the form of a flower, that of a lily-bud, for example; close the fingers of the right hand in the form of a watering-pot, so that the thumb looks like a spout; appear to water with it the flower-bud, which, while this is done, appears to unfold itself, the fingers gradually opening to simulate a just-opening flower.

You can scarcely do it once for your dear child ere it will imitate your action. The little play will give great pleasure, as the child generally likes to imitate whatever the mother's love prompts her to do. This faculty of imitation in your children should be very carefully fostered by you, dear mothers: it will relieve you from more than half the task of their education, effecting now, with feather-lightness, what later a hundred-weighted word from you to them can scarcely accomplish. Believe that I am right, before you learn it through painful experience; for insight thus hardly gained causes you to nourish nothing but your dejection.

But we must not forget our little gardener; for the sight of a little boy or girl gardening, or of several children playing garden, is much too lovely to lose.

"Tend," "foster," dearest mother, are words which, in the course of our reciprocal communications, in our common care, and sharing the life of our children, we have said to each other times without number. These words are most important to the life of our darlings. And, say, with what can we endow our children, — the heart of our hearts, — more important for their whole life, than with just thought, perseverance, courage; yes, courage to foster life, also giving the means to show the way thereto? Mother, father, we should repeat these words to ourselves. We have done so hitherto. In your old age you may be taken care of by your grateful children, as the boy in the picture takes as good care as he can of the old man who is a total stranger to him.

But to foster rightly, we must consider time and place; for it does not suit all plants to be watered directly at the root. The lilies, at least, when so watered, soon decay. I believe truly that the little girl-gardener, who stands there so thoughtfully, will say to us, "Consider the place in which you plant." And even the weathercock on the far-distant hill, moved so easily to and fro by the wind, says to us, "Consider the time."

In the blaze of the hot sun
No watering should be done.
The leaves exhausted stand;
No strength can they command
To take in what we give,
And thus in health to live.

But in conclusion, dear parents, let us consider one thing more: —

In what do the children find greater joy,
With what more gladly their leisure employ,
Than in the lovely garden near,
To water, foster, tend, and rear?
Of the refuse twigs a house they make,
Of the doll in its cradle good care they take;
They water the flowers so that freely they bloom,
And give out for such tendance their sweetest perfume;
Even thorny stems sweet fruit shall bear,
Rewarding the gardener well for his care.
What shall we parents learn from this?
Learn, like young children, no joy to miss;
Learn, by the quiet deeds they do,
How we may share this pleasure too.
Building our house in the garden fair,
There tending our children in thoughtful care,
Keeping them safe from all bodily harm,
Safe from all dangers that might alarm;
But chiefly with care unfolding well
The strength that from God doth in them dwell.
In fatherly love this boon he hath given,
That so, by their work, he may raise them to heaven.

THE WHEELWRIGHT.

The hands, placed perpendicularly and partially closed, move horizontally as if in half-circles, so that one hand is above and below the other alternately: this simulates the motion of the wheelwright's arm and hand in boring a hole. Then at the words, "And now it goes always around, around," the two fists move perpendicularly round and round one another like a moving wheel.

"Nothing should be indifferent to you that concerns humanity: you are a human being, therefore nothing that happens to human beings should remain unknown to you," said the world-wise man. The child practises this great truth, for it often happens

> That the child in quiet simplicity lives
> The truths which the wise man as life's wisdom gives.

Nothing happens to grown-up people which does not attract the child's attention: he is especially attracted by handwork. We have already said how important the work of man's hand is: we must cherish this thought from the beginning. Cherish the child's desire for the creations of man's hands.

> You must early this desire turn to act and deed,
> That a manly, active life the child may one day lead;
> For, working thus right zealously with manly strength and mind,
> The aim he seeks he will attain, and peace and joy will find.
> And, if you would to your dear child secure this peace and joy,
> It easy is: to vigorous act, and honest, train your boy.

And this play of the wheelwright contributes a little to this good purpose.

The artist has richly illustrated this page for the pleasure of your child. I believe that no real use of the wheel, no peculiar kind of wheel, will be missed, from the wheel on the barrow by the side of the bales to the wagon for carrying the goods on the right of the picture, wheels on the chariots of the gods at the top. He certainly shows us the importance of the wheel to all the ends of life. Where would mankind stand in civilization, but for the wheel? Most certainly every thing in the shape of a wheel is very attractive to children, who later learn so much from considering the quality, use, and turning of wheels; the difficult motion being produced by a slight momentum, so different from the reluctant manner in which the child follows the advice of one older than himself, because he does not yet (as he does in the case of the wheel) recognize directly and at a glance its power and its importance.

Thus in a transferred, symbolical sense, perceptible to a wholly spiritual state and condition, the quality and use of the wheel is as important to the child as the qualities of the circle, the ring, or the wreath. The artist certainly desires to teach this; and for this reason the two boys are driving their hoops in opposite directions, and it almost seems to me that the hoops go on to the end in an upright position, and contrary to expectation. Does the artist mean by this to explain the various destinies of the child, of the man, which guide each to that which is best according to higher decrees?

What more does the artist wish to say, that he introduces us again to the fabulous ages of the old heroes? No artist ever does any thing accidentally or without thought. It would almost seem that he, as an artist, anticipates that through such a childhood, in which nature and life are faithfully considered in all their varieties, and the good in them carefully preserved, the heroic age of noble manhood must re-appear, cleansed from its dross, cleared of its gloom, purified in its impulses and aims.

But to return to the prosaic present, the wheelwright here below on the right who drives the wheel, —

> What does he teach the children all?
> To keep themselves secure from fall.

THE JOINER.

The fists used in representing this play stand perpendicularly, and glide first in short, then in long courses, over a level surface (for instance, that of the table), like the plane which lifts up the shavings.

What is the point of view for the vital significance, the inner sense, of this simple play? As tone is in union with number and movement, and the child has been already led to it by the finger-piano, so tone besides being in inner union with number, time, space, and movement, is so also with the quiescent form, and intimately united with material. If the material be stretched out to a great length, the tone is deep; if the material be short and fine-drawn, it is high. The conception of the contrast and connection of long and short in regard to space and time (for both can be short as well as long) is of the greatest importance to the life of children. "You can stay out of doors for a while, but not too long." "You must exercise, but only for a short time." Lead your child, dear mother, to the many-sided perception of long and short, to the various significations of the two ideas. This song and play will give you an opportunity for this, and also for the perception and significance of long and short for the later life of your little darlings, as an earlier picture and play has done for the perception and significance of straight and crooked. In the picture of the earlier play we found everywhere the representation of crooked and straight, and in this picture we find the representation of long and short. Let the child seek out for its own pleasure the resemblances and contrasts in the two pictures. The picture will also lead your child to the idea that outward size does not always presuppose inner greatness, and *vice versa*. This idea will also be suggested by the story of the giant Goliath and the dear

little David with whom the children always have so much sympathy.

If we will keep pure the youthful feelings in our children, and through them in ourselves, —

We must cherish peace and holiness,
Then will surely come our blessedness.

THE KNIGHTS AND THE GOOD CHILD.

While your child rests on your lap, and your left hand softly embraces him, let the fingers of your right hand, from the little finger to the thumb, march one after the other to and from the child during the continuance of the song, thus representing the trampling of the horses and their riders.

With this and the following play we take a step forward in forming the mind, character, and will of our children. All which has hitherto been done has seemed to them casual and incidental. What is now done is done with clearer perception, and therefore with greater precision.

Knights with their spontaneity, noble independence, and determined power, early chain the attention of boys and girls, and appear to them perfect, magical, ideal beauty. The sentiments they inspire, and the ideas they convey to children, are therefore unequalled, and valuable for explaining something important to them. The play and song also add their word, and take the first steps toward the aim to which they incite the child.

Yet the motto warns us, mother, to be careful about this. The sense of distinctions has begun in the child, by comparing and pondering. At this stage he too easily confounds that which he may become with what he is, and so believes that he already is what he may yet become. Yes, we ourselves and others help him to this error by thinking that the child as yet understands nothing about it, and because, in our love, we do not distinguish what the child really is from the feeble, germinating, and at first embryonic qualities in the little one, which we already love; and thus, by our own demeanor, we bring the child to suppose himself to be in reality that which he may become in the future, and in this way we do harm to ourselves as well as to the child. Let us, for the happiness of both, endeavor to understand this.

The child may, indeed, through the good-will, love and care, and good opinion of others, be roused to perceive goodness as an object of pursuit; but it is important that he should pursue it in social union with his parents, and in such a way that he may feel that he cannot be loved by anybody else except so far as he is really good. Thus, as attention to the opinions of others awakens in the child, as he compares the opinions about himself, separating and considering them, all who influence children have really a twofold thing to consider: firstly you must, in your demeanor toward him, clearly distinguish what the child primarily is, from that which he will and can become; secondly, you must also clearly and definitely distinguish the outward appearance and personality from the inner germs and foundation, the ideas and aims, so that he may not obtain and be confirmed in a false opinion of his little self. In the correct comprehension or non-comprehension of these statements, and in the thoughtful observance of them, lies the turning-point of the child's aspirations toward inner existence or outward appearance. And so, mother, you see that you have already in your power, at least the feeding and fostering of these aspirations by the first caressing baby-plays; for the current of the child's later life is now but a little stream which your hand can turn at pleasure; but later, when it has become a river, no outside power can determine its course.

But there is something else which awakens early in your child, — a respect for goodness, and a feeling of emulation and aspiration to attain to goodness; that is to say, to be good. These feelings are aroused in the child, not so much by the respect and acknowledgment which you show to goodness in the abstract, but much more by the respect and acknowledgment which you show to the goodness of others around you. Every sign of respect shown to others, which appears to the child just and merited, and above all attainable by effort, spurs him on by awakening a generous emulation.

"Now, mother, we will listen to the song
Sung by the knights, so gallant, gay, and strong."
"Come, children, quickly come, and hear
The song we sing of the baby dear."
On the mother's lap at rest,
Like the rose in mossy nest,
We have found a child so good,
Joyous, soft, and mild of mood.
Why is this little child so strong?
Because, with hand and arm so long,
He learns by what he builds at length
Thoughtfully to use its strength.
If something fall upon the ground,
Delighted will the child be found
To stoop, and raise it up aloft.
Are angels his companions oft?
His mother's love an angel is.
She on his red cheek lays a kiss;
His forehead, too, by kisses blesses;
Then comes a rain of soft caresses
From baby to his mother dear,
And kiss and word his thanks make clear,
As, "Mother, take me, mother, here;
How much I love you, mother dear!"
Now goes he with a run, a spring,
And seeks the distant near to bring;
Back to his mother now he goes,
That on her lap he may repose;
Sinks down upon her tender breast,
Happy, caressing, and caressed;

Far from danger, far from harm,
Safe encircled by her arm.
Very tired his little feet,
But now he lies in slumber sweet,
The little eyes close wearily,
The mother sings on cheerily.
Now lies he in his crib at last,
And holds the little bar quite fast;
With this he dearly loves to play,
With it is happy every day.
Now mother bends in blessing over,
With the light quilt the child to cover.
He laughs in sleep, and then she knows
That angels watch o'er his repose.
Him smiling in his sleep she leaves,
For angels fan him, she believes.
"Sleep, my child: I am tired too;
Sleep comes to bless both mother and you."

THE KNIGHTS AND THE CROSS CHILD.

The exterior of this play is like that of the preceding.

One often seeks by play to drive away the combativeness, ill-humor, and surliness of young children, which is so apt to cause crying and noise; but often as this is done it seldom succeeds. There is something of truth, however, at the foundation of this attempt. The inquietude and combativeness, the ill-humor and surliness of the child, are frequently caused, if not by bodily indisposition, by too determined, one-sided action of the mind; and he is not able to help it, or break away from such fetters by his own strength. Thoughtful care and tending must then come to the aid of the poor child, to change his mood. This is best done when his eye can be quickly diverted by something different and unexpected, the appearance of which will enchain his attention. But it is not the sight of the new thing which stops the tears and roaring, — indeed, that often only increases the evil, — but it is the unexpectedness, the suddenness, and, above all, the impressiveness of the sight. So I have seen very irritable children, who would not allow themselves to be pacified at all, become calm and peaceful when unexpectedly shown the moon in the evening, especially if carried into another room. I have seen the same effect produced in the day-time by the unexpected sight of active life, — for instance, the chickens. Also the unexpected turning-away of a thing can effect like results. This little play and song will unite both, for it begins again with the knights who have before caught the child's attention by their appearance and words.

Motto and song easily explain themselves, as they show clearly the spirit of the play.

The conclusion of the former explanation finds here also its application.

HIDING FROM THE KNIGHTS.

The representation of this little play is identical with the former, as to the use of the hand and fingers.

The first thing, mother, for you and your child to learn, is the many different ways in which you can hide the child, or it can hide itself, or at least *mean* to do *so*.

The inner spirit of this play is the same as that of the preceding, in that it enters into the inner, human, and soul union of the child with other people, developing and fostering this union: it enters yet more deeply into the child's inner life by defining his heart and soul union with his mother more sensibly and perceptibly. It is highly important to the child and his soul-union with his mother, that the perception and feeling of this union should, if possible, go through the same medium (as here through that of the knights); else might the bond between the mother and child become merely a physical, not moral, and intellectual relation, and something troublesome and evil might grow out of it, which must be avoided.

But one idea offers itself to us in this place, which we cannot, with justice to our reputation as educator pass over, although it has been touched upon and explained more than once in the foregoing play-songs. It concerns your relation within and to yourself, and especially your innermost relation to your dear child; that is, your view of its nature, its life, its inclinations. What you care for or slight, what you value or despise, you make use of according as you care for and value it, and thus cherish it. How you show yourself in yourself, in your family, to all that is yours, especially to your children, even though they be yet so small that you might suppose they would understand nothing, is in the highest degree important to your child as an active, imperceptible means of education and cultivation. You are your child, the child is you. Mother, parents are one with each other and with their children, as is often shown to you by your child. Think what is contained in these words. Let not your thought be confined to feeling, but extend it to knowledge and assured action; for feeling, if misunderstood, may be carried beyond bounds, and then, instead of being beneficial, it will work harm to your child and to you.

"Mother, why did the knights want to have your child?"

"Because he is a dear, good child, the knights would have liked to have him; but I, your mother, also love him dearly for the same reason, and would not give him to the knights: I did not even show him to them; for

I dearly love and highly prize thee, baby bright;
And in this good gift of God I take pleasure and delight;
And if thou wilt remain dear and pure and good,
If thou wilt keep thy heart in gay, courageous mood,
Then the band forever will remain fast wound
That has our loving hearts in loving union bound;
And if the knights should come, and want my baby dear,
I'll say, "Oh, no, indeed! my darling I keep here!"
"Mother, I'll be good, and I will stay by thee,
If thou wilt only love and be always good to me."

HIDE-AND-SEEK.

Who does not know, as we have said before, the ever new and inexhaustible delight it gives to your beloved child and to his scarcely older sister, for him to hide on your breast or neck, under your mantle and kerchief, or in your lap? On account of this inexhaustible, never-changing inclination, on account of this exuberance of childhood (as we have already said on another occasion), this hiding must be highly important for the education and development of the child.

But this natural and original union of the child with the heart, life, and action of the mother can be misunderstood, and carried beyond the right limits, and do harm to you, mother, as well as to your dear child. This we have recognized in the former play; but if the union when misunderstood does harm, how much more must the separation, through misconception, misunderstanding, and want of clearness! And mother, so it really is. For this reason, you give by the hiding play which your child so much enjoys (and without in the least anticipating it) the first motive for this separation; and it is well for you that you do give it: only you also know and feel quite sensibly in fostering your little child, and it is also familiar to you through your hiding play, that all giving is connected with receiving, and starts from receiving; therefore recognize also, and make clear to yourself, that you, in motherly love and yearning, give the motive for the separation. Your child will hide himself, and thus separate himself from you: he will learn to like to hide and separate himself from you, so that, for a long time at least, you could not see him nor find him at all. Here begins the danger. Take care that your child does not find so much pleasure in his separation from you as to hide himself from you more and more, lest in the end he should like to hide himself so that you should neither see nor find him at all. Be careful, mother, that your child in his further development does not hide from you his affairs as well as his person; be careful that to the pure desire for play in hiding himself from you, no action is joined accidentally, unexpectedly, and unpremeditatedly, which the child might desire to keep concealed from you. Here is the germ of a danger which we have already intimated: we will not linger too long in the consideration of this danger, but will clearly express ourselves about it. The danger lies in the possibility that the child, when older, will conceal from you his actions, and himself as revealed in his actions; especially when he must fear that you, if they became known to you, would not only *justly punish*, but even unjustly censure. I will not further point out the ugly development of evasion and twisting of the truth of matters of fact into actual untruths and *lying*, in order not to agonize your motherly heart; but rather reply at once to your question, "How can I avoid all these evil results of the harmless play which harmonizes so completely with the joyous, fresh, serene unfolding of my little child?" Only pay attention to the idea of the play and to the child's way of playing it, and you will very easily find the means, and in a no less lovely form than that of the play itself. Only observe his whole nature when he hides himself. Deep as he hides and muffles himself, yet all his care is that he should find you again, and you him. Only see the joy that lights up his eyes when he has found you again; but why does he ever hide himself? He might rest always unhidden in your arms, in your lap, or on your breast, where he could see you, and you could see him all the time. Does he hide himself thus in order to conceal himself from you, and remain separated? God forbid! he hides himself on account of the feeling which springs up of the joy of being inwardly united with you, and of becoming thoroughly conscious of this inner union; he hides himself for the sake of the ever-recurring joy of re-union. See, mother, in proportion as your child finds pleasure in hiding longer and farther from you, awakens in him the feeling, amounting to consciousness, of being inwardly united to you, and is enhanced. His desire and pleasure in again finding you, in again seeing you, of being again found and seen by you, must be fostered, O mother! in order to meet the above-named danger. From the very point whence danger threatens, O thoughtful, pure, devout mother, faithfully devoted to God! comes the help as everywhere in God's world, and instead of sorrow springs up joy. It is the enhancing of the inner union in proportion to the increasing and widening outward separation, which unties the knot of the apparently fatal difficulty, and gives place to holiness and harmony, peace and joy.

The aim, the goal, is union sweet:
We separate, only again to meet.
Learn, mother, to apply this law so true:
Child-tending then will heaven's joy bring to you.

THE CUCKOO.

"But wherefore now the cuckoo-play?" says perhaps somebody who only considers in an outward way the play which to the children is full of deep thought and significance. "Why do you give us the cuckoo-play? is this, then, any thing different from the hiding-play, except that we say 'Cuckoo'?" Indeed it is wholly different from that, though inwardly related to it: it is an advance upon, a progressive development of, the hiding-play; as in the series of children's plays the cuckoo-play follows close upon the play of hide-and-seek. But what is the difference between them, and what the nature of the further development? If you will only pay sufficient attention to your children's play, thoughtful mother, you will easily

find the difference. In the first, separation and union appear more distinct, as if to make the child become more and more clearly conscious of both; in the last, both are, as it were, mingled by the cuckoo-call. It is union in separation, and separation in union, which is contained in the cuckoo-play, which is so individual, and in its individuality so dear to the child. The feeling and consciousness of union in separation, and of personal separation in union, is the deep-lying groundwork of conscience. And thus the call of conscience comes already to the child in the present cuckoo-call. Indeed, healthiness and blessing, peace and gladness, are assured to the child to whom through its whole life the quiet call of conscience is the presentiment of that union of soul and spirit, which is communion with the Highest, never again to be separated in feeling and consciousness. Then, as in the picture above the head of the mother, as if to unite her and the two playing children in the higher light, rises the sun of life, clear and bright, never again to go down.

"Is there any thing, mother, I certainly knew?"
"Just list to thy heart; what it tells thee is true:
It teaches that goodness will inward joy bring;
Consider the thoughts that from inward joy spring,
They tell thee how dear to thy parents thou art;
That God is thy Father, and lives in thy heart.
Then cherish within thee this knowledge so pure,
That love, truth, and thanks may forever endure."
"O mother, dear mother, I see that so clear!
Thy love for thy child never fails, mother dear."

THE MERCHANT AND MAIDEN.—THE MERCHANT AND BOY.

The position of the hands in this little play is not very difficult, and is besides generally known: it is also pretty well shown by the drawing in the picture. Three fingers of each hand, the tips of which touch, represent the merchant's shop, or stall; the little finger of the left hand remains free, and represents the merchant standing in his shop, or stall; the forefinger of the other hand, closely laid on the lower joint of the left forefinger, represents the counter; the two thumbs represent two purchasers standing before the booth or before the counter. In the first picture the mother and the little girl, in the second the father and the little boy, are represented by the thumbs. In the drawing the two forefingers lie one above another; but this is not necessary, one finger being sufficient.

The outward life has its laws, even the market. When the child and the man have clearly found themselves, and in themselves these laws, then can they also enter with gladness into the market of life, and can bring hundreds and hundreds of things, not only into relation to themselves, but also into relation to the nature and needs of mankind, not only into external but pre-eminently into internal relations; and so find and observe life in the various products and needs of mankind as in a mirror; and can select and appropriate, as far as possible according to the result of this reflection, not only what is outwardly useful, but also what is inwardly pleasant; not only what is agreeable to man outwardly, but also what makes him inwardly more and more glad. And this inner and actually religious joy, small as it may appear, and seldom as it is attained, is in reality the dimly felt reason of frequenting the market, the obscure inner groundwork of the child's joy and pleasure in its variegated diversity. He who frequents the market can select what is beautiful and useful, as it is needed to foster the home-life. The little girl, the young woman, the mother, the housewife, select the delicate, the useful, and whatever is for their protection; the boy, the youth, the man, the father, select the powerful, the strong; the good is linked with the useful, and the beautiful germinates, sprouts, grows from them; the soft and hard, the gentle and the strong, are joined in the most beautiful life-harmony; internal union blossoms out from external symmetry and correspondences which lie side by side, or perhaps, confusedly separated, reveal their reciprocal relations.

To anticipate the inner in the outer, union in separation, unity in diversity, the general in the special, to perceive life in the picture and in the mirror, and to see himself in the latter; to learn to know the outer life, and to find means to represent the inner individuality outside of itself, — these form the foundation of the inner unconscious attraction and impulse which the child feels in visiting the market. Your child, if he is still actually a child, is delighted to obtain a few external things, and turns homeward from the market with the anticipation of his heart fulfilled: whether it be by a doll or a wagon, a fife or a lamb, he is satisfied if he can represent himself and his world actively in and by the toy. For this reason, visiting the market makes so forcible an impression on a child for his development.

Go to the market with your child, and there help him to learn,
This visit in his future life to good effect will turn.

THE CHURCH-DOOR, AND THE WINDOW OVER IT.

The fore-arms, placed as straight up and down as possible, represent the door-posts; and the hands turned toward each other, and uniting above them, form a kind of arch; the four fingers of one hand are somewhat spread out over the four fingers of the other hand, and thus represent a window over the door; the two thumbs stand up like little bell-towers.

All freely worked out expressions of child-life are symbols, and explain by outward appearances the inner being, the inner foundation: hence the spiritual loveliness, the thoughtful attractiveness, of all pure, childish utterances.

What the child unconsciously and dimly anticipates and seeks in the manifoldness of life, in which also he is so easily mistaken, he feels therefore more deeply, and lives more in union with, when it expresses to him life's unity and harmony. The meeting for thought and counsel begins to give him this idea, obtained not without effort in the new step of development which has been before explained. Hence the attractiveness for children, of all assemblies, and especially of the assembling of adults; hence the attractiveness of the family church-going when it has a true inner meaning and reference to life. There is a development for the child in frequenting the church: hence his real joy in going to church, and which makes him unconscious of time. The cause of this joy is not in the words which he hears spoken and sung there, but in the fact that he can take a common interest with the grown-up, and share in what is there spoken and sung, and also in what is done; it is also the nourishing confirmation and partial explanation of the presentiments and aspirations, the feelings and life, in himself; it is unity, entrance into, and harmony in, joint life.

But the question as to the words heard, and their meaning, must be answered to the child, as he comes out of the circle of his own experiences, feelings, and notions, in his gradual spiritual development and increasing spiritual needs. The play-song begins the explanation. It hints at two distinct steps in the development of the child, — a nearer and a farther, an earlier and a later one. It is designed, thoughtful mother, to induce you to examine what is said, and choose from it that which is best calculated to develop and lead on your child. But this thought is ever the most important, — the fulfilment, strengthening, and confirmation of the childish presentiments; speaking to the child's heart, and echoing in it, as clear, reflecting harmony does in life itself, the thought of harmony and union with the foundation, fountain, and unity of life; with

The Life of all life,
The Light of all light,
The Love of all love,
The Good of all good, —
God!

THE LITTLE CHILD DRAWING.

This is what we see: Your beloved child sits as usual on your lap. You draw, either with the forefinger of your right hand or with that of your child, the simple objects before you, in clear outlines in the air, or, better, in sand thinly spread on a little board; or, if you wish, and the child is sufficiently developed, on a slate. You can begin with the sand, then advance to the slate, and then to mere outlines in the air. Each of these ways is founded on truth. Drawing in the air, as being a decided movement, and one so full of significance, already gives pleasure to your little child. Drawing has so much attraction for him, and is so dear to him, because it is the first attestation, and apparently so easy an expression, of the creative power which dwells in him. How could it be otherwise, especially at the stage of development to which we now suppose the child to have attained? He has brought out manifoldness in himself; he anticipates the life of the individual in the unity of the manifold; he carries thus already in himself a little world, and he would like also to represent this world in a manner proportioned to its strength, and which appears easy to him, with the means at his command. Drawing also takes the step from the perception to the representation of things. What the child already knows, what life gives and lacks, that he depicts in the drawing, examining and classifying it, in order to be able to survey it, and to choose the right and shun the wrong for his own future needs in life. But, above all, he who would early recognize the Creator must consciously employ his own creative power for representing the good; because doing good is the bond between the created and the Creator, and doing good consciously is the conscious bond, the true, life-full union of God and man; the union with God of the individual man, as well as of all humanity. This union should therefore be the starting-point and constant aim of all education.

EXPLANATIONS OF THE DRAWINGS ON THE COVER.

The mother, the mother-love, the whole nature and being of the mother, and her inner union with the child, is the only true starting-point, the purest fountain, and the surest foundation, of a careful human education. It is only the mother, who, in her devout thought and spirit, in her union with God, with equal love for both sexes of humanity, that can early grasp and comprehend the individuality of each. Therefore on the front cover is represented the German mother as she lovingly, tenderly holds in her arms, and carries leaning on her breast, the budding humanity, in its twofold form of boy and girl. She is represented as conscious of her nature, her vocation, and her position, and therefore crowned with a wreath of oak-twigs. The boy, as if moved by a first intimation of the manlike spirit, stretches outward; but also, as if already anticipating the uniting inner sense, the all-binding unity, he holds in his hand a string from which a ball hangs, signifying strength and comprehending all things in nature, revealing itself in them all as difficulty, and in human nature as love; and thus he shows already in childhood the striving and the fruit of human life.

In the depths doth truth abide;
Clearness in union doth reside.
If strength will always constant be,
It will reach its aim most certainly.

As the boy, according to his nature, reaches out from his mother's arms into the world, so the little girl, like a true daughter, clings to her mother, hugging her as tightly as if to unite heart with heart. She holds fast to the mother's love and truth, and looks out from this place of safety, in childish innocence, ingenuousness, and harmlessness, on the path of life strewn with thorny roses which the mother is travelling, and which she herself must some time travel, to the goal of humanity. The mother, feeling deeply the difficulty of her task of developing two such entirely different natures to their destined end by her fostering, gazes upward, devoutly confident that she will, by prayer, obtain insight and strength from the Father of mankind, who has caused two such opposite natures to proceed from her.

And thus in the first child-tending appears in union a loving, confiding, faithful spirit, with reliant effort and devout thought, — union with God.

The fostering of this trinity in the life of children, by

"Mother-love, mother-song, and mother-play,"

is also the special object of this book of plays and songs; and the artist would intimate symbolically, by the picture on the front cover, the spirit, the fountain, of this first fostering of childhood.

The other picture on the back cover will make symbolically perceptible also what is next attained, and the fruit of such fostering of childhood.

The scene, the arrangement, is wholly different. That which was shown in the first picture as *inwardly* fostered, steps forth in the second as *outwardly* active. What the mother began, the father carries on; what the mother at first with thoughtful management fosters, that the father with strong government brings out. He forms and leads his children with the consciousness of an inward obligation toward the steep heights of life, on paths often rocky and untravelled. Bearing in his breast protecting love and strength, inwardly united and quietly moving, he lifts his eyes on high with deepest thanks for the success so far attained, and is filled with strong rapture at such complete fulfilment of the mother's prayer. While the daughter trustingly, confiding in his guidance, only follows him, the son eagerly pushes ahead of his father, making an effort to attain even the last peak of the height. The boy, from the first, requires all the mother's strength to tend him, and therefore she carries him on her right arm; but the father must, on the contrary, early lead the boy over the rocks of life which soon oppose barriers to him. Therefore we see the father lead the boy, the son, with his own *left* hand, lightly grasping his son's hand, leaving him more to himself and his own strength. The little girl, the daughter, on the contrary, as she grows up, needs so much the more the manly, the fatherly protection, on the unbroken as well as on the obstructed path of life; therefore we see the father's strong right hand grasp that of the beloved daughter, who follows her father, going on confidingly, reliant, and joyful, wherever he may lead, even to the steepest heights of self-victory. With ardor, but also with firm confidence, she clings to the father's strong right hand, as she lovingly presses up to him. The wings of his spirit, which, like eagle's wings, were so often helmet and shield to him in the hard conflict of life, unfold themselves in confirmed faith in God to bear up to the Father of mankind the thanks expressed by manly, vigorous deeds. He so confidently travels along the path of life, as in the future to see that

Devout feeling, clear thinking,
And noble doing, attain manhood, —

the goal which he carries in his heart, conscious of its lofty nature, its manly strength and honor, and its high vocation.

The two pictures, taken together, represent *humanity*: a father and mother clearly conscious of themselves in their children; who, because conscious of being parents, and guided by it, shall educate their children, and by them also educate themselves, with the recognized means here represented, through the fostering and cultivating of inner and outer life, feeling devoutly, thinking clearly, and acting nobly, toward their aim of peace, joy, and freedom.

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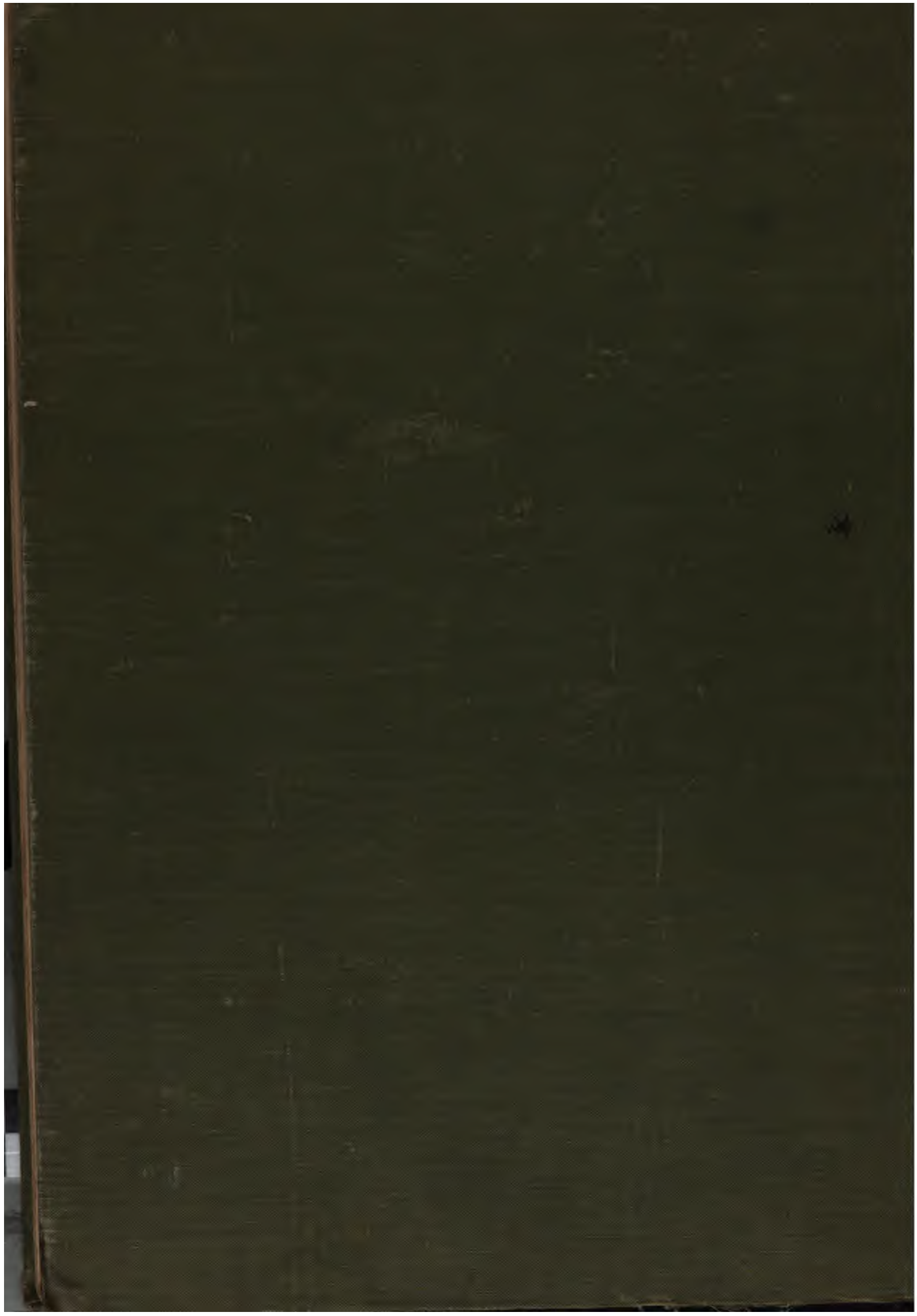
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